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THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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## THE REAL PROBLEMS OF DEMOCRACY.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, in replying to some of Mr. Lecky's charges against the liberal movement of the last fifty years in England, expresses his regret that in his recent book, *Democracy and Liberty*, Mr. Lecky has not devoted himself to a discussion of democracy in all its aspects; its effect not only on government, but on social relations of every description, on science, on art, on literature, — on the whole of life, in short, as we see it in the western world to-day. He says:

"We can hardly imagine a finer or more engaging, inspiring, and elevating subject for inquiry than this wonderful outcome of that extraordinary industrial, intellectual, and moral development which has awakened in the masses of modern society the consciousness of their own strength, and the resolution, still dim and torpid, but certain to expand and to intensify, to use that strength for purposes of their own. We may rejoice in democracy or we may dread it. Whether we like it or detest it, and whether a writer chooses to look at it as a whole or to investigate some particular aspect of it, the examination ought to take us into the highest region of political thought, and it undoubtedly calls for the best qualities of philosophic statesmanship and vision."

The task suggested is not easy, and Mr. Lecky, perhaps wisely, has not attempted it. He devotes himself mainly, in the first volume, at least, to describing the objectionable tendencies of democracy, more particularly as illustrated by

the history of the last half century in England and America. The second volume may be called a series of essays on the topics now most frequently discussed in democratic countries; Mr. Lecky gives the pros and cons of each without committing himself to very positive opinions on any of them. All authors who touch at all on democracy in our day recognize in it a new and potent force, destined before long to effect very serious changes in the social structure, and to alter in many important respects the way in which men have looked at human society since the foundation of Christianity. But they handle it very much as we handle electricity; that is to say, tentatively. They admit they are dealing with a very mysterious power, of which they know as yet but little, and on the future manifestations of which they cannot pronounce with any confidence. The great difficulty in the way of discussing it philosophically or scientifically is the one which doubtless Mr. Lecky himself has experienced, — that thus far all investigators have been themselves part of the thing to be investigated. Every man, or nearly every man, who takes up a pen to examine the questions what democracy is, and what effect it is likely to have on the race, is himself either an earnest advocate or an earnest opponent of it. He sees in it either the regeneration of mankind or the ruin of our civilization. This is true of nearly every writer of eminence who has touched on it since the French Revolution. The

most moderate of its enemies seldom admits more on its behalf than his own ignorance of what it promises. Its defenders are, as a rule, too enthusiastic to make their predictions of much philosophic value.

In England, the historic background has enough social gloom in it to make the glorification of democracy comparatively easy work for the faithful thus far. In America, its success seems so closely connected with the success of the government itself that praise of it and prediction of its complete sufficiency have become the part of patriotism. Doubts about its future seem doubts about the future of the nation, which no lover of his country is willing to entertain lightly. Tocqueville is the one man of eminence who in modern times has attempted for democracy what Montesquieu attempted for all governments, — the discovery and exposition of the principle on which it rests. His work on Democracy in America is so well known that it is hardly necessary to say that, treating the base of democracy as equality, he has sought to foretell what the effect of this principle would be, in the end, on manners and institutions. Some of his predictions have come true. Some are very erroneous, and the fact is that, as the years roll by and American development continues, his work becomes less valuable. It will always be interesting as what the French call an *étude*, and was the first glimpse Europe got of the effect of democratic institutions on character and manners, but it has not maintained its earlier fame. Tocqueville fell more and more, before he died, into an attitude of partisanship, and his later political essays are too deeply tinged with melancholy about the future, for an impartial investigator.

No one, since his time, has taken the subject up with more authority than Sir Henry Maine. In a book on Popular Government, published in 1886, he ventures on a broad characterization of de-

mocratic society, which bears the mark of insufficient observation. The only thing he has to rely upon in the way of experience is the Athenian democracy and that of America. There was not in the ancient world any democracy at all in the sense in which we understand the term, and the working of the system in the United States has been too short, the disturbing elements have been too numerous, and Sir Henry's acquaintance with it is all too slight, to make it possible for him to speak about it with philosophic positiveness. To crown all, he was essentially an aristocrat, an authority who, rightly or wrongly, felt his position in some sort menaced by the new régime.

Mr. Lecky suffers from the same disadvantages. He is a gentleman in the old sense of the term, who feels that his weight as such is in some sort menaced. In the new régime he expects men of his sort to count for less in some way, probably in many ways. He is fresh, too, from a revolution in his own country, much more searching and deep seated than revolutions used to be, — one of the first democratic revolutions, in short, that we have had since that of France, one hundred years ago. The recent Irish land laws are the dethronement of a great class, the apparent sacrifice of the few to the many on a large scale; this is what democracy calls for, but it is never accomplished without seemingly serious violations of natural justice. Mr. Lecky took a prominent part in opposing these recent changes in Ireland. Whether they are bad or good, no man could share either in defending or in advocating them without considerable damage to his judicial-mindedness, to his philosophic insight, so to speak. He cannot approach them as a Cavour or a Beaumont. He is part of the revolution. He cannot wholly like them, and he cannot help ascribing them in some way to the great movement which, for better or worse, is plainly upturning the world, putting down the mighty and exalting the hum-

ble. If, therefore, one were disposed to be ill natured, one might call Mr. Lecky's book an attempt to pay democracy off for suggesting or assisting the Irish land laws and home rule movement. It is essentially an address to the opponents of democracy, written with his usual narrating ability and fullness of reading, but, for the reasons I have stated, it cannot do much to convince those who are not fellow sufferers and do not share his prejudices. In short, it is not the book on democracy of which the world is just now in need and in search.

The chief objection to it, and to most recent writings of the same sort, is that, while nominally discussing democracy, it really only points out the apparently bad tendencies of democracy. It does not treat democracy as a whole. It errs in this respect somewhat as Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution do. One could not get from Burke any idea of the objections to the *ancien régime*. The Revolution seems, according to him, the work of mocking devils who could give no reason for their mischief. That anybody in France had anything serious to complain of, anything which could not be removed by means of a little patience and good will, anything which was likely to have an educating influence, which was likely to mould character and breed defects, does not appear. The whole outbreak seems gratuitous, uncaused, and therefore against the order of nature. Mr. Lecky singles out and makes prominent nearly everything that can be said against democracy, by means of partial comparison, — the least fair of all methods of judging either a society or a régime, and yet it is the commonest method of travelers and essayists. For my part, I never read a description of the evils of democracy at the present day without inquiring with what state of society or with what kind of government the writer compares it. When and where was the polity from observation of which he has formed his

standard? When and where was the state of things, the "good estate," from which we have declined or are declining? This is extremely important, for all we know or can say about government must be the result of actual observation. "Ideal government," as it is called, such as is described in Plato's Republic, or More's Utopia, or Bellamy's Looking Backward, is interesting to read about, as the play of an individual mind, but no one considers any of these books very helpful to those who are actually contending with the problems of to-day.

To enable any reformer to make his impress on the age in which he lives, or to win any considerable number of his countrymen over to his way of thinking, the state of things he seeks to bring about must commend itself to his contemporaries as capable of realization. He must have some model in his mind's eye, not too far removed, either in time or in distance, from the popular imagination. This is an essential condition of the advance of all great multitudes. Every man's standard of civilization is drawn from what he has seen, or thinks he may readily reach. Nearly all differences touching governments, between various peoples or between various classes of the same society, come from difference of standards. Some are extremely content with a state of things that others think impossible. An Indian, for instance, cannot understand the white man's eagerness to get him to give up the tepee, in which he has been so happy, for the log cabin or the frame house. The spoils politician is puzzled by the Mugwump's passion for competitive examinations, and government based on party distribution of the offices as spoils seems to him most natural and thoroughly successful. Probably few or no Tammany men can to this day quite understand the objection of reformers to their style of government. They see that tens of thousands apparently like it and are satisfied with it. What is the

need of a change? The cause of all the discussion is that the Mugwump has a different standard of government from the politician, and is not satisfied until the government he lives under comes up to it. In like manner, when a monarchist or conservative begins to complain to a democrat of the defects of his system and of the gloominess of its prospects, in order to produce any effect he must point out from what period or from what system there has been a falling away. When and where were things any better, taken as a whole? And how much better were they? This is a question which every writer on democracy is bound to answer at the outset.

I have said "taken as a whole," because the fatal defect of all attacks on democracy of recent years, like Mr. Lecky's, is this defect of partial comparison. When we undertake to compare one régime with another, old with new times, it does not do to fasten on one feature of either. In our day this is sure to be ineffective. If we judge American society, for instance, solely from the point of view of legislative purity and ability, it will certainly suffer in comparison with that of Great Britain. If we judge it from the point of view of judicial learning and independence, we shall probably reach the same conclusion. It would be quite easy to point out certain losses which it sustains from the absence of an aristocracy, as contrasted with any European country. If, too, we undertake, as Mr. Lecky does, to compare the England or Ireland of to-day with the England or Ireland of some bygone period, known or unknown, it does not do to say that at that period Parliament was better, or county government was better, or legislation was more deliberate and impartial, or other statesmen were better than Mr. Gladstone. To produce any real effect the comparison has to be complete. You have to compare the general happiness from all causes. You have to treat the two contrasted communities as

places for the poor and friendless man, or for the industrious, enterprising, and thrifty man, to live in, as well as for the wealthy and cultivated man. Otherwise you make no headway. Every reader will think instantly of the things you have overlooked. You cannot compare the England of to-day with the England of 1800 or 1867 without destroying or greatly weakening your case. There is not a poor man in England who is not conscious that he is vastly better off, as regards all the things furnished him under the name of "government," than his grandfather was. The same thing is ludicrously true of Ireland. A proposal submitted to the people in either country to go back fifty or one hundred years would be rejected almost unanimously with derision. You might give them fifty reasons for thinking them mistaken, but not one of them would produce any impression. Why is this? An adequate book on democracy would answer the question. It would not only give these reasons, but state fully and fairly why they were certain to be disregarded.

The truth is that democracy is simply an experiment in the application of the principle of equality to the management of the common affairs of the community. It is the principle of equality which has conquered the world. That one man is as good as another is an outgrowth of what may be called social consciousness, and as soon as it has got possession of the state, democratic government follows as a matter of course. The theory of the social contract is an offspring of it. This theory made no impression on the masses when Locke preached it. It did not reach the people till Rousseau took it up, in the middle of the last century. Since then it has made great strides. Rulers have become the mere hired servants of the mass of the community, and criticism of them has come naturally with the employment of them as agents. The notion that all men are alike, and are entitled to an equal voice in the management of

the common affairs, is democracy. It is the effort of all to assert this, and to see how the thing can be done, which forms the democratic experiment that is being tried in so many countries.

Many things have occurred which seem to warrant the belief that it will not succeed. What constitutes the success of a government? The very first answer to this question is that we cannot tell whether a government is successful or not without seeing how long it lasts. The first duty of a government is to last. A government, however good, which does not last is a failure. The Athenian republic, the Roman republic and empire, the Venetian republic, the French monarchy, the English monarchy, and the American republic have all to be tried by this test. To say that a government is a very good government, but that it was overthrown or changed in a few years, is an absurdity. All we know of any value about any government is derived from observation of its working. It must be confessed, therefore, that nearly all that we read in our day about democracy is pure speculation. No democracy has lasted long enough to enable one to write a treatise on it of much value. Almost everything that Mr. Lecky says of the working of democracy in America, or that he has got from Mr. Bryce, though all true, fails to throw much light upon the future.

The men who first began to write on democracy, towards the close of the last century and the beginning of this, had really a very small notion of its working on the scale which the modern world witnesses. Their only opportunities of observation lay in the history of the small Greek communities, of early Rome, of Venice and the minor Swiss cantons, and of the early New England States. They had not for a moment pictured to themselves the government by universal suffrage of communities numbering tens of millions. Their democracies all met in the forum or market-place; their lead-

ing men were known to every citizen. Nothing seemed easier than to fill the public offices by a mere show of hands. Every man was supposed to be intensely occupied with public affairs, to be eager to vote on them, and to be quite able to vote intelligently. The work of management had not a prominent place in any former democratic scheme. The "demagogue" — that is, the man who leads people astray by specious schemes, by hostility to the rich, or eagerness for war, or profuse prodigality, or winning eloquence — was well known. But the man who does not speak, who makes no public impression, who is not rich or eloquent or in any manner distinguished, yet who leads the voters and has legislation in the hollow of his hand, had still to make his appearance.

In the new, unforeseen, enormous democracy, 40,000,000 to 100,000,000 in England, or France, or America, he is indispensable. In these large democracies, the work of bringing the popular will to bear in filling the offices of the government, or in performing any act of government, is one of great difficulty, which needs almost constant attention from a large army of "workers." To influence, persuade, or inform this immense body of persons is no easy matter, as two antagonistic forces are always engaged in pulling it in different directions. The diffusion among it of any one view of anything would be a serious task. To insure the triumph of either view is still more serious. Then, a very large proportion of the voters are not interested in public questions at all, or their interest has to be aroused and kept awake. Another large proportion do not desire to give themselves the trouble to vote. They have to be, in some manner, induced to go to the polls, or have to be prepared to go by numerous visits. The business of what is called the "canvass" in modern democracy is, in fact, something unlooked for and unprovided for by theoretical democrats. It has produced

a profession whose sole occupation is to get people to vote in a particular way. As the mass of voters increases, this profession, of course, becomes larger and more important. In my own opinion, its importance constitutes the strongest argument against woman suffrage. The doubling of the number of votes to be influenced or managed in any community is a very grave consideration; for not only have you to find such workers, with the certainty that their character will not be very high, but you have to pay them, and no provision for their payment has ever been made in any scheme of democratic government. The duty of remunerating them is thrown on the victorious parties at elections; in America, for a long time, this duty was discharged by distributing among them the smaller offices. There has been an escape from it here by what is called civil service reform, or, in other words, by competitive examination. In England, the aristocracy, finding the government patronage passing out of their hands, judiciously introduced the merit system, in time to save it from the incoming democracy, but in France and Italy the tendency is still in the direction of "spoils." The passion for government places is strong, and the difficulty of getting anything done for the state except in return for a place grows apace, on the whole. If I said that the reluctance of a democracy to vote at all, or to vote right, was not foreseen by the early democratic advocates, and that they made no provision for it in their system, I should not be very far wrong. This was the greatest mistake of the theoretic democrats. They never foresaw the big democracies. The working of democracy in America is something of which they had no conception. They did not anticipate the necessity of organizing and directing the suffrage, nor of the intervention of the boss and his assistants.

When you come to examine this mis-

take, you find it consists really in the absence of provision for the selection of candidates by the multitude, or, in other words, in the absence of a nominating system. None of the books contain any direction for the performance of this work of nominating by a large democracy. The founders of the United States had apparently never thought of it. In their day, a few leading men met and chose one of their own number as a good person to fill, say, a legislative or other important place; or a prominent man proposed himself to his fellow citizens to fill it. For some time after the foundation of the government a committee of Congress named candidates for the presidency. But it was soon seen that this would not do. The voters would not allow any one to do this work for them. An elected assembly had to do it, and the nominating convention, in its various stages, was started. In other words, the business of electing officers was doubled by having another election to elect the people who were to select good people to elect. This work of nominating has added to the boss's, or manager's, power by adding to his duties. He has to see not only that people vote for the various candidates, but that they vote for those who have to choose them. More complication, more patience, more watchfulness, more dexterity.

Under this régime, the nominating system, of which no theoretical writer had the least idea, has grown into a piece of machinery more complicated than the government itself. The man who manages it, who says who must compose the body which selects the candidates, — that is, who designates the delegates to the nominating convention, — is really the most powerful man in the community. Every one who wishes to enter public life bows before him. No one who, being in public life, wishes to rise higher, no Representative who wishes to be Senator, no Governor who wishes to be President, will gainsay him or



quarrel with him. Everybody but the President in a second term is at his beck. For similar reasons, he holds the legislators in his power. If they do not legislate as he pleases, he will not allow them to come back to the legislature. He has to be consulted, in fact, about every office. He may be boss of a district, a city, or a State. The larger his dominion and the denser its population, the more powerful he is. The people, being busy, are not willing to go to the trouble of voting at two elections. As a rule they do not vote at all for the nominating convention. This is therefore almost completely in the boss's hands. As he decides who shall compose it, he also decides what it shall do. In fact, in ordinary times and in the absence of great public excitement, he is the great man of a democratic community; and yet neither he nor the nominating system which has made him what he is was foreseen by any early political thinker. There was no foreshadowing of the difficulty that democracy would experience in filling offices, and no one has as yet devised any good plan for the purpose. Any person who to-day described the government, say, of New York, or Pennsylvania, or any other large American State out of the books, would give no real idea of it. He would miss the real source of power, and the way in which it was infused into the machinery. If there be anything seriously wrong with democracy in America to-day, it lies in the nominating system, yet this attracts comparatively little attention. It has already considerably modified the substance of democratic government.

Another new phenomenon which has greatly affected the developments of democratic government, and has received no attention, is the growth of corporations. These aggregations of capital in a few hands have created a new power in the State, whose influence on government has been very grave. They employ a vast number of voters, over whom

their influence is paramount; a single railroad company has in its service thousands of men. They own immense sums of money, which they think it but right to use freely for their own protection. In some States, men make a livelihood in the legislature by "striking" them, — that is, threatening them with hostile legislation, and getting themselves bought off by the agent of the corporation; for each corporation is apt to keep an agent at the seat of government to meet these very demands, and makes no secret of it. Latterly the bosses have taken charge of this business themselves. They receive the money, and see that the legislature is properly managed in return. The companies have in fact created a code of morality to meet this exigency. The officers say that they are the custodians of large amounts of other people's property, which they are bound to defend, by whomsoever attacked. That wrong does exist in the State is not their affair. The reform of the legislature or of the State is not their affair. It is their business to keep safely what has been placed in their charge. Indeed, the levying of blackmail on companies, either as a contribution to campaign expenses or as fees to pay for protection, is now one of the principal sources of a boss's revenue, and in States like New York goes a good way towards enabling him to defy hostile sentiment. It furnishes him with funds for subsidizing the legislature and the press. How to bring these corporations under the law, and at the same time protect them from unjust attacks, is one of the most serious problems of democratic government. But it can hardly be said to have received any discussion as yet. Corporations are as powerful as individual noblemen or aristocrats were in England in the last century, or in France before the Revolution, but are far harder to get at or to bring to justice, from their habit of making terms with their enemies instead of fighting them.

This brings me naturally to two other serious and significant changes which have occurred within fifty years in democratic societies. I mean the decline of the legislatures, and the transfer of power, or rather of the work of government, from the rich to the poor.

That this decline of the legislatures is not a mere decline in manners seems to me undeniable. It is a decline in the quality of the members in general respect, in education, in social position, in morality, in public spirit, in care and deliberation, and, I think I must add, in integrity also. Legislation is more hasty and more voluminous, is drafted with less care, and enacted with less deliberation and with much greater indifference to public opinion, particularly to instructed and thoughtful public opinion. This is said to be true of France and Italy, and in some degree of England, but it is especially true of America. Congress and the state legislatures are not what they were forty years ago. Both the Senate and the House contain fewer men of prominence and ability. The members are more slenderly instructed, but much more eagerly interested, in questions of political economy, finance, and taxation than they used to be, and more disposed to turn to account what they conceive to be their knowledge. They are more difficult to lead, and yet are more under the domination of their own cliques or sets. In the state legislatures, the boss is far more powerful than he was. But little legislation originates with the members themselves. It is generally concocted outside and passed under orders. Few of the members are really chosen and elected by the people. They are suggested and returned by the boss of the State or district. They feel accountable to him, and not to the public. The old machinery of agitation, the public meeting and the press, produces little effect on them. Their motives are rarely made known. Many of their acts, if not corrupt, are open to the suspicion

of corruption; some of them are bold attempts to extort money. All this is true, as I have said, in some degree or other, of all the countries in which democratic institutions have taken or begun to take root. These bodies have not answered the earlier expectations of democratic philosophers. The men who were expected to go to them do not go to them. The men who have served the public well in them do not return to the service. The influence on them of the intellectual, cultivated, or instructed world is small.

To account for this, or to say how it is to be mended, is, I admit, very difficult. Few subjects have done more to baffle reformers and investigators. It is the great puzzle of the heartiest friends of democracy. The matter is growing more serious in America as society is becoming richer and more complicated. As commerce increases, credit expands and interests multiply. Of course the machinery of government increases in delicacy. Derangement becomes easier, repair more difficult. The effect, for instance, of instability in taxation, or of adventures in foreign policy, upon foreign trade, or upon investment and the movements of capital, is very great; so that already merchants, bankers, and dealers in money are beginning to ask themselves whether it will be long possible to carry on the financial affairs of a great nation under a government so unskillful, and possessed of so little knowledge of the machinery of credit, as democratic governments generally are. This gives great importance to the question, What prospect is there of any change for the better? What sign is there of anything of the kind? As to this, I confess I think the dependence of the optimist, if he descends to argument at all, must be on the general progress of the race in self-restraint, in love of order, and in a better knowledge, through experience, of the conditions of successful government. Any such pro-



cess must necessarily be slow, and no results can be looked for until after the trial and failure of many experiments.

In other words, I do not look for the improvement of democratic legislatures in quality within any moderate period. What I believe democratic societies will do, in order to improve their government and make better provision for the protection of property and the preservation of order, is to restrict the power of these assemblies and shorten their sittings, and to use the referendum more freely for the production of really important laws. I have very little doubt that, before many years elapse, the American people will get their government more largely from constitutional conventions, and will confine the legislatures within very narrow limits and make them meet at rare intervals. The tendencies all over the Union are in this direction, and Switzerland, the most democratic country in Europe, is showing the way distinctly towards less law-making and more frequent consultation of the people at large. I believe, for instance, that after a very few years' experience of the transfer of the currency question, which has now begun, to the management of popular suffrage, the legal tender quality of money, which is now behind the whole trouble, will be abolished, and the duty of the government will be confined simply to weighing and stamping. The use of the legal tender now is ludicrously disproportioned to the noise made about it. Except as a rule for fixing the denomination in which debtors must pay their debts in the absence of an agreement, — which rarely causes any dispute, — and for enabling debtors to cheat their creditors by paper money or the adulteration of coin, — which is not infrequent, — it is difficult to see what good purpose legal tender serves. It is almost certain that the day will come when it will be seen that no democratic government is fit to be entrusted with the power of giving any

substance legal tender quality, and that the very best solution of the money problem is to be found in letting people make their own bargains, — a solution which will be hastened by the increasing tendency to settle contracts, make purchases, and pay debts by check or draft.

The other corrective of which I see signs, though of less importance, is the increasing ability or willingness of business men to separate their business from their politics, and to refuse any longer to put money into the hands of party agents to do as they please with it. This use of money, especially since the growth of the tariff question in importance, has been one of the great sources of the degradation of American politics, because it supports the excesses or abuses of the nominating system by strengthening the hands of the boss; for it is he who generally receives the funds. But it would be absurd to build great hopes of progress on the mere cessation of an abuse. It is a thing to be noted rather than dwelt on. All that we can say with certainty is that no western society is likely in modern times to let itself run completely down, as the ancient societies often did, without vigorous attempts at recovery and improvement. The general belief in progress which now prevails, the greatly increased desire to extract comfort out of life (and comfort includes quiet and order), the more scientific spirit of the time, the disposition of all classes to assume social responsibility, and the sense of what the French call "solidarity" diffused by the press, assure us that every means of progress will be tried, that no defect will be submitted to indefinitely; but what means of improvement will be most effective, and what safeguards will be found most reliable, he would be a rash man who would venture to predict in detail.

As to the transfer of the government to the poor, it should be remembered that, except during very short periods in ancient democracies, the world has been

governed by rich men; that is, by the great landholders or the great merchants. This is true of all the ancient republics and of all the modern monarchies. The unfitness of poor men for the important offices of legislation and administration has been generally acted on in the modern world as a state doctrine. Every government has been a rich man's government. It is only in some of the smaller Swiss cantons that departures from this rule have been made. I am not now criticising; I am stating a fact. But as a rule, in democratic societies in our day, government has been transferred to poor men. These poor men find themselves in possession of very great power over rich communities. Through the taxing power rich corporations and rich individuals are at their mercy. They are not restrained by tradition; they are often stimulated by envy or other anti-social passions. If it were not for the restrictions imposed in American States by the Constitution, the lives of rich men and of companies would be full of difficulty. There has grown up around this change the foreshadowing of a code of morality in which men's right to be rich is called in question, and the spoliation of them, if done under forms of law, is not an offense against morality. This, again, is counterbalanced or neutralized by the general popular tendency to make the accumulation of wealth the one sign of worldly success, and to estimate men by the size of their income, from whatever source derived. There is probably in America to-day a nearer approach to a literal rendering of the English term "worth," as measuring a man's possessions, than ever occurred elsewhere; that is, the term is more fully descriptive of the fact than it has ever been. Inevitably, there has appeared side by side with this a certain distrust of the opinions of persons who have not made money, which has naturally had an injurious effect on the government, and has, along with several other causes, contributed to

the exclusion of the learned or professional class from the work of administration. A faithful description of the position of the wealthy class in America to-day would probably say that the accumulation of wealth by a man's own exertion is admired by the public, and greatly respected if he gives it fully to public objects, but that his attempt to participate in the work of government is viewed with a certain jealousy, while contributions for party purposes are eagerly received by the bosses, and offices are occasionally given in return for them by regular bargain. It is in this way, in fact, as well as through lower forms of corruption, that individual wealth protects itself against the consequences of the change to which I have already called attention, the transfer of the government to the poor and obscure. Property still has weight in public affairs, but not open weight, and the power of persuading the legislators has been taken from the public orator, or writer, who wielded it in the beginning of the century, and turned over to the successful man of affairs, who has schemes to carry out, but cannot waste time in arguing about them with anybody.

Among the minor illustrations of the failure to foresee, afforded by the early founders of democracy and speculators on it, is the virtual abolition of the board of electors who were to elect the President. They are now a mere formal body of registrars, who have no more to do with the results than a voting machine. Another is the total loss of the power of choice by the legislatures in electing Senators of the United States. The legislatures no longer choose them. They are chosen by the managers of the party outside, and the legislators are, in fact, elected to carry out this choice. A more complete disappointment than these two modes of bringing great care to bear on two important operations of government could hardly be imagined, and yet it is a disappointment which does not

appear to have been suspected as likely to come. The present generation of reformers are nearly as eager to abolish the Electoral College and the legislative election of Senators, after a century of experience, as the framers of the Constitution were to establish them. The prevailing desire is to remit the work in both cases to the popular vote.

This brings to our notice two tendencies, apparently, but only apparently, opposing, in American opinion. One is to throw as much of the nominating or canvassing or preparatory work as possible on individual men, like bosses and workers; the other is to make the constituency of each important office as wide as possible. The whole people of the Union would like to vote directly for the President, the whole people of a State would like to vote for a Senator, and the whole people of a city would like to vote for an almost despotic mayor, but few want to take any trouble in creating or arranging machinery for choosing them. The work of "getting delegates" to nominating conventions, and making other preparations for elections, is left to professionals; that is, to men who do little else, and who get a living out of this work. The exhortation of political moralists to "attend the primaries" has become almost a joke among the class to whom it is mainly addressed.

The discussion of all these matters — that is, the observation of the working of democracy on a large scale during the past century — should be the work of any writer on democracy from the philosophic point of view in our day. Mr. Bryce's book is mainly descriptive. He does not foreshadow consequences or suggest remedies. Mr. Lecky is to a certain extent right in drawing illustrations from him, but we can read Mr. Bryce as well as Mr. Lecky can, and we know better than he what corrections or allowances to make. There are tens of thousands of Americans more troubled by many American phenomena than any

European observer, and far more intelligently; yet it is difficult for any American to deal with them adequately as yet, for obvious reasons.

In the first place, political speculation is somewhat discountenanced or discouraged in America by the excessive cultivation of what is called "patriotism," not unnatural in a young people, whose growth in wealth and numbers has been prodigious beyond example. This "patriotism" has been made by the multitude to consist in holding everything that is, to be exactly right, or easily remedied. A complaining or critical man, as a speculator is apt to be, is therefore set down as a person "unpatriotic," or hostile to his country. He may object to the other party, but he must not find fault with the working of his government. The consequence is that any man who expects to make his way in politics, or even to succeed comfortably in a profession or business, is strongly tempted to proclaim incessantly his great content with the existing order of things, and to treat everything "American" as sacred. Criticism of the government or of political tendencies is apt to be considered a sign of infidelity to the republic, and admiration for something foreign. More than this, an American is himself part of what he discusses or proposes to amend. He has his prejudices, some of them hereditary; he has tastes and associations, few of which are corrected by contact with or knowledge of different forms of society; and his range of possibilities is therefore narrow.

What is most serious of all is that we have not, as England or France or Germany has, one great capital, in which all the philosophers and speculators, and in fact men of education, live and make a philosophical or political atmosphere, are influenced by each other's opinions, enjoy each other's society, profit by each other's criticism, and transmit to the provinces, as from a court of last resort, final judgments on literature, art, and

politics, and snap their fingers at country denunciation and grumbling. Our thinkers are scattered all over the country, hundreds or thousands of miles away from their congeners. They brood rather than speculate. They live among "plain people." They have a human desire to be comfortable and happy with their neighbors, to receive their approval and respect. They have but few opportunities of intercourse with their fellows in other parts of the country. Even in cases like the Venezuelan affair, or like the greenback or silver "craze," it is so easy to fall in with the crowd, or still easier to be silent, so hard to be generally denounced as "unpatriotic" or as a "Mugwump," or to be accused of foreign tastes or leanings, that attempts to point out a "more excellent way" are somewhat under a cloud. Only men of marked ability or strong character make them, and even for these the work is wearisome and a little disheartening. In short, the influence of the scholarly, thinking, philosophical class is not felt in American progress nearly as much as it ought to be.

This is the more regrettable because no rational observer can suppose that the government of the United States is destined to retain indefinitely its present form. It is sure, like all governments which have preceded it, to change, and probably change from century to century. The history of all republics and of all monarchies, like the history of man himself, is one of incessant change. The Greek republics, the Roman republic and empire, the Venetian republic, the French and English monarchies, have all undergone modifications from generation to generation, in institutions, laws, and manners. Since Elizabeth the English monarchy has experienced at least four enormous changes, involving complete transfer of power and a complete revolution in political ideas. Even China is succumbing to what is called "the spirit of the age." To suppose that we,

with forty-five republics, indulging in annual experiments in government, shall be exempt from the general law is absurd. These changes consist, too, as a rule, in adaptation of the institutions of the country to an altered condition of popular sentiment, to the revelation of new dangers, to the decline or deterioration of some law or custom. The English in 1649 would not submit to a monarch like Charles I. In 1688 they would not submit to a monarch like James II. In 1832 they would not submit to a Parliament like that in which Pitt thundered and Burke reasoned. In other words, the history of nations is the history of incessant attempts, fortunate or unfortunate, to better themselves.

For these reasons and many others, all disquisition on the phenomena of modern democracy in any community as final, or as certain to result in despotism or in any other great calamity, appears to me exceedingly inadequate. Democracy in America, like democracy and monarchy elsewhere, is following the course of other political societies. It is suffering from unforeseen evils, as well as enjoying unforeseen blessings. It will probably be worse before it is better. It is trying a great many experiments in laws and manners, of which some, doubtless, will be hideous failures. The régime of "crazes" through which it is now passing is very discouraging, but it is engaged, like most other civilized societies, in a search after remedies.

To illustrate my meaning, let me cite the case of civil service reform. One of the unforeseen evils developed by the new democracy not long after the foundation of the government was the practice of offering all the places, high and low, in the government service, to the victors at each election as "spoils." It took fifty years to bring this evil to what I may call perfection; that is, to reveal in practice exactly how it would work, how it would affect legislation and administration and public life. It was something

novel at first, because although, under European monarchies, places were given away as rewards to favorites, and were even sold, they were permanent, and the field of distribution was small. It became deeply rooted in the political manners of the people, and by large numbers was looked on as the true American system of appointment,—the only one suited to a democratic republic. Two generations, at least, had never seen any other system. A full discussion of its injurious effects on public life and on the public service was not begun till after the civil war. The advocates of a change were met at first with intense hostility and ridicule from the politicians and from members of Congress, and were received with great indifference by the general public. Yet in five years they succeeded in making some impression upon the President. Within ten

years after the war they had secured some favorable legislation. Every President since then has made further concessions to them, and this year the final transfer of the whole federal service, including 85,200 places, to the merit system has been made. I do not believe that at the time when the agitation for civil service reform began there was any evil or abuse in the government an attack on which seemed so hopeless, and yet this evil has disappeared within one generation. I cite it as an illustration of the danger or error of treating any democratic failure as permanent or hopeless, or denying to any democratic society the capacity and determination to remedy its own defects in some direction or other by some means or other. No society in our time is willing to deteriorate openly, or ever does so long, without struggling for salvation.

*E. L. Godkin.*

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## A CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

IN the course of the year 1774 Dr. Priestley found that by heating red precipitate, or what we now call red oxide of mercury, a gas was obtained, which he called "dephlogisticated air," or, in other words, air deprived of phlogiston, and therefore incombustible. This incombustible air was *oxygen*, and such was man's first introduction to the mighty element that makes one fifth of the atmosphere in volume and eight ninths of the ocean by weight, besides forming one half of the earth's solid crust, and supporting all fire and all life. I know of nothing which can reveal to us with such startling vividness the extent of the gulf which the human mind has traversed within little more than a hundred years. It is scarcely possible to put ourselves back into the frame of mind in which oxygen was unknown, and no man could

tell what takes place when a log of wood is burned on the hearth. The language employed by Dr. Priestley carries us back to the time when chemistry was beginning to emerge from alchemy. It was Newton's contemporary, Stahl, who invented the doctrine of phlogiston in order to account for combustion. Stahl supposed that all combustible substances contain a common element, or fire principle, which he called phlogiston, and which escapes in the process of combustion. Indeed, the act of combustion was supposed to consist in the escape of phlogiston. Whither this mysterious fire principle betook itself, after severing its connection with visible matter, was not too clearly indicated, but of course it was to that limbo far larger than purgatory, the oubliette wherein have perished men's unsuccessful guesses at truth.

Stahl's theory, however, marked a great advance upon what had gone before, inasmuch as it stated the case in such a way as to admit of direct refutation. Little use was made of the balance in those days, but when it was observed that zinc and lead and sundry other substances grow heavier in burning, it seemed hardly correct to suppose that anything had escaped from these substances. To this objection the friends of the fire principle replied that phlogiston might weigh less than nothing, or, in other words, might be endowed with a positive attribute of levity, so that to subtract it from a body would increase the weight of the body. This was a truly shifty method of reasoning, in which your phlogiston, with its plus sign to-day and its minus sign to-morrow, exhibited a skill in facing both ways like that of an American candidate for public office.

Into the structure of false science that had been reared upon these misconceptions Dr. Priestley's discovery of oxygen came like a bombshell. As in so many other like cases, the discovery was destined to come at about that time; it was made again three years afterward by the Swedish chemist Scheele, without knowing what Priestley had done. The study of oxygen soon pointed to the conclusion that, whatever may escape during combustion, oxygen is always united with the burning substance. Then came Lavoisier with his balance, and proved that whenever a thing burns it combines with Priestley's oxygen, and the weight of the resulting product is equal to the weight of the substance burned plus the weight of oxygen abstracted from the air. Thus combustion is simply union with oxygen, and nothing escapes. No room was left for phlogiston. Men's thoughts were dephlogisticated from that time forth. The balance became the ruling instrument of chemistry. One further step led to the generalization that in all chemical changes there is no such thing as increase or diminution, but only substi-

tution, and upon this fundamental truth of the indestructibility of matter all modern chemistry rests.

When we look at the stupendous edifice of science that has been reared upon this basis, when we consider the almost limitless sweep of inorganic and organic chemistry, the myriad applications to the arts, the depth to which we have been enabled to penetrate into the innermost proclivities of matter, it seems almost incredible that a single century can have witnessed so much achievement. We must admit the fact, but our minds cannot take it in; we are staggered by it. One thing stands out prominently, as we contrast this rapid and coherent progress with the barrenness of ancient alchemy and the chaotic fumbling of the Stahl period: we see the importance of untrammelled inquiry, and of sound methods of investigation which admit of verification at every step. That humble instrument the balance, working in the service of sovereign law, has been a beneficent Jinni unlocking the portals of many a chamber wherein may be heard the secret harmonies of the world.

It is not only in chemistry, however, that the marvelous advance of science has been exhibited. In all directions the quantity of achievement has been so marked that it is worth our while to take a brief general survey of the whole, to see if haply we may seize upon the fundamental characteristics of this great progress. In the first place, a glance at astronomy will show us how much our knowledge of the world has enlarged in space since the day when Priestley set free his dephlogisticated air.

The known solar system then consisted of sun, moon, earth, and the five planets visible to the naked eye. Since the days of the Chaldean shepherds there had been no additions except the moons of Jupiter and Saturn. Herschel's telescope was to win its first triumph in the detection of Uranus in 1781. The Newtonian theory, promulgated in 1687,



had come to be generally accepted, but there were difficulties remaining, connected with the planetary perturbations and the inequalities in the moon's motion, which the glorious labors of Lagrange and Laplace were presently to explain and remove,—labors which bore their full fruition two generations later, in 1845, when the discovery of the planet Neptune, by purely mathematical reasoning from the observed effects of its gravitation, furnished for the Newtonian theory the grandest confirmation known in the whole history of science. In Priestley's time, sidereal astronomy was little more than the cataloguing of such stars and nebulae as could be seen with the telescopes then at command. Sixty years after the discovery of oxygen the distance of no star had been measured. In 1836, Auguste Comte assured his readers that such a feat was impossible, that the Newtonian theory could never be proved to extend through the interstellar spaces, and that the matter of which stars are composed may be entirely different in its properties from the matter with which we are familiar. Within three years the first part of this prophecy was disproved when Bessel measured the distance of the star 61 Cygni; since then the study of the movements of double and multiple stars have shown them conforming to Newton's law; and as for the matter of which they are composed, we are introduced to a chapter in science which even the boldest speculator of half a century ago would have derided as a baseless dream. The discovery of spectrum analysis and the invention of the spectroscope, completed in 1861 by Kirchhoff and Bunsen, have supplied data for the creation of a stellar chemistry; showing us, for example, hydrogen in Sirius and the nebula of Orion, sodium and potassium, calcium and iron, in the sun; demonstrating the gaseous character of nebulae; and revealing chemical elements hitherto unknown, such as helium, a mineral first detected in the sun's at-

mosphere, and afterward found in Norway. A still more wonderful result of spectrum analysis is our ability to measure the motion of a star through a slight shifting in the wave-lengths of the light which it emits. In this way we can measure, in the absence of all parallax, the direct approach or recession of a star; and in somewhat similar wise has been discovered the cause of the long-observed variations of brilliancy in Algol. That star, which is about the size of our sun, has a dark companion not much smaller, and the twain are moving around a third body, also dark: the result is an irregular series of eclipses of Algol, and the gravitative forces exerted by the two invisible stars are estimated through their effects upon the spectrum of the bright star. In no department of science has a region of inference been reached more remote than this. From such a flight one may come back gently to more familiar regions while remarking upon the manifold results that have begun to be attained from the application of a sensitive photograph plate to the telescope in place of the human eye. It may suffice to observe that we thus catch the fleeting aspects of sun-spots and preserve them for study; we detect the feeble self-luminosity still left in such a slowly cooling planet as Jupiter; and since the metallic plate does not quickly weary, like the human retina, the cumulative effects of its long exposure reveal the existence of countless stars and nebulae too remote to be otherwise reached by any visual process. By such photographic methods George Darwin has caught an equatorial ring in the act of detachment from its parent nebula, and the successive phases of the slow process may be watched and recorded by generations of mortals yet to come.

To appreciate the philosophic bearings of this vast enlargement of the mental horizon, let us recall just what happened when Newton first took the leap from earth into the celestial spaces by estab-

lishing a law of physics to which moon and apple alike conform. It was the first step, and a very long one, toward proving that the terrestrial and celestial worlds are dynamically akin, that the same kind of order prevails through both alike, that both are parts of one cosmic whole. So late as Kepler's time, it was possible to argue that the planets are propelled in their elliptic orbits by forces quite unlike any that are disclosed by purely terrestrial experience, and therefore perhaps inaccessible to any rational interpretation. Such imaginary lines of demarcation between earth and heavens were forever swept away by Newton, and the recent work of spectrum analysis simply completes the demonstration that the remotest bodies which the photographic telescope can disclose are truly part and parcel of the dynamic world in which we live.

All this enlargement of the mental horizon, from Newton to Kirchhoff, had reference to space. The nineteenth century has witnessed an equally notable enlargement with reference to time. The beginnings of scientific geology were much later than those of astronomy. The phenomena were less striking and far more complicated; it took longer, therefore, to bring men's minds to bear upon them. Antagonism on the part of theologians was also slower in dying out. The complaint against Newton, that he substituted Blind Gravitation for an Intelligent Deity, was nothing compared to the abuse that was afterwards lavished upon geologists for disturbing the accepted Biblical chronology. At the time when Priestley discovered oxygen, educated men were still to be found who could maintain with a sober face that fossils had been created already dead and petrified, just for the fun of the thing. The writings of Buffon were preparing men's minds for the belief that the earth's crust has witnessed many and important changes, but there could be no scientific geology

until further progress was made in physics and chemistry. It was only in 1763 that Joseph Black discovered latent heat, and thus gave us a clue to what happens when water freezes and melts, or when it is turned into steam. It was in 1786 that the publication of James Hutton's Theory of the Earth ushered in the great battle between Neptunians and Plutonists which prepared the way for scientific geology. When the new science won its first great triumph with Lyell in 1830, the philosophic purport of the event was the same that was being proclaimed by the progress of astronomy. Newton proved that the forces which keep the planets in their orbits are not strange or supernatural forces, but just such as we see in operation upon this earth every moment of our lives. Geologists before Lyell had been led to the conclusion that the general aspect of the earth's surface with which we are familiar is by no means its primitive or its permanent aspect, but that there has been a succession of ages, in which the relations of land and water, of mountain and plain, have varied to a very considerable extent; in which soils and climates have undergone most complicated vicissitudes; and in which the earth's vegetable products and its animal populations have again and again assumed new forms, while the old forms have passed away. In order to account for such wholesale changes, geologists were at first disposed to imagine violent catastrophes brought about by strange agencies, — agencies which were perhaps not exactly supernatural, but were in some vague, unspecified way different from those which are now at work in the visible and familiar order of nature. But Lyell proved that the very same kind of physical processes which are now going on about us would suffice, during a long period of time, to produce the changes in the inorganic world which distinguish one geological period from another. Here, in Lyell's geological in-



vestigations, there was for the first time due attention paid to the immense importance of the prolonged and cumulative action of slight and unobtrusive causes. The continual dropping that wears away stones might have served as a text for the whole series of beautiful researches of which he first summed up the results in 1830. As astronomy was steadily advancing toward the proof that in the abysses of space the physical forces at work are the same as our terrestrial forces, so geology, in carrying us back to enormously remote periods of time, began to teach that the forces at work have all along been the same forces that are operative now. Of course, in that early stage when the earth's crust was in process of formation, when the temperature was excessively high, there were phenomena here such as can no longer be witnessed, but for which we must look to big planets like Jupiter; in that intensely hot atmosphere violent disturbances occur, and chemical elements are dissociated which we are accustomed to find in close combination here. But ever since our earth cooled to a point at which its solid crust acquired stability, since the earliest mollusks and vertebrates began to swim in the seas and worms to crawl in the damp ground, if at almost any time we could have come here on a visit, we should doubtless have found things going on at measured pace very much as at present, — here and there earthquake and avalanche, fire and flood, but generally rain falling, sunshine quickening, herbage sprouting, creatures of some sort browsing, all as quiet and peaceful as a daisied field in June, without the slightest visible pre-  
sage of the continuous series of minute secular changes that were gradually to transform a Carboniferous world into what was by and by to be a Jurassic world, and that again into what was after a while to be an Eocene world, and so on, until the aspect of the world that we know to-day should noiselessly steal upon us.

When once the truth of Lyell's conclusions began to be distinctly realized, their influence upon men's habits of thought and upon the drift of philosophic speculation was profound. The conception of Evolution was irresistibly forced upon men's attention. It was proved beyond question that the world was not created in the form in which we find it to-day, but has gone through many phases, of which the later are very different from the earlier; and it was shown that, so far as the inorganic world is concerned, the changes can be much more satisfactorily explained by a reference to the ceaseless, all-pervading activity of gentle, unobtrusive causes such as we know than by an appeal to imaginary catastrophes such as we have no means of verifying. It began to appear, also, that the facts which form the subject-matter of different departments of science are not detached and independent groups of facts, but that all are intimately related one with another, and that all may be brought under contribution in illustrating the history of cosmic events. It was a sense of this interdependence of different departments that led Auguste Comte to write his *Philosophie Positive*, the first volume of which appeared in 1830, in which he sought to point out the methods which each science has at command for discovering truth, and the manner in which each might be made to contribute toward a sound body of philosophic doctrine. The attempt had a charm and a stimulus for many minds, but failed by being enlisted in the service of sundry sociological vagaries upon which the author's mind was completely wrecked. "Positivism," from being the name of a potent scientific method, became the name of one more among the myriad ways of having a church and regulating the details of life.

While the ponderous mechanical intellect of Comte was striving to elicit the truth from themes beyond its grasp,

one of the world's supreme poets had already discerned some of the deeper aspects of science presently to be set forth. By temperament and by training Goethe was one of the first among evolutionists. The belief in an evolution of higher from lower organisms could not fail to be strongly suggested to a mind like his as soon as the classification of plants and animals had begun to be conducted upon scientific principles. It is not for nothing that a table of classes, orders, families, genera, and species, when graphically laid out, resembles a family tree. It was not long after Linnæus that believers in some sort of a development theory, often fantastic enough, began to be met with. The facts of morphology gave further suggestions in the same direction. Such facts were first generalized on a grand scale by Goethe in his beautiful little essay on *The Metamorphoses of Plants*, written in 1790, and his *Introduction to Morphology*, written in 1795, but not published until 1807. In these profound treatises, which were too far in advance of their age to exert much influence at first, Goethe laid the philosophic foundations of comparative anatomy in both vegetal and animal worlds. The conceptions of metamorphosis and of homology, which were thus brought forward, tended powerfully toward a recognition of the process of evolution. It was shown that what under some circumstances grows into a stem with a whorl of leaves, under other circumstances grows into a flower; it was shown that in the general scheme of the vertebrate skeleton a pectoral fin, a fore leg, and a wing occupy the same positions: thus was strongly suggested the idea that what under some circumstances developed into a fin might under other circumstances develop into a leg or a wing. The revelations of palæontology, showing various extinct adult forms, with corresponding organs in various degrees of development, went far to strengthen this suggestion, until an unanswerable argument was reached

with the study of rudimentary organs, which have no meaning except as remnants of a vanished past during which the organism has been changing. The study of comparative embryology pointed in the same direction, for it was soon observed that the embryos and larvæ of the higher forms of each group of animals pass, "in the course of their development, through a series of stages in which they more or less completely resemble the lower forms of the group" (Balfour, *Embryology*, i. 2).

Before the full significance of such facts of embryology and morphology could be felt, it was necessary that the work of classification should be carried far beyond the point at which it had been left by Linnæus. In mapping out the relationships in the animal kingdom, the great Swedish naturalist had relied less than his predecessors upon external or superficial characteristics; the time was arriving when classification should be based upon a thorough study of internal structure, and this was done by a noble company of French anatomists, among whom Cuvier was chief. It was about 1817 that Cuvier's gigantic work reached its climax in bringing palæontology into alliance with systematic zoology, and effecting that grand classification of animals in space and time which at once cast into the shade all that had gone before it. During the past fifty years there have been great changes made in Cuvier's classification, especially in the case of the lower forms of animal life. His class of *Radiata* has been broken up, other divisions in his invertebrate world have been modified beyond recognition, his vertebrate scheme has been overhauled in many quarters, his attempt to erect a distinct order for Man has been overthrown. Among the great anatomists concerned in this work the greatest name is that of Huxley. The classification most generally adopted to-day is Huxley's, but it is rather a modification of Cuvier's than a new develop-

ment. So enduring has been the work of the great Frenchman.

With Cuvier the analysis of the animal organism made some progress in such wise that anatomists began to concentrate their attention upon the study of the development and characteristic functions of organs. Philosophically this was a long step in advance, but a still longer one was taken at about the same time by that astonishing youth whose career has no parallel in the history of science. When Xavier Bichat died in 1802, in his thirty-first year, he left behind him a treatise on comparative anatomy in which the subject was worked up from the study of the tissues and their properties. The path thus broken by Bichat led to the cell doctrine of Schleiden and Schwann, matured about 1840, which remains, with some modifications, the basis of modern biology. The advance along these lines contributed signally to the advancement of embryology, which reached a startling height in 1829 with the publication of Baer's memorable treatise, in which the development of an ovum is shown to consist in a change from homogeneity to heterogeneity through successive differentiations. But while Baer thus arrived at the very threshold of the law of evolution, he was not in the true sense an evolutionist; he had nothing to say to phylogenetic evolution, or the derivation of the higher forms of life from lower forms through physical descent with modifications. Just so with Cuvier. When he effected his grand classification, he prepared the way most thoroughly for a general theory of evolution, but he always resisted any such inference from his work. He was building better than he knew.

The hesitancy of such men as Cuvier and Baer was no doubt due partly to the apparent absence of any true cause for physical modifications in species, partly to the completeness with which their own great work absorbed their minds.

Often in the history of science we witness the spectacle of a brilliant discoverer traveling in triumph along some new path, but stopping just short of the goal which subsequent exploration has revealed. There it stands looming up before his face, but he is blind to its presence through the excess of light which he has already taken in. The intellectual effort already put forth has left no surplus for any further sweep of comprehension, so that further advance requires a fresher mind and a new start with faculties unjaded and unwarped. To discover a great truth usually requires a succession of thinkers. Among the eminent anatomists who in the earlier part of our century were occupied with the classification of animals, there were some who found themselves compelled to believe in phylogenetic evolution, although they could frame no satisfactory theory to account for it. The weight of evidence was already in favor of such evolution, and these men could not fail to see it. Foremost among them was Jean Baptiste Lamarck, whose work was of supreme importance. His views were stated in 1809, in his *Philosophie Zoologique*, and further illustrated in 1815, in his voluminous treatise on invertebrate animals. Lamarck entirely rejected the notion of special creations, and he pointed out some of the important factors in evolution, especially the law that organs and faculties tend to increase with exercise, and to diminish with disuse. His weakest point was the disposition to imagine some inherent and ubiquitous tendency toward evolution, whereas a closer study of nature has taught us that evolution occurs only where there is a concurrence of favorable conditions. Among others who maintained some theory of evolution were the two Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, father and son, and the two great botanists, Naudin in France and Hooker in England. In 1852 the case of evolution as against special creations was ar-

gued by Herbert Spencer with convincing force, and in 1855 appeared *The Principles of Psychology*, by the same author, a book which is from beginning to end an elaborate illustration of the process of evolution, and is divided from everything that came before it by a gulf as wide as that which divides the Copernican astronomy from the Ptolemaic.

The followers of Cuvier regarded the methods and results of these evolutionists with strong disapproval. In the excess of such a feeling they even went so far as to condemn all philosophic thinking on subjects within the scope of natural history as visionary and unscientific. Why seek for any especial significance in the fact that every spider and every lobster is made up of just twenty segments? Is it not enough to know the fact? Children must not ask too many questions. It is the business of science to gather facts, not to seek for hidden implications. Such was the mental attitude into which men of science were quite commonly driven, between 1830 and 1860, by their desire to blink the question of evolution. A feeling grew up that the true glory of a scientific career was to detect for the two hundredth time an asteroid, or to stick a pin through a beetle with a label attached bearing your own latinized name, *Browni*, or *Jonesii*, or *Robinsoniense*. This feeling was especially strong in France, and was not confined to physical science. It was exhibited a few years later in the election of some Swedish or Norwegian naturalist (whose name I forget) to the French Academy of Sciences instead of Charles Darwin: the former had described some new kind of fly, the latter was only a theorizer! The study of origins in particular was to be frowned upon. In 1863 the Linguistic Society of Paris passed a by-law that no communications bearing upon the origin of language would be received. In the same mood Sir Henry Maine's treatise on *Ancient Law* was condemned at a

leading American university: it was enough for us to know our own laws; those of India might interest British students who might have occasion to go there, but not Americans. Such crude notions, utterly hostile to the spirit of science, were unduly favored fifty years ago by the persistent unwillingness to submit the phenomena of organic nature to the kind of scientific explanation which facts from all quarters were urging upon us.

During the period from 1830 to 1860 the factor in evolution which had hitherto escaped detection was gradually laid hold of and elaborately studied by Charles Darwin. In the nature of his speculations and the occasion that called them forth, he was a true disciple of Lyell. The work of that great geologist led directly up to Darwinism. As long as it was supposed that each geologic period was separated from the periods before and after it by Titanic convulsions which revolutionized the face of the globe, it was possible for men to acquiesce in the supposition that these convulsions wrought an abrupt and a wholesale destruction of organic life, and that the lost forms were replaced by an equally abrupt and wholesale supernatural creation of new forms at the beginning of each new period. But as people ceased to believe in the convulsions such an explanation began to seem improbable, and it was completely discredited by the fact that many kinds of plants and animals have persisted with little or no change during several successive periods, side by side with other kinds in which there have been extensive variation and extinction.

In connection with this a fact of great significance was elicited. Between the fauna and flora of successive periods in the same geographical region there is apt to be a manifest family likeness, indicating that the later are connected with the earlier through the bonds of physical descent. It was a case of this sort that

attracted Darwin's attention in 1835. The plants and animals of the Galapagos Islands are either descended, with specific modifications, from those of the mainland of Ecuador, or else there must have been an enormous number of special creations. The case is one which at a glance presents the notion of special creations in an absurd light. But what could have caused the modifications? What was wanted was to be able to point to some agency, similar to agencies now in operation, and therefore intelligible, which could be proved to be capable of making specific changes in plants and animals. Darwin's solution of the problem was so beautiful, it seems now so natural and inevitable, that we may be in danger of forgetting how complicated and abstruse the problem really was. Starting from the known experiences of breeders of domestic animals and cultivated plants, and duly considering the remarkable and sometimes astonishing changes that are wrought by simple selection, the problem was to detect among the multifarious phenomena of organic nature any agency capable of accomplishing what man thus accomplishes by selection. In detecting the agency of natural selection, working perpetually through the preservation of favored individuals and races in the struggle for existence, Darwin found the true cause for which men were waiting. With infinite patience and caution he applied his method of explanation to one group of organic phenomena after another, meeting in every quarter with fresh and often unexpected verification. After more than twenty years a singular circumstance led him to publish an account of his researches. The same group of facts had set a younger naturalist to work upon the same problem, and a similar process of thought had led to the same solution. Without knowing what Darwin had done, Alfred Russel Wallace made the same discovery, and sent from the East Indies, in 1858, his

statement of it to Darwin as to the man whose judgment upon it he should most highly prize. This made publication necessary for Darwin. The vast treasures of theory and example which he had accumulated were given to the world, the notion of special creations was exploded, and the facts of phylogenetic evolution won general acceptance.

Under the influence of this great achievement men in every department of science began to work in a more philosophical spirit. Naturalists, abandoning the mood of the stamp-collector, saw in every nook and corner some fresh illustration of Darwin's views. One serious obstacle to any general statement of the doctrine of evolution was removed. It was in 1861 that Herbert Spencer began to publish such a general systematic statement. His point of departure was the point reached by Baer in 1829, the change from homogeneity to heterogeneity. The theory of evolution had already received in Spencer's hands a far more complete and philosophical treatment than ever before, when the discovery of natural selection came to supply the one feature which it lacked. Spencer's thought is often more profound than Darwin's, but he would be the first to admit the indispensableness of natural selection to the successful working out of his own theory.

The work of Spencer is beyond precedent for comprehensiveness and depth. He began by showing that as a generalization of embryology Baer's law needs important emendations, and he went on to prove that, as thus rectified, the law of the development of an ovum is the law which covers the evolution of our planetary system, and of life upon the earth's surface in all its myriad manifestations. In Spencer's hands, the time-honored Nebular Theory propounded by Immanuel Kant in 1755, the earliest of all scientific theories of evolution, took on fresh life and meaning; and at the same time the theories of Lamarck and

Darwin as to organic evolution were worked up along with his own profound generalization of the evolution of mind into one coherent and majestic whole. Mankind have reason to be grateful that the promise of that daring prospectus which so charmed and dazzled us in 1860 is at last fulfilled; that after six-and-thirty years, despite all obstacles and discouragements, the Master's work is virtually done.

Such a synthesis could not have been achieved, nor even attempted, without the extraordinary expansion of molecular physics that marked the first half of the nineteenth century. When Priestley discovered oxygen, the undulatory theory of light, the basis of all modern physics, had not been established. It had indeed been propounded as long ago as 1678 by the illustrious Christian Huyghens, whom we should also remember as the discoverer of Saturn's rings and the inventor of the pendulum clock. But Huyghens was in advance of his age, and the overshadowing authority of Newton, who maintained a rival hypothesis, prevented due attention being paid to the undulatory theory until the beginning of the present century, when it was again taken up and demonstrated by Fresnel and Thomas Young. About the same time, our fellow countryman, Count Rumford, was taking the lead in that series of researches which culminated in the discovery of the mechanical equivalent of heat by Dr. Joule, in 1843. One of Priestley's earliest books, the one which made him a doctor of laws and a fellow of the Royal Society, was a treatise on electricity, published in 1767. It was a long step from that book to the one in which the Danish physicist Oersted, in 1820, demonstrated the intimate correlation between electricity and magnetism, thus preparing the way for Faraday's great discovery of magneto-electric induction in 1831. By the middle of our century the work in these various departments of physics had led to the detection of the deepest truth in sci-

ence, the law of correlation and conservation, which we owe chiefly to Helmholtz, Mayer, and Grove. It was proved that light and heat and the manifestations of force which we group together under the name of electricity are various modes of undulatory motion transformable one into another; and that in the operations of nature energy is never annihilated, but only changed from one form into another. This generalization includes the indestructibility of matter, and thus lies at the bottom of all chemistry and physics and of all science.

Returning to that chemistry with which we started, we may recall two laws that were propounded early in the century, one of which was instantly adopted, while the other had to wait for its day. Dalton's law of definite and multiple proportions has been ever since 1808 the corner-stone of chemical science, and the atomic theory by which he sought to explain the law has exercised a profound influence upon all modern speculation. The other law, announced by Avogadro in 1811, that, "under the same conditions of pressure and temperature, equal volumes of all gaseous substances, whether elementary or compound, contain the same number of molecules," was neglected for nearly fifty years, and then, when it was taken up and applied, it remodeled the whole science of chemistry and threw a flood of light upon the internal constitution of matter. In this direction a new world of speculation is opening up before us, full of wondrous charm. The amazing progress made since Priestley's day may be summed up in a single contrast. In 1781 Cavendish ascertained the bare fact that water is made up of oxygen and hydrogen; within ninety years from that time Sir William Thomson was able to tell us that "if the drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth, the constituent atoms would be larger than peas, but not so large as billiard-balls." Such a statement is confessedly provisional, but, al-



lowing for this, the contrast is no less striking.

Concerning the various and complicated applications of physical science to the arts, by which human life has been so profoundly affected in the present century, a mere catalogue of them would tax our attention to little purpose. As my object in the present paper is simply to trace the broad outlines of advance in pure science, I pass over these applications, merely observing that the perpetual interaction between theory and practice is such that each new invention is liable to modify the science in which it originated, either by encountering fresh questions or by suggesting new methods, or in both these ways. The work of men like Pasteur and Koch cannot fail to influence biological theory as much as medical practice. The practical uses of electricity are introducing new features into the whole subject of molecular physics, and in this region, I suspect, we are to look for some of the most striking disclosures of the immediate future.

A word must be said of the historical sciences, which have witnessed as great changes as any others, mainly through the introduction of the comparative method of inquiry. The first two great triumphs of the comparative method were achieved contemporaneously in two fields of inquiry very remote from one another: the one was the work of Cuvier, above mentioned; the other was the founding of the comparative philology of the Aryan languages by Franz Bopp, in 1816. The work of Bopp exerted as powerful an influence throughout all the historical fields of study as Cuvier exerted in biology. The young men whose minds were receiving their formative impulses between 1825 and 1840, under the various influences of Cuvier and Saint-Hilaire, Lyell, Goethe, Bopp, and other such great leaders, began themselves to come to the foreground as leaders of thought about 1860: on the one hand, such men as Darwin, Gray, Hux-

ley, and Wallace; on the other hand, such as Kuhn and Schleicher, Maine, Maurer, Mommsen, Freeman, and Tylor. The point of the comparative method, in whatever field it may be applied, is that it brings before us a great number of objects so nearly alike that we are bound to assume for them an origin and general history in common, while at the same time they present such differences in detail as to suggest that some have advanced further than others in the direction in which all are traveling; some, again, have been abruptly arrested, others perhaps even turned aside from the path. In the attempt to classify such phenomena, whether in the historical or in the physical sciences, the conception of development is presented to the student with irresistible force. In the case of the Aryan languages, no one would think of doubting their descent from a common original: just side by side is the parallel case of one sub-group of the Aryan languages, namely, the seven Romance languages which we know to have been developed out of Latin since the Christian era. In these cases we can study the process of change resulting in forms that are more or less divergent from their originals. In one quarter a form is retained with little modification; in another it is completely blurred, as the Latin *metipsissimus* becomes *medesimo* in Italian, but *mismo* in Spanish, while in modern French there is nothing left of it but *même*. So in Sanskrit and in Lithuanian we find a most ingenious and elaborate system of conjugation and declension, which in such languages as Greek and Latin is more or less curtailed and altered, and which in English is almost completely lost. Yet in Old English there are quite enough vestiges of the system to enable us to identify it with the Lithuanian and Sanskrit.

So the student who applies the comparative method to the study of human customs and institutions is continually finding usages, beliefs, or laws existing

in one part of the world that have long since ceased to exist in another part; yet where they have ceased to exist they have often left unmistakable traces of their former existence. In Australasia we find types of savagery ignorant of the bow and arrow; in aboriginal North America, a type of barbarism familiar with the art of pottery, but ignorant of domestic animals or of the use of metals; among the earliest Romans, a higher type of barbarism, familiar with iron and cattle, but ignorant of the alphabet. Along with such gradations in material culture we find associated gradations in ideas, in social structure, and in deep-seated customs. Thus, some kind of fetichism is apt to prevail in the lower stages of barbarism, and some form of polytheism in the higher stages. The units of composition in savage and barbarous societies are always the clan, the phratry, and the tribe. In the lower stages of barbarism we see such confederacies as those of the Iroquois; in the highest stage, at the dawn of civilization, we begin to find nations imperfectly formed by conquest without incorporation, like aboriginal Peru or ancient Assyria. In the lower stages we see captives tortured to death, then at a later stage sacrificed to the tutelary deities, then later on enslaved and compelled to till the soil. Through the earlier stages of culture, as in Australasia and aboriginal America, we find the marriage tie so loose and paternity so uncertain that kinship is reckoned only through the mother; but in the highest stage of barbarism, as among the earliest Greeks, Romans, and Jews, the more definite patriarchal family is developed, and kinship begins to be reckoned through the father. It is only after that stage is reached that inheritance of property becomes fully developed, with the substitution of individual ownership for clan ownership, and so on to the development of testamentary succession, individual responsibility for delict and crime, and the substitution of contract

for status. In all such instances — and countless others might be cited — we see the marks of an intelligible progression, a line of development which human ideas and institutions have followed. But in the most advanced societies we find numerous traces of such states of things as now exist only among savage or barbarous societies. Our own ancestors were once polytheists, with plenty of traces of fetichism. They were organized in clans, phratries, and tribes. There was a time when they used none but stone tools and weapons; when there was no private property in land, and no political structure higher than the tribe. Among the forefathers of the present civilized inhabitants of Europe are unmistakable traces of human sacrifices and of the reckoning of kinship through the mother only. When we have come to survey large groups of facts of this sort, the conclusion is irresistibly driven home to us that the more advanced societies have gone through various stages now represented here and there by less advanced societies; that there is a general path of social development, along which, owing to special circumstances, some peoples have advanced a great way, some a less way, some but a very little way; and that by studying existing savages and barbarians we get a valuable clue to the interpretation of prehistoric times. All these things are to-day commonplaces among students of history and archaeology; sixty years ago they would have been scouted as idle vagaries. It is the introduction of such methods of study that is making history scientific. It is enabling us to digest the huge masses of facts that are daily poured in upon us by decipherers of the past, — monuments, inscriptions, pottery, weapons, ethnological reports, and all that sort of thing, — and to make all contribute toward a coherent theory of the career of mankind upon the earth.

In the course of the foregoing survey one fact stands out with especial pro-



minence: it appears that about half a century ago the foremost minds of the world, with whatever group of phenomena they were occupied, had fallen, and were more and more falling, into a habit of regarding things, not as having originated in the shape in which we now find them, but as having been slowly metamorphosed from some other shape through the agency of forces similar in nature to forces now at work. Whether planets, or mountains, or mollusks, or subjunctive moods, or tribal confederacies were the things studied, the scholars who studied them most deeply and most fruitfully were those who studied them as phases in a process of development. The work of such scholars has formed the strong current of thought in our time, while the work of those who did not catch these new methods has been dropped by the way and forgotten; and as we look back to Newton's time we can see that ever since then the drift of scientific thought has been setting in this direction, and with increasing steadiness and force.

Now, what does all this drift of scientific opinion during more than two centuries mean? It can, of course, have but one meaning. It means that the world *is* in a process of development, and that gradually, as advancing knowledge has enabled us to take a sufficiently wide view of the world, we have come to see that it is so. The old statical conception of a world created all at once in its present shape was the result of very narrow experience; it was entertained when we knew only an extremely small segment of the world. Now that our experience has widened, it is outgrown and set aside forever; it is replaced by the dynamical conception of a world in a perpetual process of evolution from one state into another state. This dynamical conception has come to stay with us. Our theories as to what

the process of evolution is may be more or less wrong and are confessedly tentative, as scientific theories should be. But the dynamical conception, which is not the work of any one man, be he Darwin or Spencer or any one else, but the result of the cumulative experience of the last two centuries, this is a permanent acquisition. We can no more revert to the statical conception than we can turn back the sun in his course. Whatever else the philosophy of future generations may be, it must be some kind of a philosophy of evolution.

Such is the scientific conquest achieved by the nineteenth century, a marvelous story without any parallel in the history of human achievement. The swiftness of the advance has been due partly to the removal of the ancient legal and social trammels that beset free thinking in every conceivable direction. It is largely due also to the use of correct methods of research. The waste of intellectual effort has been less than in former ages. The substitution of Lavoisier's balance for Stahl's *a priori* reasoning is one among countless instances of this. Sound scientific method is a slow acquisition of the human mind, and for its more rapid introduction, in Priestley's time and since, we have largely to thank the example set by those giants of a former age, Galileo and Kepler, Descartes and Newton.

The lessons that might be derived from our story are many. But one that we may especially emphasize is the dignity of Man whose persistent seeking for truth is rewarded by such fruits. We may be sure that the creature whose intelligence measures the pulsations of molecules and unravels the secret of the whirling nebula is no creature of a day, but the child of the universe, the heir of all the ages, in whose making and perfecting is to be found the consummation of God's creative work.

John Fiske.

## ARBITRATION AND OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

THE subject of the relations between the United States and Great Britain has been lately brought very suddenly and very prominently into view. For a long time they have been so friendly and so free from disturbance as to have come to be regarded in both countries as a matter of course. In the last seventy-five years the two nations have been drawn more closely together than any others ever were, not only because we are the descendants of England, and have derived from and hold in common with her language, religion, literature, law, the principles of free government, and the customs of social life; nor merely because, ever since our independence, our population has been recruited from hers by a steadfast tide of immigration, only once interrupted, which has brought many millions of her subjects here; but because our actual intercourse of all kinds with that country and her dependencies has been and is greater than with all the rest of the world put together. Our business concerns and hers are inextricably connected. Sixty per cent of our exports go to her, as against forty per cent to all other countries. The proportion of our imports from her is more than one third of the whole. Our financial operations are in an even greater ratio. Great Britain has been the chief market abroad for the bonds of the United States government and for all our other investment securities, and the principal banker for the vast multitude of Americans who annually visit that country and overspread Europe. The sayings, often repeated, that we are brethren, cousins, with a common inheritance, hopes, and qualities; that blood is thicker than water; that to disturb relations so natural, so intimate, so profitable, and so pleasant would be worse than a crime, and so on through the whole gamut of effusive occasions,

are platitudes which we have grown weary of hearing, since what is undeniable need not be so often reasserted.

It is needless to refer here to the cause of the sudden and unexpected disturbance of the relations between the United States and Great Britain. It arose out of no quarrel or dispute between the two countries, nor from any of those sudden provocations that sometimes, by somebody's blunder or misconduct, assume an international character. The matter out of which it sprung was one that did not concern us in the least, of the merits of which we knew nothing, in which our interference was altogether without justification or reasonable object; and it took both nations by surprise. It is to be believed that it has now passed into history, and that no useful purpose can be served by further discussion of the questions it involved.

But a question more important than the merits of this particular case in dealing with the relations between ourselves and Great Britain is, how the unexpected prospect of a collision was received by the people on both sides. It is now happily apparent that the position taken by the United States government will not be permitted by the people of either nation to have the result that was at first apprehended. But the shock that followed has not yet spent its force. From its instant and destructive effect upon the business of the country, struggling as it was with long-continued disaster, we have not yet recovered, and this is a slight but appalling indication of what the calamities of a real war would be. On the part of Congress, the President's Venezuelan message was received by a large majority in both Houses with frantic expressions of joy and approval. Politicians of all sorts made haste to array themselves in favor of a war with Eng-

land, and to vie with one another to be foremost in its advocacy. If their conduct were to be taken as an index of American feeling, it would seem of no use to compose this controversy, since another would inevitably take its place. But the time has passed when Congress either represents or directs public opinion in this country. While both Houses still contain men of both parties who command respect, they are but the minority, and can control neither the Houses nor the parties they belong to. Congressional zeal for a causeless war rapidly subsided when it was found that a decisive public sentiment was the other way, and its ephemeral outbreak needs now to be considered only so far as it can be taken to indicate the existence of a corresponding feeling among the people. But it gives an ominous significance to those words in the Constitution of the United States, "Congress shall have power to declare war."

By a very large proportion of the best intelligence of the country, the proposal of the President to intervene by force between Great Britain and Venezuela was promptly repudiated. But it is not to be denied that the action of Congress is significant of a certain unreasoning impulse among a portion of the people, not inconsiderable in numbers, in favor of a war with Great Britain, or, failing that, with some other country. To such indications the practical politician is preternaturally sensitive. He is, therefore, a sort of thermometer that shows pretty accurately the temperature of a class which he always assumes to be a majority, when he sees that they are in the wrong. It would be unsafe to deny that there does exist among a body of voters, larger in some sections of this country than in others, an undefined but not less real feeling that would readily join in a hurrah for war, with whatever nation and for whatever cause. The source of it is not so easy to be understood, for nothing is more difficult to

analyze than the currents of popular caprice. Of these it may truly be said that the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. The politician who deals with them as the basis of his baleful industry does not concern himself about their origin or their consequences, but accepts them as natural forces that can be worked for gain. Perhaps it is true that at certain intervals there arises in the minds of men a thirst for blood that only war can assuage; so that war may be set down at periods in the history of the human race, happily growing less and less frequent, as one of its normal conditions, which will never cease from off the earth. The impulse toward a war with England, when thwarted, turned instantly toward an equally groundless and useless quarrel with Spain. There are always men enough, likewise, such as they are, who believe that they have nothing to lose, but somehow something to gain, in the general catastrophe of war. In the multitude of lives that must be laid down as its price they never include their own. Incapable of perceiving that in times of national distress it is the poorest class that suffers most in the end, such men, "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace," readily enlist in the ragged regiments of the demagogues, who see in the prospect of hostilities an endless vista of successful elections, offices, contracts, plunder, and pensions; who anticipate what Dr. Johnson describes as the chief fruits of war, "the sudden glories of contractors and commissaries, agents and paymasters, whose palaces arise like exhalations, and whose equipages dazzle like meteors."

But aside from this impulse toward war for the sake of war, it is not to be disguised that there exists in some quarters a certain prejudice against England for which no sensible reason could be given, and which would make war with her particularly attractive to those who

share it. The traditions of two wars yet linger among us, the first of which made us a nation, and gave to the men most celebrated in early American history the renown that is the justly cherished tradition of the country. Until the civil war, our chief military achievements by land and sea were against the mother country. Many still living recall the time when, in the mimic warfare of the schoolboy, the enemy was always "the British," and when patriotism consisted chiefly, in the popular mind, especially on the Fourth of July, in a readiness to fight that hereditary foe, as our fathers did before us. More recent influences, limited in their sphere, are still considerable where they have force. We have a very large Irish population, who all take to politics as ducks do to water, whose hatred of England is born out of that unhappy history whose memories will never perish. It is natural that they should be fed in partisan newspapers on an habitual disparagement of England; and these papers afford reading and instruction to many who are not Irish, but who are not beyond their influence. To the laboring class, who are taught that foreign competition in manufactures is the chief obstacle to their prosperity, England, which under free trade has become the workshop of the world, is constantly held up as an enemy, ready at all times, with "British gold" as well as with argument and influence, to thwart the exertions of the friends of American labor. The advocates of a silver currency are led to believe that England is the author, not the disciple, of those economical teachings which they find insuperable, and is in natural harmony with the "gold bugs of Wall Street" and "the bloated bondholders." Not impossibly, there may be something in the very supremacy of England among the nations of her hemisphere, in the steadfast course and continuance of her foreign policy, in her vast naval power, and in the extension of her empire in all parts

of the world, not always perhaps by the most scrupulous means, that excites in some minds a sentiment of hostility. And it is to be remembered, finally, that a conglomerate race is being formed in this country with accelerating rapidity out of all the nations of the European continent, whose emigrants are made voters before they learn what suffrage means; to whom England, so far as they know anything about her, is foreign, if not hostile; and with whom the sentimental considerations natural to her descendants are invoked in vain.

But it is certainly true that the great body of the more intelligent Americans have no share in these feelings. They harbor no prejudices or jealousies in respect to England, as has been clearly shown in the expressions of opinion which recent events have called out. They desire no controversy with her. Proud of their own country, believing in its destiny, resolute to defend it when it needs defense in any quarter, for the greatness of England they have a cordial admiration; and in her forward march they know that they and the world are profited. They see that wherever her flag goes it stands for law and order and good government, and that under it the rights of all men are safer than under the rule of any other country. They perceive that if we are to have relations or friends anywhere, they must be found among the people of our own race; that the two countries are natural and necessary allies, whom God has joined together, kindred who even if they quarrel would be kindred still; that if business and industry are to prosper in either, they must prosper in both; and that if Christianity, liberty, and the principles of free government are ever to overspread the earth, they must be carried by the English language, which has thus far been their vehicle. In the minds of such men there is no room for the paltriness of Anglomania on the one hand, or of Anglophobia on the other,—for

servile imitation or groundless jealousy. They desire with England only that honorable peace, those friendly relations, and that kindly intercourse which subsist between nations supremely great, who respect and trust each other, and who do not seek to infringe rights which by either side, as both well know, would be promptly defended if it unhappily became necessary.

In giving voice to these sentiments, we are not holding out the olive branch to an enemy; we are but accepting that which is held out to us. Nothing could show more clearly the friendly feeling that exists among the English people toward this country than the utterances in England which the late disturbance occasioned. In the Queen's speech to Parliament at its opening, in which the Venezuelan question was necessarily touched upon, the only allusion to the President's message is in these words: "The government of the United States have expressed a wish to coöperate in terminating differences which have existed for many years between my government and the republic of Venezuela, upon the boundary between that country and my colony of British Guiana. I have expressed my sympathy with the desire to come to an equitable arrangement, and trust that further negotiation will lead to a satisfactory settlement." Language hardly admits of a more kindly rebuke than is contained in these few mild, courteous, and dignified words. In the extended debate in the House of Commons on the address in reply to the Queen's speech, in which all the leading members in both parties took part, there was not an unkindly or a harsh word toward the United States or its government, but only an universal avowal of sorrowful surprise at its attitude in respect to a dispute with Venezuela which is regarded in England as unimportant. The language of the leading press in Great Britain was chiefly in the same strain, although so grave an infraction of

the proprieties of diplomatic intercourse as had taken place might naturally enough have provoked a spirited if not a hostile retort. The contrast is very striking between the effect produced in England by the Venezuelan message and the flame kindled throughout the kingdom by the telegram of congratulation from the German Emperor to President Krüger on the repulse of an expedition which Great Britain disclaimed, and with the authors of which she is now dealing in her criminal courts. But the English have learned to discriminate between the language of the government of the United States and the sentiment of the people it officially represents, and it is to be hoped and believed that in the result the bonds between the nations will be cemented rather than loosened. Peace will be maintained on our part, so long as it ought to be, by that substantial class of the American people who in time of peace do the work of the country, and who, if war unhappily comes, must chiefly be relied on for its defense.

But to insure peace in our time and in all times the first requisite is to deserve it, by refraining, and by compelling our representatives to refrain, from all such infringement of the just rights of other nations as we should ourselves resent if inflicted upon us. And then it needs, perhaps, to be more clearly perceived, by those who wisely and humanely desire to preserve peace, from what quarter the danger to it is to be expected. The issues of peace and war rest no longer with governments, for governments at this day can neither bring about wars nor prevent them. They will occur when the people of the countries concerned become inflamed against each other to the fighting point. When that is the case, a cause of war is not far to seek, and an incident small in itself may bring it on at any moment. The combustible mass must first be prepared, and it is then very easy to set it on fire. When the opposite feeling prevails among

the people on both sides and war between them is deprecated, any difference or dispute that arises will be surely in some way accommodated or compromised. The war of the Revolution began by the imposition of a small tax on tea; the war of 1812, by the taking by British out of American ships of one or two deserters from the British service; the war of the Rebellion, by the firing on Fort Sumter, without much harm done, by a few hot-headed men in Charleston. But does any one suppose these incidents to have been the causes of those wars? They were only their occasions, the signals for them to begin. The causes lay far deeper, and had long been ripening in the popular mind. The process by which the national temper is wrought up to fighting heat is educational and requires time. It cannot grow without something to feed on. Mutual misunderstanding, misrepresentation, a long course of irritation and provocation, are its natural nourishment. It may well be doubted whether a war can ever take place in these days between nations whose people thoroughly understand each other.

It is to this source, therefore, that it would seem that the efforts of the friends of peace should be first directed, — to the cultivation of the spirit of peace among men, and to the restraint and rebuke of vituperation, unjust language, and untrue assertion in respect to foreign nations, whether on the floor of Congress, in the newspaper press, or by orators at large, which naturally tend to goad those nations to resentment, and at the same time to educate our own people, through misapprehension and hostility, up to passion and a desire for violence. This courtesy, due to all nations, is especially due to those who practice it toward us. It is well to understand that among nations, as among individuals, friendly relations are largely dependent upon good manners. Calm language, firm but courteous, addressed through the proper channels to a foreign

government, will always be found sufficient, as far as language can be, for the assertion of any right, or just demand, and will leave the door open for adjustment instead of closing it in advance.

The Venezuelan message of the President has brought forth a considerable movement among men of the best quality and purest motives, in behalf of some scheme of permanent international arbitration between the United States and Great Britain. The project has been much discussed, mainly by those to whom the theory seems attractive as a means of maintaining peace, but who probably have not reflected on its practical difficulties. It is not the most promising way to establish friendship, to begin to construct machinery to settle expected disputes. Nor is the occasion which has given rise to the proposal the most fortunate. It looks too much as if it were anticipated that we may find it desirable, in future political exigencies, to make similar attacks, and wish to secure ourselves beforehand against their being resented. But since the discussion is on the side of peace, it can do no harm, and will doubtless indirectly be productive of good.

Compulsory arbitration is a contradiction in terms, since that process must necessarily take place through a voluntary agreement, incapable of application until the occasion for it arises. To agree to arbitrate future controversies is one thing; actually to arbitrate an existing controversy is quite another. It is manifest that there must be many cases, quite impossible to foresee, to which such an agreement would not apply, or would be, by one side or the other, repudiated as inapplicable, and the question whether the case is within the agreement would be likely to make more trouble than the case itself. It might almost as well be hoped to prevent disputes by agreeing beforehand that we will never have them, — a practicable method, undoubtedly, if



it could only be settled at the same time to what disputes the agreement not to dispute should apply.

But arbitration will still be resorted to in the future, as it has been in the past, in that limited class of international cases where the questions involved are questions of fact, depending for decision upon evidence. Such cases, while they may be compromised, can never be determined except by some tribunal which can hear the evidence, and so ascertain the truth; and sometimes they may be too important for compromise. Even in those cases this mode of trial encounters many obstacles. If the tribunal is composed, in whole or in part, of members appointed from the countries that are parties to the controversy, they cease to be judges, and become only representatives and opposing advocates. If it is made up of members from other countries, serious embarrassment arises out of the difficulty of obtaining those who are satisfactory; the foreign languages they speak; the systems of law and methods of legal thought, very different from ours, in which they are trained; the want of power in the court, under whatever exigencies, except that which is precisely conferred by the treaty, even so much as is necessary to enforce its own orders; and the lack of any system of procedure or rules of evidence such as in all other tribunals are found indispensable. These and other difficulties will be found quite sufficient to conduct those who have to deal with them to the conclusion that a court is not a court of justice which is only the creature of the parties litigant; and that, in order to be effectual, it must be invested with a larger and more independent authority than can be derived from their consent. But, grave as these obstacles are, and lessening, as they always must, the chances of a really just decision, they are nevertheless not insuperable, since what has been done before, however imperfectly, can be done again with no greater imperfection.

Beyond cases turning upon questions of fact, arbitration, however plausible in theory, is not likely to be found practicable. In cases involving questions of law, which means of course international law, it is not available. Such questions are necessarily new, for no tribunal is requisite to decide between nations those points in respect to which the law is already settled. Unlike a court of justice, which deals with municipal law and is empowered to extend its principles to every case of new impression, so that there can be no dispute too novel or too difficult to be decided, an arbitration cannot extend the rules of international law beyond what is already established, since those rules find their only sanction and authority in the general consent of nations. The inquiry in every case is, therefore, whether the proposition advanced has received such assent. If not, however just in itself, it is idle to expect arbitrators, empowered only by the agreement of two nations to decide a particular case, to take it upon themselves to enlarge the law of nations, and to add to its existing rules any new proposition; or in other words, to declare that to be law which is not law, and which they have no authority to make law. Hence no rule of law can be adopted by such a court unless it can be shown to have been previously acquiesced in; and arbitration can be useful in no case depending upon a question of international law, except those cases in which it will be unnecessary, since the point involved will have been already settled.

Nor can it be expected that any controversy whatever which involves national honor will be submitted to arbitration by any nation capable of self-vindication. The same considerations will likewise prevent the reference to such a tribunal of any dispute involving the integrity of the territory of a nation, which has been occupied by its subjects under a claim of right for any considerable period of time on the faith of their country's

protection. And finally, it is obvious that in no case whatever can that remedy be successfully proposed, where popular feeling on the one side or the other has reached fighting heat, and has passed beyond the control of representative government. A casual review of the wars that have occurred in modern times between countries so governed, and of the conditions that preceded them, will show how utterly futile in such emergencies would have been, or would be likely to be hereafter, the attempt at the lingering and uncertain process of submitting to the decision of foreign jurists the quarrel that had set men's minds on fire. It will probably be apparent, therefore, to those who will reflect upon these suggestions, that it is a mistake to suppose that international arbitration can ever become, as has been fondly hoped, a substitute for war. On no such artificial and cumbrous contrivance can peace on earth and good will among men be made to depend. These reside in the temper of nations, not in the decision of courts.

Neither can it be made a substitute for that diplomacy, though to a certain limited extent it may be an adjunct to it, through which international affairs must always be conducted if conducted successfully; for wise diplomacy is a great deal better than arbitration, and in nineteen cases out of twenty can do without it. Statesmanship proceeds not so much by the settlement of questions in dispute as by avoiding their settlement. Its resource is judicious compromise of the concrete case, leaving the abstract question to those who may be unfortunate enough to have to encounter it. Among nations capable of asserting their rights, there is no middle ground between compromise and conquest, since, even if war is resorted to, only one or the other can result. The history of diplomacy, if it is ever written, will be found to be a history of compromises, through which wars have been avoided

or terminated, advantages gained, injuries redressed, claims adjusted, and peace maintained. All treaties are made up of mutual concessions, except those dictated to a prostrate enemy; and the greatest diplomatists have been those who have saved the most blood and shed the least ink.

The success of British foreign policy is due to its freedom from the influence of domestic politics, its continuity and steadfast consistency, its dignity, its courage, and perhaps more than all to the committal of its conduct to the most skillful hands the country possesses.

If we cannot invent a new tribunal to take the place of statesmanship, we can at least reconstruct and improve our diplomatic machinery, and in doing so profit, as we have done in so many other things, by the example of our British ancestors. International affairs are conducted through two agencies, at home and abroad. In our own case, both these are capable of being greatly strengthened. The Secretary of State necessarily changes with each successive administration, and often more frequently. Within less than four years we have had four secretaries. As the panorama of American politics never turns back, no secretary holds office a second time; the incumbent is always a new one, often unfamiliar with the difficult and delicate business with which he is charged, — how difficult and delicate those only know who have had to do with it. His subordinates, except those who change with him, are usually little more than clerks, who rarely have a long tenure of office, and the whole business of foreign affairs is virtually begun over again with each new head of the department, or at the least with each new administration. The State Department would be largely reinforced by the creation of three or four under-secretaries, appointed for life, who should be men of conspicuous ability and attainment. They would become possessed of a complete acquaint-



ance with all foreign questions, their history, precedents, facts, and traditions, and entirely versed in the principles of law and the considerations of policy on which they depend, as well as in the methods and proprieties of diplomatic procedure. Their counsel and assistance would be invaluable to the overwrought Secretary, and would give to our foreign policy the continuity, consistency, and sound legal foundation without which we cannot hope that it will be successful. With such an accomplished staff the British Foreign Office is always furnished, and the incoming Secretary finds the work ready to his hand and is assured of the ground on which he stands.

The diplomatic representatives of the country abroad constitute the other agency through which foreign affairs are dealt with. Every civilized country but ours has a diplomatic corps, composed chiefly of men who devote their lives to the service as a profession; who, beginning in youth with its lower grades, advance with time and experience as far as their abilities warrant. In America alone, diplomacy consists principally in the distribution and rapid redistribution of diplomatic offices. While in the higher posts we have often had men of competent and even distinguished ability, they have withdrawn almost as soon as they became really familiar with the requirements. The less important places will not be accepted for a short term of office by that class of men, and they are therefore often filled with those not adequate to any serious emergency, and who are at best only messengers between the State Department and the government to which they are accredited. Yet grave complications are quite as likely to occur in small as in greater countries. If we had a regular diplomatic service of permanent tenure, into the subordinate places of which young men could enter, and then grow up to its higher and perhaps to its highest duties, there would soon be no post that would not be capably

filled. We should have at every legation a trained and competent sentinel on duty, equal to any necessity that might arise. The diplomatic service is a profession by itself, and should be a life work if great success in it is to be attained. The time is past when we can afford to treat any of its places as sinecures, to be awarded for political service, or given to ornamental figures not adapted to real use. The existence of a permanent corps would not at all interfere with the occasional appointment of first-class men, not belonging to it, to its most important positions. We should combine that advantage with those of the permanent and specially trained service, from which also, as in other professions, first-class men might reasonably be expected to appear.

The true work of diplomacy must be done abroad. It may receive its guidance and general direction from home, but to be carried to successful results it often needs personal presence and intercourse. It is like an army in the field, which cannot be guided in its movements by a congressional committee or a Secretary of War, but must be entrusted to the commander for the accomplishment of the objects to which it is directed. The formal communications at arm's length between governments, all of which have in time to be made public, are only proclamations, which rarely bring anything to pass except counter-proclamations. Every word has to be weighed and considered, lest anything be said that ever need be taken back or modified. They are like the firing between armies at very long range, fruitful of little but noise and smoke. International questions, like other negotiations, are best settled by competent men who can come face to face in a free and confidential interchange of views. Thus can be found out the wise middle ground attainable, and thus the way can be prepared for formal communications that will follow, and not precede, mutual un-

derstanding, and will result in satisfactory conclusions.

But it is more important than any facilities for promoting the conduct of our foreign relations that they should be divorced from the business of domestic politics, which mean, not the adoption of policy, but the acquisition of office. Nothing else need be done for our foreign affairs, if they are to be a football in the hands of the players of this game, since their condition will soon be hopeless. It would remain only to provide as soon as possible a powerful military and naval armament, of which we are sure to stand in need. The present presidential canvass has nearly cost us two wars, with nations with whom we had no cause of quarrel whatever. We have made the emoluments of war so attractive to a certain class that they become a most dangerous inducement to those who traffic in votes. The suggestions already made would tend, if carried out, toward withdrawing our diplomatic affairs from political influence; and this result would be further advanced if the necessity for the ratification of treaties by a vote of the Senate could be done away with. It is no longer the body to which that duty was originally entrusted, and no corresponding power exists in such a body in any other country. The Executive should be charged with the duty and the responsibility of treaties with foreign governments, which might always contain a clause providing for future revocation. This change would of course require a constitutional amendment, not easy to be obtained by itself, but which might find a place among the other amendments that will be required at no distant day.

Some good on both sides may perhaps

result from the disturbance that has taken place between ourselves and Great Britain, beside impressing on the mind of both nations the value of peace. We may be shown the necessity of sparing money enough from the demands of politics to put the country in a condition for defense, and of no longer inviting war, in case of controversy, by lying at the mercy of every respectable maritime enemy. And Great Britain may perceive the importance of so far repressing the conduct of Canada towards us as to guard against the sort of injustice that irritates, perhaps, even more than it wrongs. That is the only quarter in which any serious trouble between England and the United States is reasonably to be looked for. Aggressions from that direction have taken place heretofore, and have been submitted to, when a just firmness in our own government would have prevented them. The consciousness of that is not without its effect on the American mind, which it would be wise not to feed too often upon such nutriment.

But after all means have been exhausted for the preservation of peace, the greatest of national blessings and the most earnestly to be sought, it still remains to be remembered that this side of the millennium it cannot always be insured. The time may come to any country when it is necessary to fight. Self-defense is the highest duty, when unhappily necessary to be resorted to. And when the vindication of the national honor or the protection of the essential interests of the country shall be really required, that people is not worthy to be free who would shrink from the duty or stop to count its cost.

*E. J. Phelps.*

## THE UNITED STATES AND THE ANGLO-SAXON FUTURE.

It is one of the commonplaces of our time that the world has become small and closely united, but the practical consequences of this fact, as bearing on our own future, we of the United States have not yet appreciated. We are entering with the rest of the world upon a new era of history, in which the conditions that have prevailed in the past will no longer be the determining conditions, and in which our own best and highest interests can no longer be measured by the standard of Washington's Farewell Address. The drama of international politics has already passed into a new act, whose stage is the world, and whose actors are no longer nations in the sense of a hundred years ago, but great races or nations with a world-position; an act in which the petty questions of European boundary lines or the balance of power — the chief objects of the entangling alliances against which we were warned — will sink, as they are even now sinking, into the most trivial byplay. It is the dawn of this era which gives to the Napoleonic struggle its real significance in the history of the world as distinguished from the history of Europe. It is the consciousness of this fact, as can easily be ascertained, which is behind the desperate efforts of France and of Germany to secure colonial empires before it is finally too late. It is this fact which gives all its peculiar importance to the rise of Japan to the possible headship of the Mongolian world, and to the struggle with Russia for the control of China which seems inevitable; and this the Japanese most clearly recognize. No doubt the mere independence of the small nation has never been so secure as it will be in the future, but it is equally certain that the uncombined or "unexpanded" nation is doomed to sink to a constantly lower depth of provincial insignificance.

The fate which has overtaken the peoples of Wales and of Scotland, of Provence and of Aragon, in competition with stronger peoples, lies now before all the smaller nations of the world, and is not to be avoided.

The final result to which this stage of history will lead can be nothing less than the domination of the world, in ideas and arts and institutions, by some one racial type. The conditions of the classical world at the beginning of the second Punic war seem now to be reproduced, but in this later age for the whole globe, and as an introduction to a final epoch of history in which no reversal will be possible. In the year 220 B. C., to any observer of ancient international politics who saw the Mediterranean Sea surrounded by a series of independent and apparently powerful states, and who did not reckon Rome the greatest of these, the prediction would have seemed extremely rash that before the close of another century the whole civilized world would be under the control of the Romans, and would be rapidly learning their language, institutions, and laws. Indeed, the Roman of that date did not have so fair a start for leadership in his world as the Anglo-Saxon has in ours. But leadership speedily followed the victory of Rome in the struggle with Carthage. Yet the world of that time which was united under one rule was practically larger than the whole earth of our day. The strategic points of the Roman Empire, measured by any true standards of distance, — the transmission of news and the concentration of men and supplies, — were as far from Rome as the strategic points of the world to-day are from London or New York. We can understand that a prediction of the result which was so soon to follow would have seemed rash to the men of 220 B. C., but we ought not

to find it difficult to realize the strong probability of a similar result which stands before us, — the domination of the earth by some one race, one civilization, one type of ideas and institutions, not to the exclusion or extinction of the others in a greater degree than in the older case, but to their real and increasing subjugation and to their absorption in the dominant type.

The Anglo-Saxon race, if we may consider it a race, now holds the foremost place in the world. This is true not merely because the area of its domination is the largest, all in the best regions of the globe, and likely soon to be filled with the largest population; it is true also because it stands for the best yet reached in ideas and institutions, the highest type of civilization, the fairest chance for every man yet offered in the world. Is it going to be able to maintain this position? It is by no means clear as yet what answer will be given to this question. Geographically the race is widely scattered, and the problem of defending its integrity against any race of equal power and greater concentration of position, in a conflict waged to the bitter end, would be one of extreme difficulty. But a far more serious danger arises from the lack of unity which prevails in the race, and which would make the use of its full power in such a conflict practically impossible. This shows itself not merely in the absence of any organization which would secure unity at the present time (which is comparatively unimportant), but in the absence of the idea of its urgency and value, and in a disposition to throw upon a single member of the race the whole burden of providing for its defense; and these are more serious matters.

If we examine the present opinion of the Anglo-Saxon world on this subject, we shall find that no large body of men anywhere regards the existing condition as likely to continue long, and that no large body of men anywhere is united on

any policy for the future, but that there are three tendencies which may affect the character of the final result.

The first tendency is the movement for imperial federation. This movement is extremely interesting in its beginning and growth. It is more than interesting as a sign of the awakening of mind to the demands of the future. But it has always been very vague as to practical methods, and it has never taken strong hold anywhere in the British Empire. Imperial federation, could it be secured, would be of great advantage to the whole Anglo-Saxon world, but the hope of its adoption is very remote.

The second tendency is the idea — it can hardly be called a movement — of the independence of the separate parts of the British Empire, or its dissolution into several independent states. This is the idea which Mr. Goldwin Smith has so long and so vigorously proclaimed. The Venezuelan excitement has served him as an opportunity for a reiteration of some of his arguments in a very effective form. There was a time, a quarter of a century ago, when it was the almost openly avowed idea of the home government itself, and it is still the ultimate, though perhaps not avowed conviction of many in England, that some such result will be the only possible outcome of the situation. In every colony there are many individuals who hold this belief strongly, and who urge it whenever occasion offers, but there cannot be said to be anywhere a real party in its support. If the character of the era upon which the world is now entering has been at all correctly suggested in the first part of this article, then the realization of this idea would be a great misfortune. It might not be fatal, because alliance and reunion would still be possible, but the chances against any effective union would be vastly increased, as well as the probability that considerations of narrow and temporary selfishness would come into control. Happily, however, this ten-

dency can be regarded as only very slight. It seems altogether certain, on the contrary, that "schism in Greater Britain" has gone as far as it will ever go.

The third tendency which may decide the future of the Anglo-Saxon world is that toward civil war. We need only to look back over the past few months to see how inflammable the material is, and what a little matter might set it ablaze. Had passion in England been as hot and language as extreme as with us, we should be even now on the verge of war, if not actually engaged in it. A renewal of such conditions is at any moment possible. If war should begin between these two nations, it would be a war to the finish, very likely to the finish of both. It would almost certainly result in the ruin of the empire of the world which now belongs to our race, and of the greater future which we may still command.

These three are the only discernible tendencies in the Anglo-Saxon world looking toward the determination of its future, unless we dignify with the name of a tendency, or policy, the deplorable habit of drifting which seems to belong to the race; the doctrine, very comfortable for the present, that England, at least, has so far consistently followed, of "why not let well enough alone," which prefers to put off to a moment of supreme danger the task of finding a workable basis of union, and to think that the wisest solution of a great political difficulty can be found under the pressure of a compelling necessity. But the practical result of all these tendencies, if we except the apparently hopeless movement in favor of imperial federation, would be to surrender the position which the race has already attained in the world, — a position in which it comes so near, even in its present uncombined condition, to a command of all the races, and to the power of determining in all its important details the future uniform civilization of the globe, — and to sink into the

comfortable security of a dominated and declining race.

It is in view of this situation of things — the absence of any clear policy for the future held strongly enough anywhere to command for it general support and a prospect of success, and the presence of tendencies which threaten the most signal disasters — that the action of the United States becomes of vital importance in its relation to the future of the race. If our position is such that by hasty or passionate action we can destroy the empire of the race, it may also be such that by judicious action, in the right way and at the right time, we may assume for ourselves that position of leadership in organization which England hesitates to take, and thus to make the world-empire of the Anglo-Saxon a certainty. Never was a people more clearly marked out, by geographical position and by its peculiar institutions, for that world-leadership which, in everything except gunpowder and trade, England seems fatally incapable of taking. Gunpowder and trade have been of immense importance in the past in building the empire and in maintaining it, but something more is needed for the future if the race is not to become stationary and finally to decline. The centre of the race in the coming age, if it is to have the future which it ought to have, can be found only in a people capable of solving the institutional problem of a real union for such a wide and diversified empire. That problem the United States has already solved, to all intents and purposes, and we reached the solution in the midst of difficulties greater than any which now confront the Anglo-Saxon federationist.

This question of the relative fitness of the two greatest of the Anglo-Saxon nations for the leadership of the race is one which the events of the future may very likely push to the front for solution, and it is one for which the events of the past appear to have but one answer.

In reaching a conclusion in regard to it, one should notice at the outset the real meaning of the term which is so common in the mouths of us all, and which appears to shut the United States out of court, — I mean "the British Empire." The term is a convenient one. It is more than two hundred years since it was first applied to England's colonial system. But whatever else may be thought of Mr. E. A. Freeman's argument on imperial federation, he was undoubtedly right in saying that there is no British Empire, in any true sense of the word. The term can be used only in the sense of a geographical expansion. There never has been any imperial government. Such government as there is has been obtained by the adaptation of a local government, heavily burdened with domestic concerns, to the settlement of such colonial questions as could not be longer delayed. The result has been a kind of bureaucratic government, confessedly cumbersome and unsatisfactory, — in the words of one of its sharpest critics, thoroughly un-English; a system, indeed, which has given the English at home no experience or training, as a people, in dealing with really imperial difficulties. It has given them abundant opportunity to criticise and hamper, but no opportunity to bear responsibility. Yet, while the English are disposed to admit the clumsy character of the machinery which grew up from small colonial beginnings, it is a very suggestive fact that they have made scarcely any attempt to improve that machinery. They have certainly never attempted to establish an imperial government, nor ever seriously discussed the question, unless we take account of the few who have been recently interested in imperial federation.

But more important still is the fact that England has never had an imperial policy. She never has had a definite plan, — never has had before her any clear purpose to be attained. The interest of the moment, and that chiefly

the commercial interest, has always been the deciding consideration. Her colonial expansion has been far more the result of accident than of any intention. She has merely drifted into empire.

This argument must not be understood to mean more than it does mean. I am not criticising the past policy of England in these matters. That has been, probably, the best on the whole which could have been pursued, and England has been so successful in establishing a great series of prosperous colonies because she has followed so consistently the policy of *laissez faire*. What is meant here is that the time for this policy is past. The next step in advance is that of constructive union.

But in this direction the apparently unavoidable inferences from England's past colonial management are of the most discouraging character. In every stage of its history her colonial government has exhibited an incapacity for understanding the colonial mind and feeling which seems to be invincible. It is not possible to produce here the full proofs of this assertion, but it is not necessary. They are written at large in the records of every question of importance which has arisen between England and her colonies for more than two hundred years. Has there ever been a difficulty of this sort in which England has really understood her colonies, or seemed to care whether she did or not, until compelled by brute force, or something like it? Nor has the variety of cases been small, from the comic seriousness of the Connecticut charter oak down to the serious comedy of Victoria's threat to transport her convicts to England. Take the most important possible case. Much has been said of the lesson which England learned from the American Revolution. But when the next case of the sort arose, how much did she seem to have learned? The position of the ministry of the day in the Canadian rebellion of 1837 was closely parallel, as Lord Brougham long



ago pointed out, to that taken by Lord North's ministry in the American Revolution. It had been said in print before that date, in effect, that England had learned the lesson, but the "practical statesman" evidently needed another taste of the colonial spirit before the lesson went home. And when the lesson was learned, observe the striking result: the practical statesman was carried so far in the opposite direction, toward belief in an inevitable colonial independence, that he arrived at an equally profound misunderstanding of the feeling in the colonies, as witness the policy of cutting the colonies adrift practically adopted by Mr. Gladstone's ministry in 1869. Indeed, the evidence of England's past is so clear as to her inability to appreciate the feelings of others, and as to her incapacity to learn, that it is almost hopeless to expect her to adapt herself to the demands of the next stage of Anglo-Saxon growth. This defect, however, really reaches much further than merely to make a change of policy hopeless. It is in itself a positive disqualification, for no characteristic will be more surely demanded of a leader of the nations than the ability to enter into the feelings of others.

England is in another way equally disqualified for the position of leader by her surprising failure to comprehend federal government. This is the only form of government under which so wide a union can be formed. No American who has followed the recent discussions on Home Rule for Ireland, though he may fully recognize the real and peculiar difficulties of the problem, can fail to perceive that the English have created for themselves other and imaginary difficulties because they do not know what federal government is. Could the people of England, by some miracle, have a real experience of federal government, it would be no longer possible for them to entertain the fears they now so often express, that the granting of Home Rule to

Ireland would mean the dissolution of the empire, or that it would be impossible to prevent the local from encroaching upon the general government, — fears which Americans can hardly characterize by any other word than "absurd." If any one finds this not sufficient proof, let him turn to the discussions which have been aroused by the idea of imperial federation. He will find in them added proof of a failure to understand the federal method of government; and that, too, it may be added, not merely among the opponents of the scheme. As a single example the following from the historian of federal government may suffice. Mr. Freeman says, in his essay on imperial federation, speaking of the position which England would occupy in such a federation: "It will be quite another thing to ask a great power, a ruling power, a mighty and ancient kingdom, which has for ages held its place among the foremost nations of the earth, to give up its dominion, to give up its independence, to sink of its own will to the level of the State of New York and the Canton of Bern." This point has been repeated by others, and is apparently one of the most serious obstacles in the way of creating a public opinion in England in favor of some practical move towards federation. It is, of course, not necessary to say to Americans that such a deplorable result would not be brought about even by adopting the Constitution of the United States without change, nor to suggest to them that the position of Prussia in the German federation has had no effect on the English mind. This difficulty in the way of English leadership may be set down as fatal, for no state can lead in the formation of such a union which does not understand the only system of union possible in the case.

Turning now from the mere suggestion of the contrasts which the United States may present to English defects,

and looking at the positive advantages which we may justly claim as our own, we are naturally led to notice first our geographical position. The advantage of this position can be seen at a glance. With a long coast-line upon each of the two great oceans of the world, the one looking directly to Europe and the other to Asia and Australasia, and with a number of lines of rapid communication between the two coasts, placed at such a distance from one another that it would be practically impossible for any contingency to interfere with them all at once, we occupy a strategic position with reference to the rest of the world which is, on the whole, superior even to that of South Africa, and which is not in the least approached by any other nation, Anglo-Saxon or foreign. The only serious weakness in the case is that created by the situation of Canada, bordering upon a long and exposed frontier; but if some actual plan of union under the lead of the United States were under consideration, this would not be an element of weakness in our case, but of strength. It is hardly too much to say that the admission of Canada into the American union would settle for all time the question of the centre of the English-speaking world.

In the second place, the matter that is fundamental to this whole discussion is the method of union; not merely the method as sketched in a paper constitution, which is indeed of great importance, but the still more essential point of the success with which any given paper constitution can be placed and kept in operation. The paper constitution may show the ability of a people to deal intellectually with a difficult problem of government. The ability to make the constitution work in practice is the only thing which actually solves the problem. In this matter of method, it is impossible to deny that in both directions, theoretical and practical, the United States has made decisive contributions to the

solution of the two greatest difficulties in the way of the formation of an Anglo-Saxon union. They are its method of federal government and its method of territorial government. These are decisive contributions, because any workable union of the Anglo-Saxon world must, in these two directions, proceed upon the lines laid down by the United States.

I do not propose to raise the question whether our history presents an independent invention of federal government. Whether it does or not, the great service of the United States to the practical politics of the world was to show beyond doubt that federal government furnishes an easy and simple method by which a vast territory — the largest ever occupied in history by a homogeneous and civilized people, containing within itself the widest variations of condition, interest, and feeling — can be united in a real national government, effective within its own borders and powerful in foreign relations, while leaving all local differences free to express themselves. This is the unsolved problem of Anglo-Saxon union, but as an accomplished fact of our own history it needs no proof. Had an especial effort been made to test this quality of federal government experimentally for all time, no better test could have been found than the slavery question; and the attitude of the country toward that question, and particularly the attitude of the Republican party from 1856 to 1864, is equivalent to a demonstration. The position of the Republican party in the matter, as expressed in the platform of 1860 or in Lincoln's first Inaugural, was the concentrated common sense of the nation awakened by the experience of the preceding generation; and it affords a conclusive proof of the elasticity of the federal system, as the civil war which followed, growing out of a violation, or perhaps we ought to say out of a misunderstanding, of the federal system, is the best conceivable proof of its strength.

We have demonstrated the ability of the federal system to unify an empire nearly twice the size of the Roman Empire at its widest extent; and this demonstration leaves no room to doubt that the federal system will permit the formation of a strong and efficient national government for the whole Anglo-Saxon world, even as at present constituted, preserving all local freedom of development or of idiosyncrasy which any individual member of the union might reasonably desire. Even the actual Constitution of the United States would accomplish this, though it could probably be improved for such a purpose. It is interesting to note the fact that representatives from all the English-speaking world now fitted for admission into our Union in the capacity of states, the British Islands included, could be introduced into our House of Representatives, upon the same ratio of representation to population that is the rule of the present Congress, without increasing that body to the size of the House of Commons. I cannot avoid remarking, in passing, that Melbourne is not farther from Washington now than San Francisco was when California became a State; it is indeed very much nearer in many respects. So far from being a barrier, the sea is a bond of union more useful than continuous territory. Nor would Australia represent conditions differing more widely from the rest of the Union than California did.

One of the local differences which any system of union must take into account — the varying tariff policies of the separate parts of the English-speaking world — has often been referred to as an insuperable obstacle to a common organization. But if this disagreement should, unfortunately, be found irreconcilable, the federal system would allow the most diverse regulations to exist side by side under a common general government, with no more friction than in the present system, and probably with less. This

the federal government of Germany has clearly proved; but the principle could be applied to the sharply divided members of an Anglo-Saxon federation with greater ease than to immediate neighbors in the German Empire. If, on the other hand, an Anglo-Saxon union should carry with it internal free trade, it would not be long before this would be considered one of the greatest blessings of such a union, as the internal free trade secured by the Constitution of the United States is now universally regarded.

The problem of forming a workable union for the nations of our race now fitted for union is not, however, the only problem of difficulty which confronts the federationist. One of the questions often asked by the objector, as if it were incapable of answer, is, What are you going to do with the colonies and dependencies which are not yet fitted for admission into a union of states? It is at this point that the United States has made its second important contribution to the political machinery of the world. This was made at the same time with the framing of the Constitution, in the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, our fundamental charter of territorial government. This method of government has proved in practice most simple and yet most successful. It has enabled us to make territorial annexations of the widest extent, empires in themselves and inhabited by foreign races, and to govern them effectively, without sacrificing in the least the rights of the individual, but with an ease and a lack of friction which are without example, except possibly in the surface appearance of a strict military despotism. Take as an instance the Mormon colony in Utah, which would not present an easy case to any form of government, and compare the relations of the general government with that community with the English management of the Dutch troubles in South Africa. It seems certain, in this latter case, that under our territorial system no necessity

for the Dutch emigration, which established their present independent republics, would ever have arisen. Even the events which might be considered the most serious impeachment of this proposition, the territorial troubles which followed the Mexican war, are rather examples to the point; for the chief difficulties of that time were occasioned by an attempt, for whatever reasons, to depart from the principles laid down in the Northwest Ordinance.

The conclusion seems inevitable, that, both by points of contrast to England and by positive excellencies, the United States is better fitted for leadership in the formation of an Anglo-Saxon union than England.

But however true it may be that the United States is better fitted than England for leadership in this work of organization, it must be admitted that at least three most serious obstacles stand in the way of any practical realization of such a leadership.

The first of these is the lack of opportunity. The United States has at present no standing-ground from which to exercise such a leadership, and, under ordinary circumstances, can do nothing directly to secure it. The cordial invitation of any one of the great quarters of the Anglo-Saxon world would secure it to us, or, still more, the admission of any one of them into the Union. But these are hardly to be expected in the present condition of things, although there have been indications enough, during the past twenty-five years, that in times of trial there would be a strong current of feeling in the colonies in favor of turning to the United States for assistance, which might be withheld by England. In the mean time, something can be done by way of preparation, in the creation of public opinion, in an increased participation in international affairs wherever a natural occasion offers, and in the improvement of our navy and

of our mercantile marine. These last, indeed, not merely look to the future, but are most obvious present duties. But there is little else we can do except to wait secure in the conviction that if England continues her traditional policy of thoughtless drifting, our opportunity must come, and with it the duty of action.

The second obstacle is the fact that England would not be willing to join a union of which the United States was the acknowledged centre. In the present stage of the discussion, this unwillingness must be regarded as a serious obstacle, chiefly because it will render it difficult for the colonies to accept the leadership of the United States; but when the time for action has at last come, it will probably be found no longer serious. It is by no means necessary, either for her own advantage or for results of the best sort from such a union, that England should enter it. If matters had progressed so far that a union was actually formed, England could hardly fail to be in close alliance with it, and in that case her position would be stronger than it is now and her burdens lighter, while the two indispensable requisites of the future would be met, the smaller Anglo-Saxon nations would undertake their full share of burdens and responsibilities, and the United States would be brought permanently into the Anglo-Saxon system. Expressed in another form, these two results would mean that the Anglo-Saxon race, even with England in form outside the union, would henceforth present a united front to the world, with all its beneficent consequences. One beneficent consequence, for example, might follow, which has been often suggested in the discussion of this subject, — that such a united power might be able to prevent any further warfare among civilized nations.

The third obstacle is the prevalent feeling concerning the traditional policy of the United States against "entangling

alliances." While this must be admitted to stand in the way at present, it will certainly be only a temporary obstacle. It is indeed already high time for us to get rid of this now completely obsolete notion. It was the wisest possible policy for the conditions of 1797, but those conditions have entirely disappeared and can never return. Then the politics of continental Europe controlled the world. Now they have sunk almost to the rank of provincial questions, and the issues of wider world politics are beginning to control everything, continental Europe included. In a short time the United States will be forced to become an active participant in these affairs, whether it may wish to do so or not. It has already begun to step outside the traditional limits, and it must do so more and more. It is the part of folly not to recognize the changed conditions and be prepared for the necessary consequences.

I am not arguing for the adoption by the United States of what I understand to be a "jingo" policy. In the first place, as said above, our present position must be one of waiting. A bumptious or overbearing policy abroad would be the best method which could be chosen of destroying our fair prospect. But more important still, one of the most essential conditions of any future leadership among the nations of the world will be that the leading state shall be righteous, shall serve justice and obey the regulations of international law. An overriding of the rights of others, a selfish seeking of immediate advantage, a disregard of the principles, or even of the forms, prescribed in the laws of nations, might all be useful in the establishment of a tyranny. But the leadership of the future cannot be based upon force; it must be the result of reasonable conviction. The United States has far more to gain by occasionally sacrificing some of its rights for the benefit of others, and by convincing weaker nations that they may be sure of justice and of honest treatment,

that they may expect even more than really belongs to them rather than less, than it has to gain by any policy of aggression.

But, still further, if we are ever to be called to such a position of leadership as this, we must first be able to meet one indispensable condition. We must learn to realize, as we do not yet, the true identity of interest between ourselves and the rest of the Anglo-Saxon world. England stands for everything for which we stand or of which we boast. We all know that every English colony is a democratic republic. The political institutions in which we most firmly believe, and which we hope in some vague way — by the force of our example, perhaps — to make the possession of all men, she is actually planting and maintaining throughout large regions of every continent. Our easiest way to make these institutions prevail in the world is by alliance with her. Our surest way to hinder their spread is to join the alliance of her enemies.

But this is not all. This identity of interest may well be argued on a lower ground. The warnings which we have heard now and then in the past few years, from very competent observers, of a coming struggle for commercial and industrial supremacy with races whose rivalry we have never yet felt may prove well founded. The Oriental, whose keenness of mind and talent for business, whose faculty of patience and frugal standard of living, make him a most formidable competitor, and who has already begun to exploit the world in his own interest, may soon gain all that the West has to teach him; and in learning the lessons of our civilization he may learn the greatness of his own advantage. For in a struggle of this kind, if it should come, the odds would not be so clearly on our side as we should like to believe. In numbers and in economy the odds would be against us, and the most that we could claim in mental gifts would be an even

balance.<sup>1</sup> Such a struggle would not be one for supremacy only, but for existence itself. If there should prove to be a situation like this before us, isolation would mean defeat. The close alliance of the Anglo-Saxon world — a world, indeed, furnishing every diversity of commercial condition — would alone provide the requisites of safety in a common policy of defense.

The possibility of this leadership for us may be remote. The opportunity may never come. Very likely England may arouse herself, as it is to be hoped that she will, to a realization of the necessity of union and to a solution of the difficulties which it presents. If this should be so, there can be no question, if we are willing to look toward the future, and not the past, that we ought to stand in close alliance with such a union. We ought, even in the immediate present, to be able to see that our own best interests imperatively demand that we should maintain the Anglo-Saxon race in the occupation of every foot of land which it now justly holds anywhere on the globe, and that, wherever we can do so righteously, we should endeavor to increase its influence and its possessions. It is the worst conceivable policy, at the opening of this stage of history, to stop to inquire whether it is England or the United States which seems to be immediately interested. This is a question of no importance if we look at it aright. If, for example, we should stand by indifferently, and allow, if it were possible, the Anglo-Saxon possessions in Africa to be broken up, where almost as great a future is opening before our race as opened before it in North America at the close of the struggle with the French, and where can be found that room for the expansion of the race which will be a

vital necessity of the not distant future, it would not be many years before we should bitterly regret the mistaken policy.

Many have been tempted to say, in view of the vain rumors of wars of the past few months which have affected four continents, that we have seen the last great war. It might indeed be so if all nations were on the same level of civilization. But with the great races of the world, those which will inevitably be the leading actors in the coming drama, still in such different stages of advancement, who will dare predict that we have yet entered upon a millennium of perpetual peace? The odds are altogether in favor of at least one more great struggle of physical force, compared with which, very likely, the greatest struggles of the past will seem but child's play, before we enter upon the era of the peaceful competition of ideas and institutions and racial types which will introduce the real millennium when it comes. If such a conflict of force should come, there is only one place for us. We must be on the side of our own ideas and institutions and race, and we cannot afford in the mean time to be training ourselves to consider our natural allies our natural enemies, or to weaken the sum of our resources by any civil strife that can be honorably avoided.

The purpose of this article is not so much to go into details as to suggest a text for thinking. The propositions that I have advanced may be trusted to prove themselves surely enough, if they are once carefully thought upon. The thing that is now most of all demanded is to give some heed to considerations of this kind; it is, if I may say so, to face the future in our foreign relations, and to come to a consciousness of the fact that we should be no longer bound by obsolete conditions and waning interests.

*George Burton Adams.*

<sup>1</sup> For an elaboration of these points see the very suggestive article by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn

in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April of the present year.



## LETTERS OF D. G. ROSSETTI.

## III. 1855-1857.

THE introduction to this series of papers I wrote, as my readers may remember, at the little town of Allassio, on the western Riviera. The proofs of this third article I am correcting in Florence. It is no longer by the waves of the Mediterranean, but by the murmur of the Arno as it falls over a weir, that my ears are soothed. I am in that beautiful city which had so profound an influence on Rossetti's mind, though he never visited it. He was a Florentine of the Florentines, even though he passed all his days on the banks of the Thames. The sunny south was unknown to him. Paris was the limit of his wanderings. With the account of his second visit to that city, and of "the glorious Robert," whom he met there, his next letter opens:—

## XIV.

Sunday, 25 November, 1855.

... I have just come back from a ten-days' trip to Paris, in pursuit of various things and persons. The Brownings are there for the winter, on account of the cholera at Florence, and had previously been some time in London, where I saw them a good many times, and indeed may boast of some intimacy with the glorious Robert by this time. What a magnificent series is *Men and Women*! Of course you have it half by heart ere this. The comparative stagnation, *even among those I see*, and complete torpor elsewhere, which greet this my Elixir of Life, are awful signs of the times to me—"and I must hold my peace!"—for it is n't fair to Browning (besides, indeed, being too much trouble) to bicker and flicker about it. I fancy we shall agree pretty well on *favorites*, though one's mind has no right to be quite made up so soon on such a subject. For my own

part, I don't reckon I've read them at all yet, as I only got them the day before leaving town, and could n't possibly read them then,—the best proof to you how hard at work I was for once,—so heard them read by William; since then read them on the journey again, and some a third time at intervals; but they'll bear lots of squeezing yet. My prime favorites hitherto (without the book by me) are Childe Roland, Bishop Blougram, Karshish, the Contemporary, Lippo Lippi, Cleon, and Popularity; about the other lyrical ones I can't quite speak yet, and their names don't stick in my head; but I'm afraid *The Heretic's Tragedy* rather gave me the gripes at first, though I've tried since to think it did n't, on finding the *Athenæum* similarly affected.

8 January, 1856.

A month and a half actually, dear A., since the last sheet, already long behind-hand, yet which has lain in my drawer ever since, till it is too late now to wish you Merry Christmas, too late to wish you Happy New Year, only not too late to feel just the same towards you as if I were the best correspondent in the world, and to know you feel the same towards me. I am sure, too, you believe that, little as I do to deserve and obtain frequent letters from you, your letters are as great a pleasure to me as any I get,—*greater*, I think, than any, except certain ones which you'll be glad to hear come now dated *Nice*, their writer having left England three months ago, and benefiting already, I trust, by the genial climate she is now enjoying, which, while that bitter cold weather was ailing us here, remained as warm as the best English May.

Many thanks indeed for your New

Year's gift, — a most delightful one. Old Blake is quite as lovable by his oddities as by his genius, and the drawings to the Ballads abound with both. The two nearly faultless are The Eagle and The Hermit Dog. Ruskin's favorite (who has just been looking at it) is The Horse; but I can't myself quite get over the intensity of comic decorum in the brute's face. He seems absolutely snuffling with propriety. The Lion seems singing a comic song with a pen behind his ear, but the glimpse of distant landscape below is lovely. The only drawing where the comic element riots almost unrebuked is the one of the dog jumping down the crocodile.

As regards engraving, these drawings, with the Job, present the only good medium between etching and the formal line that I ever met with. I see that in coming to me the book returns home; having set out from No. 6 Bridge Street, Blackfriars, just fifty years ago. Strange to think of it as then new literature and art. Those ballads of Hayley — some of the quaintest human bosh in the world — picked their way, no doubt, in highly respectable quarters, where poor Blake's unadorned hero at page 1 was probably often stared at, and sometimes torn out.

I broke off at the last sheet in mid-Browning. Of course I've been drenching myself with him at intervals since, only he got carried off by friends, and I have him not always by me. I wish you would let me hear in a *speedy* answer (there's cheek for you!) all you think about his new work, and it shall nerve me to express my ideas in return; but since I have given up poetry as a pursuit of my own, I really find my thoughts on the subject generally require a starting-point from somebody else to bring them into activity; and as you're the only man I know who'd be really in my mood of receptiveness in regard to Browning, and as I can't get at you, I've been bottled up ever since Men and

Women came out. By the bye, I don't reckon William, the intensity of fellow-feeling on the subject making the discussion of it between us rather flat. I went the other day to a penny reading-room, — a real blessing, which now occupies the place of Burford's Panorama, and where all papers and reviews whatsoever are taken in. There I saw two articles on Browning: one by Masson — really thoroughly appreciative, but *slow* — in the British Quarterly; and one by a certain Brimley, of Trinity College, Cambridge, in Fraser, — the cheekiest of human products. This man, less than two years ago, had not read a line of Browning, as I know through my brother, and I have no doubt he has just read him up to write this article; which opens, nevertheless, with accusations against R. B. of nothing less than personal selfishness and vanity, so plumply put as to be justified by nothing less than personal intimacy of many years. When I went to Paris, I took my copy of Men and Women (which had been sent me the day before) with me, and got B. to write my name in it. Did you get a copy? We spoke often of you, — he with great personal and poetical regard, I of course with loathing. I inclose herewith a note which reached me before the book, containing emendations; copy them, if you please, and return the note. I spent some most delightful time with Browning at Paris, both in the evenings and at the Louvre, where (and throughout conversation) I found his knowledge of early Italian art beyond that of any one I ever met, — *encyclopedically* beyond that of Ruskin himself. What a jolly thing is Old Pictures in Florence! It seems all the pictures *desired* by the poet are in his possession, *in fact*. At Paris I met his father, and in London an uncle of his and his sister, who, it appears, performed the singular female feat of copying Sordello for him, to which some of its eccentricities may possibly be referred.

However, she remembers it all, and even Squarcialupe, Zin the Horrid, and the sad disheveled ghost. But no doubt you know her. The father and uncle — father especially — show just that submissive yet highly cheerful and capable simplicity of character which often, I think, appears in the family of a great man who uses at last what the others have kept for him. The father is a complete oddity, with a real genius for drawing, but caring for nothing in the least except Dutch boors, — fancy the father of Browning! — and as innocent as a child. In the new volumes, the only thing he seemed to care for much was that about the sermon to the Jews.

At B.'s house at Paris I met a miraculous French critic named Milsand, who actually before ever meeting Browning knew his works to the very dregs, and had even been years in search of Pauline, — how heard of I know not, — and wrote a famous article on him in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, through which B. somehow came to know him. I hear he has translated some of the *Men and Women*, which must be curiosities. In London I showed Browning Miss Siddal's drawing from *Pippa Passes*, with which he was delighted beyond measure, and wanted excessively to know her. However, though afterwards she was in Paris at the same time as he and I were, he only met her once for a few minutes: she being very unwell then and averse to going anywhere; and Mrs. B. being forbidden to go out, and so unable to call. What a delightfully unliterary person Mrs. B. is to meet! During two evenings when Tennyson was at their house in London, Mrs. Browning left T. with her husband and William and me (who were the fortunate remnant of the male party) to discuss the universe, and gave all her attention to some certainly not very exciting ladies in the next room. . . .

Have you reviewed Browning anywhere, or shall you? Hannay has my copy for a similar purpose, but I see no

fruit coming of it. In B.'s note enclosed, the portrait referred to is one of himself by Page, an American living at Rome, which he has confided to my care with the idea of its going to the Royal Academy. After much delay I have only just got hold of it, and am much disappointed in it, so shall advise its non-exhibition, as a portrait of Browning oughtn't to be put out of sight or kicked out. I have done one in water-color myself, which hangs now over my mantel-piece, and which every one says is very like. Next time I have the chance I shall paint him in oil, and probably Mrs. B. too, with him. Ruskin, on reading *Men and Women* (and with it some of the other works which he did not know before), declared them, rebelliously, to be a mass of conundrums, and compelled me to sit down before him and lay siege for one whole night, the result of which was that he sent me next morning a bulky letter to be forwarded to B., in which I trust he told him that he was the greatest man since Shakespeare. . . .

Ruskin's new volume will be in my hands, I believe, on Tuesday. *WHAT ARE YOU AT?* I have just seen a capital sonnet of yours, — a star shot as rubbish into a dust-bin labeled *The Idler*. I've done lots of work lately (that is, for me), but all in water-colors, and nearly all for Ruskin. Among the later of my drawings finished are *Francesca da Rimini* in three compartments; *Dante cut by Beatrice* at a marriage feast; *Lancelot and Guenever* parting at tomb of Arthur: at finishing of each of which, and of various others I have done, I have very much wished you were by to show them to. I'm sorry to say my modern picture remains untouched since last Christmas; but this has really not been through idleness, as I have done more during the past year than for a long while previously, and I think I can myself perceive an advance in my entire work. *Pray, again, what are you up to?*

I've left no space for the French Ex-

hibition, to which indeed I devoted only one of the ten days I spent in Paris, — my heart not being a teetotum nor my mind an old-clothes shop. Delacroix is of the mighty ones of the earth, and Ingres misses being so creditably. There is a German, Knaus, who is perfection in a way something between Hogarth and Millais; Millais and Hunt are marvels and omens. Water-color Hunt and Lewis are the only things in their department. The rest is silence, or must be so for the present.

What do you think of Browning being able to read *The Mystake*? Could you?

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

Of this trip to Paris Munro wrote to W. B. Scott: "I have been to Paris to see the great exhibition with D. G. R. We enjoyed Paris immensely; in different ways, of course, for Rossetti was every day with his sweetheart, of whom he is more foolishly fond than I ever saw lover."

W. M. Rossetti, tracing his brother's early favorites among the poets, says: "At last — it may have been 1847 [when he was nineteen years old] — everything took a secondary place in comparison with Robert Browning. Paracelsus, Sordello, Pippa Passes, the Blot in the 'Scutcheon, and the short poems in the Bells and Pomegranates series were endless delights; endless were the readings, and endless the recitations."

The letter from Nice was from Miss Siddal, who was spending the winter there in the vain hope of winning back health.

The book that "returns home; having set out from No. 6 Bridge Street, Blackfriars, just fifty years ago," was "*Ballads* by William Hayley, founded on anecdotes relating to animals, with prints, designed and engraved by William Blake. Chichester, printed by J. Seagrave for Richard Phillips, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London, 1805."

On May 16, 1802, Hayley wrote of Blake: "He is at this moment by my side, representing on copper an Adam of his own, surrounded by animals, — a frontispiece to the projected ballads."

Porson thus ridiculed the mutual flattery of Hayley and Miss Seward: —

*Miss Seward loquitur.*

Tuneful poet, Britain's glory,

Mr. Hayley, that is you.

*Hayley respondet.*

Ma'am, you carry all before you,

Trust me, Lichfield Swan, you do.

*Miss Seward.*

Ode, didactic, epic, sonnet,

Mr. Hayley, you're divine!

*Hayley.*

Ma'am, I'll take my oath upon it,  
You yourself are all the Nine.

It was in 1853 that Rossetti "first definitely decided to adhere to painting as his profession, to the comparative neglect of poetry." At a still earlier date, on August 13, 1852, he wrote to his brother, "I have abandoned poetry."

I remember seeing a pen-and-ink drawing by Rossetti, of Browning, with a look of angry scorn, tearing out from a magazine the pages in which his poems were criticised. I have little doubt that it was Brimley's article that was thus treated. We see a different side of this reviewer's character in the following extract from a letter by T. S. Baynes, dated June 12, 1854, published in *The Table-Talk of Shirley*: "Only a day or two ago, in looking over some papers, I met with the note I received when with you last year from poor Brimley, in which he speaks so calmly, yet so despondingly, about his health. He died last week. For a long time he had worked on at his post in the immediate presence of death, waiting calmly amidst pain and toil for the moment of release and rest."

Six years before Rossetti "spent some most delightful time with Browning at

the Louvre," he had visited it with Holman Hunt, as he thus describes in the last six lines of a sonnet:—

"Meanwhile Hunt and myself race at full speed  
Along the Louvre, and yawn from school to school,  
Wishing worn-out those masters known as old.  
And no man asks of Browning; though indeed  
(As the book travels with me) any fool  
Who would might hear Sordello's story told."

Squarcialupe is found on page 66, the "sad disheveled ghost" on page 99, and Zin the Horrid on page 104, of Sordello, London edition of 1885.

J. Milsand reviewed Browning in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of August 15, 1851, the second part of an article on *La Poésie Anglaise depuis Byron*; and also in the *Revue Contemporaine* of September 15, 1856. In 1864 he published *L'Esthétique Anglaise, Etude sur M. John Ruskin. Of Pauline*, for which "he had been years in search," the following anecdote is told by W. M. Rossetti: "In the British Museum my brother had come across an anonymous poem entitled *Pauline*. He admired it much, and copied out every line of it." He inferred that it was by Browning. On writing to the poet, he learned that his inference was right.

In 1863 Browning dedicated a new edition of *Sordello* "to J. Milsand of Dijon;" and later on he honored his memory by the following dedication of *Parleyings with Certain People*:—

IN MEMORIAM  
J. MILSAND

OBIT IV SEPT. MDCCCLXXXVI  
Absens absentem auditque videtque

Matthew Arnold, writing on November 9, 1866, says: "I had asked Lake to dine quite alone with us; then a M. Milsand, a Frenchman and a remarkable writer, called unexpectedly, and I added him to Lake; then I found Mil-

sand was staying with Browning, and I added Browning; I found that Lord Houghton was a friend of Milsand's, and so I asked him too. Everybody made themselves pleasant, and it did extremely well."

"The portrait that Rossetti took of Browning, after he took a fanciful prejudice against him, he gave away. It is a very fine portrait." (W. M. R.) On one of the two evenings which Tennyson spent at Browning's house, Rossetti heard one poet read aloud his *Maud*, and the other his *Fra Lippo Lippi*.

"Ruskin's new volume" was, I think, the third volume of *Modern Painters*. On July 1 of this year Rossetti had written: "Ruskin is very hard at work on the third volume of *Modern Painters*, who, I tell him, will be old masters before the work is ended." In the summer of 1856, Rossetti, as will be seen, was reading the fourth volume.

Allingham's sonnet is entitled *The Three Sisters* (the three Brontës). The *Idler* was edited by E. Wilberforce. It came to an end with its sixth number.

That Rossetti at this time did "nearly all" his pictures for Ruskin is explained by the following statement by W. M. Rossetti: "From an early date in their acquaintance, Mr. Ruskin undertook to buy, if he happened to like it, whatever Rossetti produced, at a range of prices such as he would have asked from any other purchaser, and up to a certain maximum of expenditure on his own part. . . . My brother availed himself of Ruskin's easy liberality without abusing it. In fact, he was made comfortable in his professional position."

The picture which he describes as "Dante cut by Beatrice at a marriage feast" bears the title *Beatrice at a Marriage Feast* denies Dante her *Salutation*. His "modern picture" was *Found*.

Of Delacroix, whom he praises so highly in this letter, he wrote from Paris in 1849: "Delacroix (except in two pictures which show a kind of sav-

age genius) is a perfect beast, though almost worshipped here."

Of Ingres he wrote: "This fellow is quite unaccountable. One picture of his in the Luxembourg is unsurpassed for exquisite perfection by anything I have ever seen, and he has others there for which I would not give two sous."

"The Mystake" was Rossetti's perversion of *The Mystic*, by P. J. Bailey, published this year. That author's *Festus* he had in earlier years "read over and over again."

XV.

Thursday. [Indorsed March 7, 1856.]

... Dalziel (very good naturedly, considering) called here the other day to enlist me for an illustrated selection of poets which he has the getting up of, it being edited by Revd. Wilmott. That venerable person had not, it seems, included Browning, for whose introduction I made an immediate stand, and said in that case I would illustrate him. I think it will probably be done, and I shall propose (I fancy as yet) Count Gismond, — "Say, hast thou lied?" — which I designed some years ago. But I should also like to do one from you, if anything illustratable of yours, is included and you are not preëngaged. *Something* of yours, I gathered from D., was to be in. Would you tell me what? That is, if you know. I told him I should not be able to do them for *several* months, as the Tennyson ones still hung on my hands; but he seemed to say that would do. I am to write to him about subject from Browning, so would you let me also hear of yours at once, if you can?

That notice in *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* was the most gratifying thing by far that has ever happened to me, being unmistakably genuine. I thought it must be by your old acquaintance Fryer, of Cambridge, he having called on me once about those same things. But it turns out to be by a certain youthful Jones, who was in London the other day, and whom (being known

to some of the Working Men's College Council) I have now met. One of the nicest young fellows in — Dreamland; for there most of the writers in that miraculous piece of literature seem to be. Surely, this cometh in some wise of *The Germ*, with which it might bind up. But how much more the right thing — in kind — than *The Idler*! I see it monthly. The new number has a story called *A Dream*, which really is remarkable in some respects, — I think in color.

This brings me to my water-colors. I'm doing a large one I'd like you to see, — Dante's vision of Beatrice dead, *Vita Nuova*, — one of my very best. I've done, too, lately, a *Monk Illuminating*, and other beginnings. I've got (I think) a commission to paint a *redos* (altar-piece) for Llandaff Cathedral, a big thing, which I shall go into with a howl of delight after all my small work. I fancy it will pay wellish, too. . . .

Rossetti was not enlisted for this "illustrated selection of poets," which, towards the end of the year, was published under the title of *The Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, selected and edited by R. A. Wilmott.

To *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* Rossetti contributed *The Burden of Nineveh*, *The Staff* and the *Scrip*, and *The Blessed Damsel*, slightly altered from the form it bore in *The Germ*. The mention of this magazine brings back to my memory a little front parlor in a small lodging-house in Pembroke Street, Oxford, in which, in the Michaelmas term of 1855, I often heard a knot of eager young men plan its foundation. They were all my seniors in standing, some of them by two or three years. I was only in my second term. The two leaders were Burne-Jones and William Morris. Next to them was Richard Watson Dixon (now a canon of the Church of England), whom Rossetti "described, towards 1880, as 'an admirable but totally unknown living poet. His finest pas-



sages are as fine as any living man can do." All of them but Morris had been born, or at all events had been educated, in Birmingham. Another of the set, the late Edwin Hatch, afterwards became distinguished as a theological scholar. Between him and the others I never discovered any bond of sympathy but this common Birmingham origin. I had been introduced to this little fraternity by the future editor of the Magazine, William Fulford, a poet of no mean power. It was, in fact, "a nest of singing birds," who, night after night, were found together in the close neighborhood of Dr. Johnson's old college, often in the college itself. It was a new world into which I was brought. I knew nothing of art, and nothing of Tennyson, Browning, and Ruskin. The subjects which I had always heard discussed were never discussed here, while matters on which I had never heard any one speak formed here the staple of the talk. I recall how, one evening, the nineteenth century was denounced for its utter want of poetry. This was more than I could bear, for the nineteenth century was almost an object of adoration in my father's house. I ventured to assert that it could boast, at all events, of one piece of poetry, — the steam-engine. The roar of laughter which burst forth nearly overwhelmed me. The author of *The Earthly Paradise* almost overturned his chair as he flung himself backwards, overpowered with mirth. I was too much abashed to explain that I was recalling the sight I had once had of an engine rushing through the darkness along a high embankment, drawing after it a cloud of flame and fiery steam.

In the first number of the Magazine, the editor, in an article on Tennyson, praised the music to which Sweet and Low had been set. I recall the pleasure with which he read to us a letter from the poet, asking for the name of the publisher of the music, as no setting that he knew of pleased either himself or his wife.

What "the youthful Jones" thought of Rossetti we learn from Canon Dixon, who wrote, "The great painter who first took me to him said, 'We shall see the greatest man in Europe.'"

The water-color of Dante's vision "is the same subject as the large oil-picture now in the Walker Gallery at Liverpool, but not at all the same composition." "The Monk Illuminating is the water-color named *Fra Pace*."

For the triptych for Llandaff Cathedral Rossetti was to receive £400. It was not finished till 1864.

XVI.

Monday [*May*, 1856].

. . . The Royal Academy Exhibition is full of P. R. work this year. Hughes's *Eve of St. Agnes* is a real success. The finest thing of all in the place, to my feeling, is a picture by one Windus (of Liverpool), from the old ballad of *Burd Helen*, another version of *Childe Waters*. It belongs, I hear, to your friend Miller.

Yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

Windus was not, of course, the picture-buyer of that name mentioned in an earlier letter.

Miller was "John Miller, of Liverpool, — an elderly Scotch gentleman, a merchant, a prime mover in artistic matters in Liverpool, and admirably kind and energetic in all his doings." He was so strong in belief as to be a skeptic as regards the absence of belief. I once heard him say, in his strong Scotch accent, "An atheist, if such an animal ever really existed." What the supposititious animal would do I forget.

XVII.

Friday [*May or June*, 1856].

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — Many thanks for your "sunny memory" of me. The photograph interests me as in some degree embodying your whereabouts.

I have just been turning over the three parcels of books left for you with

me, and a dismaler collection I never saw. Is it possible you read all that? The only one to my taste is a nice clean Mrs. Boddington. I have met lately with a lady, one Mrs. Burr, who always brings her to my mind, having the same tendency to poetic traveling, and being much what I fancy her in age and person, — about thirty-two, refined and very nearly beautiful, energetic withal to an extraordinary degree in Ruskin's style, but quite mild and feminine; ten hours at the top of a ladder to copy a Giotto ceiling being nothing to her. She has been traveling all over Italy with Layard, and they together have given one one's first real chance of forming a congruous idea of early art without going there; he having traced all he could get at by single figures and groups, and she having made colored drawings of the whole compositions, and the chapels, etc., where they are painted on the walls. They have hundreds, whole reams of these things, — of course more interesting than one can say. Benozzo Gozzoli was a god. It is fearful to hear them describe the havoc going on among the originals of their tracings, etc. In one instance, specially admiring a glorious fresco by Pietro della Francesca, I was told that while the tracing was being made, some demons came with an order to knock it out of the wall to make a window, which was done! I believe some means will be taken to publish or show publicly all these things. A most glorious treat which I had yesterday is the sight of the Giotto tracings made for the Arundel Society, and now in the Crystal Palace. I hope you'll be in time for them. The woodcuts published give no idea.

I've just finished a largish drawing for one Miss Heaton, of Leeds, of Dante's dream of Beatrice lying dead. It has taken me nearly two months, and is the best I have done. I fear it must go before you come, or I should like of all things to show it you. . . .

I agree partly about Ruskin as far as I've read the fourth volume, but there are glorious things, of course: Calais Church at beginning is one.

Really, the omissions in Browning's passage are awful, and the union with Longfellow worse. How I loathe Wishiwashi, — of course without reading it. I have not been so happy in loathing anything for a long while, except, I think, *Leaves of Grass*, by that Orson of yours. I should like just to have the writing of a valentine to him in one of the reviews.

Perhaps you've heard of Academy pictures, so I give you but a summary. Millais sends five: *Peace Concluded*, a stupid affair to suit the day, but very big, and fetching him £900! without copy-right, for which he expects £1000 more; *Children burning Autumn Leaves*, very lovely indeed; *Blind Girl and Rainbow*, one of the most touching and perfect things I know; *Church besieged in Cromwell's Time*, with child lying wounded on knight's tomb, have n't seen; *Boy looking at Leech's Picture Book*. Hunt sends only *Scapegoat*, a grand thing, but not for the public, and a few lovely landscape drawings. His big picture of Christ and the Doctors in the Temple is about the greatest thing, perhaps, he has done, but only half done yet. Hughes's *Eve of St. Agnes* will make his fortune, I feel sure. . . .

Mary Boddington published a volume of poems in 1839. "I fancy," writes Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "that her name has now passed out of all remembrance. It may be as far back as 1847 that my brother (and myself) grew very familiar with a few specimens of poetry by Mrs. Boddington, and had a great liking for them. I could still repeat most of one poem about a lady who had drowned herself, beginning, —

'They laid my lady in her grave,  
My lady with the deep blue eye.'

This poem is given in *Allingham's Nightingale Valley*, page 184.

In 1868 Sir H. A. Layard published for the Arundel Society a monograph on The Brancacci Chapel, at Florence, in which he describes the mosaics. This was his first publication on Italian art.

Benozzo Gozzoli had long been admired by Rossetti. "Mr. Holman Hunt considers that it was the inspection of the Campo Santo engravings 'at this special time [1848] which caused the establishment of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood.' These engravings give some idea of the motives, feeling, and treatment of the paintings of Gozzoli," etc.

"The omissions in Browning's passage" were omissions in a quotation in *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. p. 377, from The Bishop orders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church. "The union with Longfellow" is in the following passage on the same page: "Thus Longfellow in The Golden Legend has entered more closely into the temper of the monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labor to the analysis; and again, Robert Browning is unerring in every sentence he writes of the Middle Ages," etc.

Matthew Arnold, this same spring, described Ruskin's new volume as "full of excellent *aperçus*, as usual, but the man and character too febrile, irritable, and weak to allow him to possess the *ordo concatenatioque veri*."

Leaves of Grass must be Whitman's poems; though why Rossetti should describe the author as "that Orson of yours" I cannot understand. The following extracts from two of Allingham's letters to W. M. Rossetti show that Allingham had not at this time read the book:—

March 15, 1857. "Leaves of Grass I have bought partly from what you say (7s. 6d., mind!), but not read. First glimpse shows something of a *got-up* air. Is 'Whitman' real? Do you know Thoreau's Concord and Life in the Woods? They are worth having."

April 10, 1857. "I've read Leaves of Grass, and found it rather pleasant, but little new or original; the portrait the best thing. Of course, to call it poetry, in any sense, would be mere abuse of language. In poetry there is a special freedom, which, however, is *not* lawlessness and incoherence."

On May 19 of the same year he returns to the subject:—

"I have been very flat and heavy lately, and out of humor with poetry-writing. The fact is I am dismal for want of some society. Local statistics under that head would be nil. I'm weary of wandering about the fields, — sermons in stones, and no good in anything. 'Rusty' is derived from 'rus.' I must get out of this desolate Ballyshannon village, — and long for it again, perhaps, in another mood. But in any mood, case, or tense, I could n't allow Leaves of Grass to be poetry. I wish we had some accepted word like 'poeticality.' The Leaves are suggestive, like the advertisement columns of a newspaper, or a stroll along Fleet Street and Thames Street, but poetry without form is — what shall I say? Proportion seems to me the most inalienable quality of a poem. From the chaos of incident and reflection arise the rounded worlds of poetry, and go singing on their way."

Rossetti, writing in 1878 about his brother's *Lives of Famous Poets*, says of Whitman: "By the bye, I am sorry to see that name winding up a summary of great poets; he is really out of court in comparison with any one who writes what is not sublimated Tupper; though you know that I am not without appreciation of his fine qualities."

XVIII.

MRS. GREEN'S, 17 ORANGE GROVE, BATH  
[December 18, 1856].

. . . The piece of news freshest in my mind is Aurora Leigh, — an astounding work, surely. You said nothing of it. I know that St. Francis and Poverty do

not wed in these days at St. James's Church, with rows of portrait figures on either side, and the corners neatly finished with angels. I know that if a blind man were to enter the room this evening and talk to me for some hours, I should, with the best intentions, be in danger of twiggng his blindness before the right moment came, if such there were, for the chord in the orchestra and the proper theatrical start; yet with all my knowledge I have felt something like a bug ever since reading *Aurora Leigh*. Oh, the wonder of it! and oh, the bore of writing about it!

The Brownings are long gone back now, and with them one of my delights, — an evening resort where I never felt unhappy. How large a part of the real world, I wonder, are those two small people? — taking meanwhile so little room in any railway carriage, and hardly needing a double bed at the inn. . . .

What of London friends?

Woolner is still doing his bust of Tennyson, and his medallion, you know, is to face the title of the new edition. His statue of Bacon, for the Oxford Museum, turned out a very first-rate thing, and is likely, I hope, to do him great good. . . . Hunt is going on with his great picture, and is painting at present in the Alhambra Court at the Crystal Palace, where he finds some architectural matters for his background. Hughes has three or four pictures in hand; but of these you are likely to have heard. Munro is still at work for Woodward. Brown has lately got the £50 prize at Liverpool for his *Christ washing Peter's Feet*, which is proving of use to him. He has a 400 guinea commission from Mr. Plint, of Leeds, for a large modern picture which he began some time ago, called *Work*, and illustrating all kinds of Carlylianisms. It will be a most noble affair, and will at last, I should hope, settle the question of his fame, which is making some steps at last. Did you see his woodcut in *The Poets of the Nineteenth*

Century? — very fine still, though rather mauled. They have treated you snobbily enough there. I had engaged to do Browning; but what could have been done with Evelyn Hope or Two in the Campagna? Count Gismond now! — but they would n't. How truly glorious are both of Millais's drawings! Among his very finest doings, I think, and preferable to any I have yet seen by him in the Tennyson.

Hunt's *Oriana* and *Lady of Shalott* are my favorites, both masterpieces. I have done, as yet, four, — *Mariana* in the South, *Sir Galahad*, and two to *The Palace of Art*. I hope to do a second to *Sir Galahad*, but am very uncertain as to any more. But these engravers! What ministers of wrath! Your drawing comes to them, like Agag, delicately, and is hewn in pieces before the Lord Harry. I took more pains with one block lately than I had with anything for a great while. It came back to me on paper, the other day, with Dalziel performing his cannibal jig in the corner, and I have felt like an invalid ever since. As yet, I fare best with W. J. Linton. He keeps stomach-aches for you, but Dalziel deals in fevers and agues.

By the bye, what do you think of Alexander Smith's Tennysonian poem in *The National Magazine*? I think it an advance; indeed, very fine in parts. Woolner met him and Dobell in Edinburgh lately; liked Smith much, who inquired a great deal about you, on whose head he heaps coals of appreciation. Read told me that *The Angel in the House* has had a wild success in America. . . .

You will see no more of the poor Oxford and Cambridge. It was too like the spirit of Germ — "Down, down!" and has vanished into the witches' caldron. Morris and Jones have now been some time settled in London, and are both, I find, wonders after their kind. Jones is doing designs which quite put one to shame, so full are they of everything, — *Aurora Leighs* of art. He will take the

lead in no time. Morris, besides writing those capital tales, writes poems which are really better than the tales, though one or two short ones in the Magazine were not of his best. By the bye, though, The Chapel in Lyonesse was glorious, — did you not think so? In his last tale, — *Golden Wings*, — the printer, after no doubt considering himself personally insulted all along by the nature of those compositions, wound up matters with an avenging blow, and inserted some comic touches, such as prefixing *old to woman* or *lady* in several instances, and other commissions and omissions. Morris's facility at poetizing puts one in a rage. He has been writing at all for little more than a year, I believe, and has already poetry enough for a big book. You know he is a millionaire, and buys pictures. He bought Hughes's *April Love*, and lately several water-colors of mine, and a landscape by Brown, — indeed, seems as if he would never stop, as I have three or four more commissions from him. To one of my water-colors, called *The Blue Closet*, he has written a stunning poem. You would think him one of the finest little fellows alive, with a touch of the incoherent, but a real man. He and Jones have taken those rooms in Red Lion Square which poor Deverell and I used to have, and where the only sign of life, when I found them the other day, on going to inquire, all dusty and unused, was an address written up by us on the wall of the bedroom, so pale and watery had been all subsequent inmates, not a trace of whom remained. Morris is rather doing the magnificent there, and is having some intensely mediæval furniture made, — tables and chairs like incubi and succubi. He and I have painted the back of a chair with figures and inscriptions in gules and vert and azure, and we are all three going to cover a cabinet with pictures.

Morris means to be an architect, and to that end has set about becoming a painter, at which he is making progress.

In all illumination and work of that kind he is quite unrivaled by anything modern that I know; Ruskin says, better than anything ancient. By the bye, it was Ruskin made me alter that line in *The Blessed D.* I had never meant to show him any of my versifyings, but he wrote to me one day asking if I knew the author of *Nineveh*, and could introduce him, — being really ignorant, as I found; so after that the flesh was weak. Indeed, I do not know that it will not end in a volume of mine, one of these days. But first I want to bring out those translations, which I have not found time yet to get together for Macmillan. Do you not think Vernon Lushington's *Carlyle* very good in Oxford and Cambridge Magazine? His things and his brother's, Morris's, and the one or two by Jones (who never wrote before or since) are the staple of that magazine. The rest — had better have been — silence. Another matter which shall be silence — mainly — on my part is your picture at Tom Taylor's — merciful silence, oh! W. A. ! were it better, would n't I tell its faults? . . .

Have you heard of the Howitts? I have seen them, though not very lately, and fear that Miss H. is anything but well. *Spiritualism* has begun to be in the ascendant at the Hermitage, and this to a degree you could not conceive possible without witnessing it. Do not say anything to anybody, though. I elicited from W. Howitt, before his family, his opinion of it with some trouble, and found it to be a modified form of my own, which of course I give without reserve; but the ladies of the house seem to take but one view of the subject, and, astounding as it may appear, Mrs. Browning has given in her adherence. I hope *Aurora Leigh* is not to be followed by "that style only." Browning, of course, pockets his hands and shakes his mane over the question, with occasional foamings at the mouth, and he and I laid siege to the subject one night, but to no purpose.

Here we are in the third sheet and third hour A. M. Good-by for the present. Do let us keep it up now.

Yours ever affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

"Aurora Leigh," wrote W. M. Rossetti to W. B. Scott, "was sent to Gabriel, and also to Woolner, by Mrs. Browning herself, and both are unboundedly enthusiastic about it."

"Rossetti, towards 1845-47, was a semi-idolater of Mrs. Browning; but in more mature years he saw very clearly the defects (along with the beauties) of her tendencies and style." (W. M. R.)

Rossetti's friendship with Mr. Browning came to an end through a wild suspicion that in some lines in *Fifine at the Fair* he was attacked. "On one or two occasions," writes W. M. Rossetti, "when the great poet, the object of my brother's early and unbounded homage, kindly inquired of me concerning him, and expressed a wish to look him up, I was compelled to fence with the suggestion, lest worse should ensue."

Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, was one of the Brotherhood.

Benjamin Woodward was the architect of the Oxford Museum, "which was in course of erection, much under the influence of Mr. Ruskin." On his death, in 1861, Rossetti wrote of him to a friend: "If I am ever found worthy to meet him again, it will be where the dejection is unneeded which I cannot but feel at this moment; for the power of further and better work must be the reward bestowed on the deserts and checked aspirations of such a sincere soul as his."

Madox Brown's picture of Christ washing Peter's Feet is in the London National Gallery. Work is in the Public Gallery of Manchester. That his fame was slow in "making steps" was owing in some measure to "the absolute silence which Mr. Ruskin in all his published writings preserved as to Brown's works." Rossetti was the warm friend of both

men. "Brown soon got to hate the very name of Ruskin. So Rossetti had, in some degree, to steer a middle course between his warm feelings for Brown on one side, and for Ruskin on the other."

Allingham had only a single poem in *The Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, — *An Autumnal Sonnet*. Rossetti contributed no illustration.

Dalziel's "cannibal jig" was his signature in very unequal letters at the bottom of the engraving, of which Rossetti gives Allingham an imitation.

In a letter to W. B. Scott, two months later, he again brought in Agag: "After a fortnight's work, my block goes to the engraver, like Agag, delicately, and is hewn to pieces before the — Lord Harry."

The "coals of appreciation" heaped by Smith are explained by the following passage in Allingham's letter to W. M. Rossetti, dated March 15, 1857: "Don't waste sympathy on Alexander Smith. I hear he is coming out with Macmillan shortly; but if he ever produces a good book I undertake to eat it, literally, as St. John did, miraculously, I suppose, that one in the Revelation. Smith, Dobell, Festus, and all that sort of thing is a mere passing hubbub." Matthew Arnold, in one of his letters, says of Smith: "It can do me no good to be irritated with that young man, who has certainly an extraordinary faculty, although I think he is a phenomenon of a very dubious character; but il fait son métier — faisons le nôtre."

Golden Wings was published in the December number of the Magazine. The printer's "comic touches" are found in the following passages: "Old knights who fought in that battle, and who told me it was all about an old lady," etc. "I put my shield before me and drew my sword, and the old women drew together aside and whispered fearfully."

Morris's first book, *The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems*, was dedicated to Rossetti. The statement made



in this letter that Morris was a millionaire was the wild exaggeration of a poor painter.

"The subject of *The Blue Closet*," Rossetti wrote, "is some people playing music." John Parker, the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, wrote to "Shirley" on May 14, 1860: "I saw Morris's poems in manuscript. The man who brought the manuscript (himself well known as a poet) said 'that one of the poems which described a picture of Rossetti was a very fine poem; that the picture was not understandable, and the poem made it no clearer, but that it was a fine poem, nevertheless.'"

"Poor Deverell" had died nearly three years earlier. "He was," Mr. Arthur Hughes tells me, "a manly young fellow, with a feminine beauty added to his manliness; exquisite manners and a most affectionate disposition. He died early, after painting two or three pictures. Had he lived, he would have been a poetic painter, but not a strong one. Millais, hard working and ambitious though he was, used to sit hour after hour by his bedside reading to him." I have seen him described by one of the artist set in a letter to Allingham as "little Deverell, with his soft, effeminate, alluring face."

The following is Ruskin's letter to Rossetti:—

"DEAR ROSSETTI,—I am wild to know who is the author of *The Burden of Nineveh*, in No. 8 of *Oxford and Cambridge*. It is glorious. Please find out for me, and see if I can get acquainted with him."

On Rossetti's mention of Spiritualism

in this letter, his brother remarks: "He here speaks scornfully of it. In later years (beginning, say, in 1864) he believed in it not a little."

XIX.

14 CHATHAM PLACE, BLACKFRIARS.

[End of 1856.]

. . . What sort of Christmas weather have you out there? Is it any good wishing you merriment out of it? To-day here is neither a bright day nor a dark day, but a white smutty day, — piebald, — wherein, accordingly, life seems neither worth keeping nor getting rid of. The thick sky has a thin red sun stuck in the middle of it, like the specimen wafer stuck outside a box of them. Even if you turned back the lid, there would be nothing behind it, be sure, but a jumble of such flat dead suns. I am going to sleep.

Are you to write the next great modern epic? If so, you may put the above into blank verse. I give it you. And meanwhile, be sure to talk to me about *Aurora Leigh*. . . .

Ruskin wants me very much to enter the Old Water-Color Society, and says John Lewis will do anything to facilitate my entrance. This would be a great advantage to the sale of my water-colors, but I fear it might chance to bonnet my oil-painting for good. I don't know what to do.

Your friend, D. G. ROSSETTI.

"Out there" where Allingham was living was Ballyshannon, Ireland.

Rossetti never entered the Old Water-Color Society.

*George Birkbeck Hill.*

## THE OLD THINGS.

## X.

FLEDA's line had been taken, her word was quite ready; on the terrace there, by the painted pots, she broke out before her interlocutress could put a question: "His errand was perfectly simple: he came to demand that you shall pack everything straight up again and send it back as fast as the railway will carry it."

The back road had apparently been fatiguing to Mrs. Gereth; she stood there rather white and wan with her walk. A certain sharp thinness was in her ejaculation of "Oh!" — after which she glanced about her for a place to sit down. The movement was a criticism of the order of events that offered such a piece of news to a lady coming in tired; but Fleda could see that in turning over the possibilities, this particular peril, during the last hour, was the one her friend had turned up oftenest. At the end of the short, gray day, which had been moist and mild, the sun was out; the terrace looked to the south, and a bench, formed as to legs and arms of iron representing knotted boughs, stood against the warmest wall of the house. The mistress of Ricks sank upon it, and presented to her companion the handsome face she had composed to hear everything. Strangely enough, it was just this fine vessel of her attention that made the girl most nervous about what she must drop into it. "Quite a 'demand,' dear, is it?" asked Mrs. Gereth, drawing in her cloak.

"Oh, that's what I should call it!" Fleda laughed, to her own surprise.

"I mean with the threat of enforcement, and that sort of thing."

"Distinctly with the threat of enforcement, — what would be called, I suppose, coercion."

"What sort of coercion?" said Mrs. Gereth.

"Why, legal, don't you know? — what he calls setting the lawyers at you."

"Is that what he calls it?" She seemed to speak with disinterested curiosity.

"That's what he calls it," said Fleda.

Mrs. Gereth considered an instant. "Oh, the lawyers!" she exclaimed lightly. Seated there almost cosily in the reddening winter sunset, only with her shoulders raised a little and her mantle tightened as if from a slight chill, she had never yet looked to Fleda so much in possession, nor so far from meeting unsuspectedness halfway. "Is he going to send them down here?"

"I dare say he thinks it may come to that."

"The lawyers can scarcely do the packing," Mrs. Gereth humorously remarked.

"I suppose he means them — in the first place, at least — to try to talk you over."

"In the first place, eh? And what does he mean in the second?"

Fleda hesitated; she had not foreseen that so simple an inquiry could disconcert her. "I'm afraid I don't know."

"Did n't you ask?" Mrs. Gereth spoke as if she might have said, "What then were you doing all the while?"

"I did n't ask very much," said her companion. "He has been gone some time. The great thing seemed to be to understand clearly that he would n't be content with anything less than what he said."

"My just giving everything back?"

"Your just giving everything back."

"Well, darling, what did you tell him?" Mrs. Gereth blandly inquired.

Fleda faltered again, wincing at the term of endearment, at what the words

took for granted, charged with the confidence she had now committed herself to betray. "I told him I would tell you!" She smiled, but she felt that her smile was rather hollow, and even that Mrs. Gereth had begun to look at her with some fixedness.

"Did he seem very angry?"

"He seemed very sad. He takes it very hard," Fleda added.

"And how does *she* take it?"

"Ah, that—that I felt a delicacy about asking."

"So you *did* n't ask?" The words had the note of surprise.

Fleda was embarrassed; she had not made up her mind definitely to lie. "I did n't think you'd care." That small untruth she would risk.

"Well—I don't!" Mrs. Gereth declared; and Fleda felt less guilty to hear her, for the statement was as inexact as her own. "Did n't you say anything on your own side?" Mrs. Gereth presently continued.

"Do you mean in the way of justifying you?"

"I did n't mean to trouble you to do that. My justification," said Mrs. Gereth, sitting there warmly, and, in the lucidity of her thought, which nevertheless hung back a little, dropping her eyes on the gravel,— "my justification was all the past. My justification was the cruelty"— But at this, with a short, sharp gesture, she checked herself. "It's too good of me to talk—now." She produced these sentences with a cold patience, as if addressing Fleda in the girl's virtual character, for the moment, of Owen's representative. Our young lady crept to and fro before the bench, combating the sense that it was occupied by a judge, looking at her boot-toes, reminding herself of Mona, and lightly crunching the pebbles as she walked. She moved about because she was afraid, putting off from moment to moment the exercise of the courage she had been sure she possessed. That

courage would all come to her if she could only be equally sure that what she should be called upon to do for Owen would be to suffer. She had wondered, while Mrs. Gereth spoke, how that lady would describe her justification. She had described it as if to be irreproachably fair, give her adversary the benefit of every doubt, and then dismiss the question forever. "Of course," Mrs. Gereth went on, "if we did n't succeed in showing him at Poynton the ground we took, it's simply that he shuts his eyes. What I supposed was, that you would have given him your opinion that if I was the woman so signally to assert myself, I'm also the woman to rest upon it imperturbably enough."

Fleda stopped in front of her hostess. "I gave him my opinion that you're very logical, very obstinate, and very proud."

"Quite right, my dear: I'm a rank bigot—about that sort of thing!" and Mrs. Gereth jerked her head at the contents of the house. "I've never denied it. I'd kidnap—to save them, to convert them—the children of heretics. When I know I'm right I go to the stake. Oh, he may burn me alive!" she cried, with a happy face. "Did he abuse me?" she then demanded.

Fleda had remained there, gathering purpose. "How little you know him!"

Mrs. Gereth stared, then broke into a laugh that her companion had not expected. "Ah, my dear, certainly not so well as you!" The girl, at this, turned away again,— she felt she looked too conscious; and she was aware that, during a pause, Mrs. Gereth's eyes watched her as she went. She faced about afresh to meet them, but what she met was the question, "Why had you a 'delicacy' as to speaking of Mona?"

She stopped again before the bench, and an inspiration came to her. "I should think *you* would know," she said, with much dignity.

Blankness was for a moment on Mrs.

Gereth's brow; then light broke, — she visibly remembered the scene in the breakfast-room after Mona's night at Poynton. "Because I compared you, — told him *you* were the one?" Her eyes looked deep. "You were, — you are still!"

Fleda gave a bold, dramatic laugh. "Thank you, my love, — with all the best things at Ricks!"

Mrs. Gereth considered, trying to penetrate, as it seemed; but at last she brought out roundly, "For you, you know, I'd send them back!"

The girl's heart gave a tremendous bound; the right way dawned upon her in a flash. Obscurity, indeed, the next moment engulfed this course, but for a few thrilled seconds she had understood. To send the things back "for her" meant, of course, to send them back if there were even a dim chance that she might become mistress of them. Fleda's palpitation was not allayed as she asked herself what portent Mrs. Gereth had suddenly perceived of such a chance: that perception could come only from a sudden suspicion of her secret. This suspicion, in turn, was a tolerably straight consequence of that implied view of the propriety of surrender from which, she was well aware, she could say nothing to dissociate herself. What she first felt was, that if she wished to save the spoils, she wished also to save her secret. So she looked as innocent as she could, and said as quickly as possible, "For me? Why in the world for me?"

"Because you're so awfully keen."

"Am I? Do I strike you so? You know I hate him," Fleda went on.

She had the sense for a while of Mrs. Gereth's regarding her with the detachment of some stern, clever stranger. "Then what's the matter with you? Why do you want me to give in?"

Fleda hesitated; she felt herself red-denying. "I've only said your son wants it. I have n't said *I* do."

"Then say it and have done with it!"

This was more peremptory than any word her friend, though often speaking in her presence with much point, had ever yet directly addressed to her. It affected her like the crack of a whip, but she confined herself, with an effort, to taking it as a reminder that she must keep her head. "I know he has his engagement to carry out."

"His engagement to marry? Why, it's just that engagement we loathe!"

"Why should *I* loathe it?" Fleda asked, with a smile. Then, before Mrs. Gereth could reply, she pursued, "I'm thinking of his general undertaking, — to give her the house as she originally saw it."

"To give her the house!" Mrs. Gereth brought up the words from the depth of the unspeakable. The effort was like the moan of an autumn wind; it was in the power of such an image to make her turn pale.

"I'm thinking," Fleda continued, "of the simple question of his keeping faith on an important clause of his contract: it does n't matter whether it's with a stupid girl or not. I'm thinking of his honor and his good name."

"The honor and good name of a man you hate?"

"Certainly," the girl resolutely answered. "I don't see why you should talk as if one had a petty mind. You don't think so; it's not on that assumption you've ever dealt with me. I can do your son justice, as he put his case to me."

"Ah, then he *did* put his case to you!" Mrs. Gereth exclaimed, with an accent of triumph. "You seemed to speak just now as if really nothing of any consequence had passed between you."

"Something always passes when one has a little imagination," our young lady declared.

"I take it you don't mean that Owen has!" cried Mrs. Gereth, with her large laugh.

Fleda was silent a moment. "No, I

don't mean that Owen has," she returned at last.

"Why is it you hate him so?" her hostess abruptly inquired.

"Should I love him for all he has made you suffer?"

Mrs. Gereth slowly rose at this, and, coming across the walk, took her young friend in her arms and kissed her. She then passed into one of Fleda's an arm perversely sociable. "Let us move a little," she said, holding her close and giving a slight shiver. They strolled along the terrace, and she brought out another question: "He *was* eloquent, then, poor dear,—he poured forth the story of his wrongs?"

Fleda smiled down at her companion, who, cloaked and perceptibly bowed, leaned on her heavily, and gave her an odd, unwonted sense of age and cunning. She took refuge in an evasion. "He could n't tell me anything that I did n't know pretty well already."

"It's very true that you know everything. No, dear, you have n't a petty mind; you've a lovely imagination, and you're the nicest creature in the world. If you were stupid, like most girls,—like every one, in fact,—I would have insulted you, I would have outraged you, and you would have fled from me in terror. No, now that I think of it," Mrs. Gereth went on, "you would n't have fled from me; nothing, on the contrary, would have made you budge. You would have cuddled into your warm corner, but you would have been wounded and weeping and martyred, and you would have taken every opportunity to tell people I'm a brute,—as I should have been!" They went to and fro, and she would not allow Fleda, who laughed and protested, to attenuate with any light civility this funny picture. She praised her cleverness and her patience, and said it was getting cold and dark and they must go in to tea. She delayed quitting the place, however, and reverted instead to Owen's ultimatum,

about which she asked another question or two; in particular whether it had struck Fleda that he really believed she would comply with such a summons.

"I think he really believes that if I try hard enough I can make you:" after uttering which words our young lady stopped short and emulated the embrace she had received a few moments before.

"And you've promised to try: I see. You did n't tell me that, either," Mrs. Gereth added, as they went on. "But you're rascal enough for anything!" While Fleda was occupied in thinking in what terms she could explain why she had indeed been rascal enough for the reticence thus denounced, her companion broke out with an inquiry somewhat irrelevant, and even, in form, somewhat profane. "Why the devil, at any rate, does n't it come off?"

Fleda hesitated. "You mean their marriage?"

"Of course I mean their marriage!"

Fleda hesitated again. "I have n't the least idea."

"You did n't ask him?"

"Oh, how in the world can you fancy?" She spoke in a shocked tone.

"Fancy your putting a question so indelicate? I should have put it,—I mean in your place; but I'm quite coarse, thank God!" Fleda felt, privately, that she herself was coarse, or at any rate would presently have to be; and Mrs. Gereth, with a purpose that struck the girl as gathering, continued: "What, then, *was* the day to be? Was n't it one of these?"

"I'm sure I don't remember."

It was part of the great rupture and an effect of Mrs. Gereth's character that, up to this moment, she had been completely and haughtily indifferent to that detail. Now, however, she had a visible reason for being clear about it. She bethought herself, and she broke out, "Is n't the day past?" Then, stopping short, she added, "Upon my word, they must have put it off!" As

Fleda made no answer to this, she sharply went on, "*Have* they put it off?"

"I have n't the least idea," said the girl.

Her hostess was looking at her hard again. "Did n't he tell you, — did n't he say anything about it?"

Fleda, meanwhile, had had time to make her reflections, which were, moreover, the continued throb of those that had occupied the interval between Owen's departure and his mother's return. If she should now repeat his words, that would n't at all play the game of her definite vow; it would only play the game of her little gagged and blinded desire. She could calculate well enough the effect of telling Mrs. Gereth how she had had it from Owen's troubled lips that Mona was only waiting for the restitution, and would do nothing without it. The thing was to obtain the restitution without imparting that knowledge. The only way, also, not to impart it was not to tell any truth at all about it; and the only way to meet this last condition was to reply to her companion, as she presently did, "He told me nothing whatever: he did n't touch on the subject."

"Not in any way?"

"Not in any way."

Mrs. Gereth watched Fleda and considered. "You have n't any idea if they are waiting for the things?"

"How *should* I have? I'm not in their counsels."

"I dare say they are, — or that Mona is." Mrs. Gereth reflected again; she had a bright idea. "If I don't give in, she'll break off."

"She'll never, never break off!" said Fleda.

"Are you sure?"

"I can't be sure, but it's my belief."

"Derived from *him*?"

The girl hung fire a few seconds. "Derived from *him*."

Mrs. Gereth gave her a long last look, then turned abruptly away. "It's an awful bore you did n't really get it out

of him! Well, come to tea," she added rather dryly, passing straight into the house.

## XI.

The sense of her adversary's dryness, which was ominous of something she could n't read, made Fleda, before complying, linger a little on the terrace; she felt the need, moreover, of taking breath after such a flight into the cold air of denial. When at last she rejoined Mrs. Gereth, she found her erect before the drawing-room fire. Their tea had been set out in the same quarter, and the mistress of the house, for whom the preparation of it was in general a high and undelegated function, was in an attitude to which the hissing urn made no appeal. This omission, for Fleda, was such a further sign of something to come that, to disguise her apprehension, she immediately and without an apology took the duty in hand; only, however, to be promptly reminded that she was performing it confusedly, and not counting the journeys of the little silver shovel she emptied into the pot. "Not *five*, my dear, — the usual three," said her hostess, with the same dryness; watching her then in silence while she clumsily corrected her mistake. The tea took some minutes to draw, and Mrs. Gereth availed herself of them suddenly to exclaim, "You have n't yet told me, you know, how it is you propose to 'make' me!"

"Give everything back?" Fleda looked into the pot again, and uttered her question with a briskness that she felt to be a little overdone. "Why, by putting the question well before you; by being so eloquent that I shall persuade you, shall act upon you; by making you sorry for having gone so far," she said boldly; "by simply and earnestly *asking* it of you, in short; and by reminding you at the same time that it's the first thing I ever *have* so asked. Oh, you've *done* things for



me, — endless and beautiful things," she exclaimed; "but you've done them all from your own generous impulse. I've never so much as hinted to you to lend me a postage-stamp."

"Give me a cup of tea," said Mrs. Gereth. A moment later, taking the cup, she replied, "No, you've never asked me for a postage-stamp."

"That gives me a pull!" Fleda returned, smiling.

"Puts you in the situation of expecting that I shall do this thing just simply to oblige you?"

The girl hesitated. "You said a while ago that for me you *would* do it."

"For you, but not for your eloquence. Do you understand what I mean by the difference?" Mrs. Gereth asked, as she stood stirring her tea.

Fledda, to postpone answering, looked round, while she drank it, at the beautiful room. "I don't in the least like, you know, your having taken so much. It was a great shock to me, on my arrival here, to find you had done so."

"Give me some more tea," said Mrs. Gereth; and there was a moment's silence as Fledda poured out another cup. "If you were shocked, my dear, I'm bound to say you concealed your shock."

"I know I did. I was afraid to show it."

Mrs. Gereth drank off her second cup. "And you're not afraid now?"

"No, I'm not afraid now."

"What has made the difference?"

"I've pulled myself together." Fledda paused; then she added, "And I've seen Mr. Owen."

"You've seen Mr. Owen?" said Mrs. Gereth. She put down her cup, and sank into a chair, in which she leaned back, resting her head and gazing at her young friend. "Yes, I did tell you a while ago that for you I'd do it. But you have n't told me yet what you'll do in return."

Fledda thought an instant. "Anything in the wide world you may require."

"Oh, 'anything' is nothing at all! That's too easily said." Mrs. Gereth, reclining more completely, closed her eyes with an air of disgust, an air indeed of inviting slumber.

Fledda looked at her quiet face, which the appearance of slumber always made particularly handsome; she noted how much the ordeal of the last few weeks had added to its indications of age. "Well, then, try me with something. What is it you demand?"

At this, Mrs. Gereth, opening her eyes, sprang straight up. "Get him away from her!"

Fledda marveled: her companion had in an instant become young again. "Away from Mona? How in the world?"

"By not looking like a fool!" cried Mrs. Gereth very sharply. She kissed her, however, on the spot, to make up for this roughness, and summarily took off her hat, which, on coming into the house, ~~our~~ young lady had not removed. She applied a friendly touch to the girl's hair and gave a businesslike pull to her jacket. "I say, don't look like an idiot, because you happen not to be one, not the least bit. I'm idiotic; I've been so, I've just discovered, ever since our first days together. I've been a precious donkey; but that's another affair."

Fledda, as if she humbly assented, went through no form of controverting this; she simply stood passive to her companion's sudden refreshment of her appearance. "How *can* I get him away from her?" she presently demanded.

"By letting yourself go."

"By letting myself go?" She spoke mechanically, still more like an idiot, and felt as if her face flamed out the insincerity of her question. It was vividly back again, the vision of the real way to act upon Mrs. Gereth. This lady's movements were now rapid; she turned off from her as quickly as she had seized her, and Fledda sat down to steady herself for full responsibility.

Her hostess, without taking up her

ejaculation, gave a violent poke at the fire, and then faced her again. "You've done two things, then, to-day — have n't you? — that you've never done before. One has been asking me the service, or favor, or concession, — whatever you call it, — that you just mentioned; the other has been telling me — certainly, too, for the first time — an immense little fib."

"An immense little fib?" Fleda felt weak; she was glad of the support of her seat.

"An immense big one, then!" said Mrs. Gereth irritably. "You don't in the least 'hate' Owen, my darling. You care for him very much. In fact, my own, you're in love with him — there! Don't tell me any more lies!" cried Mrs. Gereth, with a voice and a face in the presence of which Fleda recognized that there was nothing for her but to hold herself and take it. When once this was out, it was out, and she could see more and more every instant that it would be the only way. She took, therefore, what had to come; she leaned back her head and closed her eyes as her companion had done just before. She would have covered her face with her hands but for the still greater shame. "Oh, you're a wonder, a wonder," said Mrs. Gereth; "you're magnificent, and I was right, as soon as I saw you, to pick you out and trust you!" Fleda closed her eyes tighter at this last word, but her friend kept it up. "I never dreamed of it till to-day, when, after he had come and gone, we were face to face. Then something stuck out of you; it strongly impressed me, and I did n't know at first quite what to make of it. It was that you had just been with him and that you were not natural. Not natural to me," she added, with a smile. "I pricked up my ears, and all that this might mean dawned upon me when you said you had asked nothing about Mona. It put me on the scent, but I did n't show you, did I? I felt it was *in* you, deep down, and that I must draw it out. Well,

I have drawn it, and it's a blessing. Yesterday, when you shed tears at breakfast, I was awfully puzzled. What has been the matter with you all the while? Why, Fleda, it is n't a crime, don't you know that?" cried the delighted woman. "When I was a girl I was always in love, and not always with such nice people as Owen. I did n't behave as well as you; compared with you, I think I must have been horrid. But if you're proud and reserved, it's your own affair; I'm proud, too, though I'm not reserved, — that's what spoils it. I'm stupid, above all, — that's what I am; so dense that I really blush for it. However, no one but you could have deceived me. If I trusted you, moreover, it was exactly to be cleverer than myself. You must be so now more than ever!" Suddenly Fleda felt her hands grasped: Mrs. Gereth had plumped down at her feet and was leaning on her knees. "Save him, — save him: you *can*!" she passionately pleaded. "How could you *not* like him, when he's such a dear? He is a dear, darling; there's no harm in *him*! You can do what you will with him, — you know you can! What else does he give us all this time for? Get him away from her; it's as if he besought you to, poor wretch! Don't abandon him to such a fate, and I'll never abandon *you*. Think of him with that creature, that future! If you'll take him, I'll give up everything. There, it's a solemn promise, the most sacred of my life! Get the better of her, and he shall have every stick I removed. Give me your word, and I'll accept it. I'll write for the packers to-night!"

Fleda, before this, had fallen forward on her companion's neck, and the two women, clinging together, had finally got up, while the younger wailed on the other's bosom. "You smooth it down because you see more in it than there can ever be; but after my hideous double game how will you be able to believe in me again?"

"I see in it simply what *must* be, if you've a single spark of pity. Where on earth was the double game, when you've behaved like such a saint? You've been beautiful, you've been exquisite, and all our trouble is over."

Fleda, drying her eyes, shook her head ever so sadly. "No, Mrs. Gereth, it is n't over. I can't do what you ask, — I can't meet your condition."

Mrs. Gereth stared; the cloud gathered in her face again. "Why, in the name of goodness, when you adore him? I know what you see in him," she declared in another tone: "you're right!"

Fleda gave a faint, stubborn smile. "He cares for her too much."

"Then why does n't he marry her? He's giving you an extraordinary chance!"

"He does n't dream I've ever thought of him," said Fleda. "Why should he, if you did n't?"

"It was n't with me you were in love, my duck." Then Mrs. Gereth added, "I'll go and tell him."

"If you do any such thing, you shall never see me again, — literally never!"

Mrs. Gereth looked hard at her young friend, and showed that she saw she must believe her. "Then you're perverse, you're wicked. Will you swear he does n't know?"

"Of course he does n't know!" cried Fleda indignantly.

Her interlocutress was silent a little. "And that he has no feeling on *his* side?"

"For me?" Fleda stared. "Before he has even married her?"

Mrs. Gereth gave a sharp laugh at this. "He ought at least to appreciate your wit. Oh, my dear, you *are* a treasure! Does n't he appreciate anything? Has he given you absolutely no symptom, — not looked a look, not breathed a sigh?"

"The case," said Fleda coldly, "is as I've had the honor to state it."

"Then he's as big a donkey as his

mother! But you know you must account for their delay," Mrs. Gereth remarked.

"Why must I?" Fleda asked after a moment.

"Because you were closeted with him here so long. You can't pretend at present, you know, not to have any art."

The girl hesitated an instant; she was conscious that she must choose between two risks. She had had a secret, and that was gone. Owen had one, which was still unbruised, and the greater risk now was that his mother should lay her formidable hand upon it. All Fleda's tenderness for him moved her to protect it; so she faced the smaller peril. "Their delay," she brought herself to reply, "may perhaps be Mona's doing. I mean because he has lost her the things."

Mrs. Gereth jumped at this. "So that she'll break altogether if I keep them?"

Fleda winced. "I've told you what I believe about that. She'll make scenes and conditions; she'll worry him. But she'll hold him fast; she'll never give him up."

Mrs. Gereth turned it over. "Well, I'll keep them, to try her," she finally pronounced; at which Fleda felt quite sick, as if she had given everything and got nothing.

## XII.

"I must let him know, in common decency, that I've talked of the matter with you," Fleda said to her hostess that evening. "What answer do you wish me to write to him?"

"Write to him that you must see him again," said Mrs. Gereth.

Fleda looked very blank. "What on earth am I to see him for?"

"For anything you like."

The girl would have been struck with the levity of this had she not already, in an hour, felt the extent of the change

suddenly wrought in her commerce with her friend, — wrought above all, to that friend's view, in her relation to the great issue. The effect of what had followed Owen's visit was to make that relation the very key of the crisis. Pressed upon her, goodness knew, the crisis had been, but it now seemed to put forth big, encircling arms, — arms that squeezed till they hurt and she must cry out. It was as if everything at Ricks had been poured into a common receptacle, a public ferment of emotion and zeal, out of which it was ladled up to be tasted and talked about; everything, at least, but the one little treasure of knowledge that she kept back. She ought to have liked this, she reflected, because it meant sympathy, meant a closer union with the source of so much in her life that had been beautiful and renovating; but there were deep instincts in her that stood off. She had had — and it was not merely at this time — to recognize that there were things for which Mrs. Gereth's *flair* was not so happy as for bargains and "marks." It would n't be happy now as to the best action on the knowledge she had just gained; yet as from this moment they were still more intimately together, a person so much in her debt would simply have to stand and meet what was to come. There were ways in which she could sharply incommode such a person, and not only with the best conscience in the world, but with a sort of brutality of good intentions. One of the straightest of these strokes, Fleda saw, would be the dance of delight over the mystery Mrs. Gereth had laid bare, — the loud, lawful, tactless joy of the explorer leaping upon the strand. Like any other lucky discoverer, she would take possession of the fortunate island. She was nothing if not practical: almost the only thing she took account of in her young friend's ineffable secret was the excellent use she could make of it, — a use so much to her taste that she refused to acknowledge a hin-

drance. Fleda put into Mrs. Gereth's answer to her question a good deal more meaning than it would have occurred to her a few hours before that she was prepared to put, but she had on the spot a foreboding that even so broad a hint would live to be bettered.

"Do you suggest that I propose to him to come down here again?" she presently inquired.

"Dear, no; say that you'll go up to town and meet him." It *was* bettered, the broad hint; and Fleda felt this to be still more the case when, returning to the subject before they went to bed, her companion said: "I make him over to you wholly, you know, — to do what you please with. Deal with him in your own way, — I ask no questions. All I ask is that you succeed."

"That's charming," Fleda replied, "but it does n't tell me a bit, you'll be so good as to consider, in what terms to write to him. It's not an answer from you to the message I was to give you."

"The answer to his message is perfectly distinct: he shall have everything the minute he'll say he'll marry you."

"You really pretend," Fleda asked, "to think me capable of transmitting him that news?"

"What else can I really pretend when you threaten so to cast me off if I speak the word myself?"

"Oh, if *you* speak the word!" the girl murmured very gravely, but happy, at least, to know that in this direction Mrs. Gereth confessed herself warned and helpless. Then she added: "How can I go on living with you on a footing of which I so deeply disapprove? Thinking as I do that you've despoiled him far more than is just or merciful, — for if I expected you to take something, I did n't in the least expect you to take everything, — how can I stay here without a sense that I'm backing you up in your cruelty, and participating in your ill-gotten gains?" Fleda was determined that if she had the chill of her exposed

and investigated state, she would also have the convenience of it, and that if Mrs. Gereth popped in and out of the chamber of her soul, she would at least return the freedom. "I shall quite hate, you know, in a day or two, every object that surrounds you, — become blind to all the beauty and rarity that I formerly delighted in. Don't think me harsh; there's no use in my not being frank now. If I leave you, everything's at an end."

Mrs. Gereth, however, was imperturbable. Fleda had to recognize that her advantage had become too real. "It's too beautiful, the way you care for him; it's music in my ears. Nothing else but such a passion could make you say such things; that's the way I should have been, too, my dear. Why didn't you tell me sooner? I'd have gone right in for you; I never would have moved a candlestick. Don't stay with me if it torments you; don't, if you suffer, be where you see the old rubbish. Go up to town, — go back for a little to your father's. It need be only for a little; two or three weeks will see us through. Your father will take you in a moment, if you only will make him understand what it's a question of, — of your getting yourself off his hands forever. I'll make him understand, you know, if you feel shy. I'd take you up myself, I'd go with you, to spare your being bored; we'd put up at a hotel, and we might amuse ourselves a bit. We have n't had much pleasure since we met, have we? But of course that would n't suit our book. I should be a bugaboo to Owen, — I should be fatally in the way. Your chance is there, — your chance is to be alone; for God's sake, use it to the right end. If you're in want of money, I've a little I can give you. But I ask no questions, — not a question as small as your shoe!"

She asked no questions, but she took the most extraordinary things for granted. Fleda felt this still more at the end

of a couple of days. On the second of these our young lady wrote to Owen; her emotion had, to a certain degree, cleared itself, — there was something she could say briefly. If she had given everything to Mrs. Gereth, and as yet got nothing, she had, on the other hand, quickly reacted — it took but a night — against the discouragement of her first check. Her desire to serve him was too passionate, the sense that he counted upon her too sweet: these things caught her up again and gave her a new patience and a new subtlety. It should n't really be for nothing that she had given so much; deep within her burned again the resolve to get something back. So what she wrote to Owen was simply that she had had a great scene with his mother, but that he must be patient and give her time. It was difficult, as they both had expected, but she was working her hardest for him. She had made an impression, — she would do everything to follow it up. Meanwhile, he must keep intensely quiet and take no other steps; he must only trust her, and pray for her, and believe in her perfect loyalty. She made no allusion whatever to Mona's attitude, nor to his not being, as regarded that young lady, master of the situation; but she said in a postscript, in reference to his mother, "Of course she wonders a good deal why your marriage does n't take place." After the letter was gone, she regretted having used the word "loyalty;" there were two or three milder terms which she might as well have employed. The answer she immediately received from Owen was a little note, of which she met all the deficiencies by describing it to herself as pathetically simple, but which, to prove that Mrs. Gereth might ask as many questions as she liked, she at once made his mother read. He had no art with his pen, he had not even a good hand, and his letter, a short profession of friendly confidence, consisted of but a few familiar and colorless words of acknowledg-

ment and assent. The gist of it was that he would certainly, since Miss Vetch recommended it, not hurry mamma too much. He would not for the present cause her to be approached by any one else, but he would, nevertheless, continue to hope that she would see she *must* come round. "Of course, you know," he added, "she can't keep me waiting indefinitely. Please give her my love, and tell her that. If it can be done peaceably, I know you're just the one to do it."

Fleda had awaited his rejoinder in deep suspense; such was her imagination of the possibility of his having, as she tacitly phrased it, let himself go on paper that when it arrived she was at first almost afraid to open it. There was indeed a distinct danger, for if he should write her love-letters the whole chance of aiding him would drop: she would have to return them, she would have to decline all further communication with him; it would be quite the end of the business. This imagination of Fleda's was a faculty that easily embraced all the heights and depths and extremities of things; that made a single mouthful, in particular, of any tragic or desperate necessity. She was just a trifle disappointed at first, perhaps, at not finding in the note in question a syllable that strayed from the text; but the next moment she had risen to a point of view from which it presented itself as a production almost inspired in its simplicity. It was simple even for Owen, and she wondered what had put it into his head to be more so than usual. Then she saw how natures that are right just do the things that are right. He was n't clever, — his manner of writing showed it; but the cleverest man in England could n't have had more the instinct that, under the circumstances, was the supremely happy one, the instinct of giving her something that would do beautifully to be shown to Mrs. Gereth. This was a kind of divination, for naturally he could n't know

the line Mrs. Gereth was taking. It was furthermore explained — and that was the most touching part of all — by his wish that she herself should notice how awfully well he was behaving. His very bareness called her attention to his virtue; and these were the exact fruits of her beautiful and terrible admonition. He was cleaving to Mona; he was doing his duty; he was making tremendously sure he should be without reproach.

If Fleda handed this communication to her friend as a triumphant gage of the innocence of the young man's heart, her elation lived but a moment after Mrs. Gereth had pounced upon the tell-tale spot in it. "Why in the world, then," that lady cried, "does he still not breathe a breath about the day, the *day*, the *DAY*?" She repeated the word with a crescendo of superior acuteness; she proclaimed that nothing could be more marked than its absence, — an absence that simply spoke volumes. What did it prove, in fine, but that she was producing the effect she had toiled for, — that she had settled or was rapidly settling Mona?

Such a challenge Fleda was obliged in some manner to take up. "You may be settling Mona," she returned, with a smile, "but I can hardly regard it as sufficient evidence that you are settling Mona's lover."

"Why not, with such a studied omission on his part to gloss over in any manner the painful tension existing between them, — the painful tension that, under Providence, I've been the means of bringing about? He gives you by his silence clear notice that his marriage is practically off."

"He speaks to me of the only thing that concerns me. He gives me clear notice that he abates not one jot of his demand."

"Well, then, let him take the only way to get it satisfied."

Fleda had no need to ask again what such a way might be, nor was her sup-



port removed by the fine assurance with which Mrs. Gereth could make her argument wait upon her wish. These days, which dragged their length into a strange, uncomfortable fortnight, had already borne more testimony to that element than all the other time the two women had passed together. Our young lady had been at first far from seeing the whole of a feature that Owen himself would probably have described as her companion's "cheek." She lived now in a kind of bath of boldness, felt as if a fierce light poured in upon her from windows opened wide; and the singular part of the ordeal was that she could n't protest against it fully without incurring, even to her own mind, some reproach of ingratitude, some charge of smallness. If Mrs. Gereth's apparent determination to hustle her into Owen's arms was accompanied with an air of holding her dignity rather cheap, this was, after all, only as a consequence of her being held in respect to some other attributes rather dear. It was a new version of the old story of being kicked upstairs. The wonderful woman was the same woman who, in the summer, at Poynton, had been so puzzled to conceive why a good-natured girl should n't have contributed more to the rout of the Brigstocks, — should n't have been grateful even for the handsome puff of Fleda Vetch. Only her passion was keener now, and her scruple more absent; the fight made a demand upon her, and her pugnacity had become one with her constant habit of using such weapons as she could pick up. She had no imagination about anybody's life save on the side she bumped against. Fleda was quite aware that she would have otherwise been a rare creature; but a rare creature was originally just what she had struck her as being. Mrs. Gereth had really no perception of anybody's nature. — had only one question about persons: were they clever or stupid? To be clever meant to know the marks. Fleda knew them

by direct inspiration, and a warm recognition of this had been her friend's tribute to her character. The girl had hours, now, of sombre wishing that she might never see anything good again; that kind of experience was evidently not an infallible source of peace. She would be more at peace in some vulgar little place that should owe its *cachet* to Tottenham Court Road. There were nice, horrible things in West Kensington; it was as if they beckoned her and wooed her back to them. She had a relaxed recollection of Waterbath; and of her reasons for staying on at Rick's the force was rapidly ebbing. One of these was her pledge to Owen, — her vow to press his mother close; the other was the fact that of the two discomforts, that of being prodded by Mrs. Gereth and that of appearing to run after somebody else, the former remained for a while the more endurable.

As the days passed, however, it became plainer to Fleda that her only chance of success would be in lending herself to that low appearance. Then, moreover, at last, her nerves settling the question, the choice was simply imposed by the violence done to her taste, — to whatever was left of that high principle, at least, after the free and reckless meeting, for months, of great drafts and appeals. It was all very well to try to evade discussion. Owen Gereth was looking to her for a struggle, and it was n't a bit of a struggle to be disgusted and dumb. She was on too strange a footing, — that of having presented an ultimatum and having had it torn up in her face. In such a case as that the envoy always departed; he never sat gaping and dawdling before the city. Mrs. Gereth, every morning, looked publicly into *The Morning Post*, the only newspaper she received; and every morning she treated the blankness of that journal as fresh evidence that everything was "off." What did the *Post* exist for but to tell you your son was wretchedly married? — so that if

such a source of misery was dry, what could you do but infer that for once you had miraculously escaped? She almost taunted Fleda with supineness in not getting something out of somebody, — in the same breath, indeed, in which she drenched her with a kind of appreciation more onerous to the girl than blame. Mrs. Gereth herself had of course washed her hands of the matter; but Fleda knew people who knew Mona, and would be sure to be in her confidence, — inconceivable people who admired her and had the privilege of Waterbath. What was the use, therefore, of being the most natural and the easiest of letter-writers, if no sort of side-light — in some pretext for correspondence — was, by a brilliant creature, to be got out of such barbarians? Fleda was not only a brilliant creature, but she heard herself commended, in these days, for new and strange attractions; she figured suddenly, in the queer conversations of Ricks, as a distinguished, almost as a dangerous beauty. That retouching of her hair and dress in which her friend had impulsively indulged on a first glimpse of her secret was, by implication, very frequently repeated. She had the sense not only of being advertised and offered, but of being counseled and enlightened in ways that she scarcely understood, — arts obscure even to a poor girl who had had, in good society and motherless poverty, to look straight at realities and fill out blanks.

These arts, when Mrs. Gereth's spirits were high, were handled with a brave and cynical humor with which Fleda's fancy could keep no step: they left our young lady wondering what on earth her companion wanted her to do. "I want you to cut in!" — that was Mrs. Gereth's familiar and comprehensive phrase for the course she prescribed. She challenged again and again Fleda's picture, as she called it (though the sketch was too slight to deserve the name), of the indifference to which a prior attachment

had committed the proprietor of Poynton. "Do you mean to say that, Mona or no Mona, he could see you that way, day after day, and not have the ordinary feelings of a man?" This was the sort of interrogation to which Fleda was fitfully and irrelevantly treated. She had grown almost used to the refrain. "Do you mean to say that when, the other day, one had quite made you over to him, the great gawk, and he was, on this very spot, utterly alone with you?" — The girl at this point never left any doubt of what she meant to say, but Mrs. Gereth could be trusted to break out in another place and at another time. At last Fleda wrote to her father that he must take her in for a while; and when, to her companion's delight, she returned to London, that lady went with her to the station and wafted her on her way. The *Morning Post* had been delivered as they left the house, and Mrs. Gereth had brought it with her for the traveler, who never spent a penny on a newspaper. On the platform, however, when this young person was ticketed, labeled, and seated, she opened it at the window of the carriage, exclaiming as usual, after looking into it a moment, "Nothing — nothing — nothing: don't tell *me*!" Every day that there was nothing was a nail in the coffin of the marriage. An instant later the train was off, but, moving quickly beside it, while Fleda leaned inscrutably forth, Mrs. Gereth grasped her friend's hand and looked up with wonderful eyes. "Only let yourself go, darling, — only let yourself go!"

### XIII.

That she desired to ask no questions Mrs. Gereth conscientiously proved by closing her lips tight after Fleda had gone to London. No letter from Ricks arrived at West Kensington, and Fleda, with nothing to communicate that could be to the taste of either party, forbore

to open a correspondence. If her heart had been less heavy, she might have been amused to perceive how much rope this reticence of Ricks seemed to signify to her that she could take. She had, at all events, no good news for her friend save in the sense that her silence was not bad news. She was not yet in a position to write that she had "cut in;" but neither, on the other hand, had she gathered material for announcing that Mona was undiscoverable from her prey. She had made no use of the pen so glorified by Mrs. Gereth to wake up the echoes of Waterbath; she had sedulously abstained from inquiring what in any quarter, far or near, was said, or suggested, or supposed. She only spent a daily penny on *The Morning Post*; she only saw, on each occasion, that that inspired sheet had as little to say about the imminence as about the abandonment of certain nuptials. It was at the same time obvious that Mrs. Gereth, on these occasions, triumphed much more than she trembled, and that with a few such triumphs repeated she would cease to tremble at all. What was most manifest, however, was that she had had a rare preconception of the circumstances that would have ministered, had Fleda been disposed, to the girl's cutting in. It was brought home to Fleda that these circumstances would have particularly favored intervention; she was quickly forced to do them a secret justice. One of the effects of her intimacy with Mrs. Gereth was that she had quite lost all sense of intimacy with any one else. The lady of Ricks had made a desert around her, possessing and absorbing her so utterly that the others had fallen away. Had n't she been admonished, months before, that people considered they had lost her, and were reconciled on the whole to the privation? Her position, at present, in the great unconscious town, defined itself as obscure: she regarded it, at any rate, with eyes suspicious of that lesson. She neither wrote notes nor re-

ceived them; she indulged in no reminders nor knocked at any doors; she wandered vaguely in the western wilderness, or cultivated shy forms of that "household art" for which she had had a respect before tasting the bitter tree of knowledge. Her only plan was to be as quiet as a mouse, and when she failed in the attempt to lose herself in the flat suburb she felt like a lonely fly crawling over a dusty chart.

How had Mrs. Gereth known in advance that if she had chosen to be "vile" (that was what Fleda called it) everything would happen to help her? — especially the way her poor father, after breakfast, doddered off to his club, showing seventy when he was really fifty-five, and leaving her richly alone for the day. He came back about midnight, looking at her very hard and not risking long words, — only making her feel by inimitable touches that the presence of his family compelled him to alter all his hours. She had, in their common sitting-room, the company of the objects he was fond of saying that he had collected, — objects, shabby and battered, of a sort that appealed little to his daughter: old brandy-flasks and match-boxes, old calendars and handbooks, intermixed with an assortment of pen-wipers and ash-trays, a harvest he had gathered in from penny bazaars. He was blandly unconscious of that side of Fleda's nature which had endeared her to Mrs. Gereth, and she had often heard him wish to goodness there was something nice she cared for. Why did n't she try collecting something? — it did n't matter what. She would find it gave an interest to life, and there was no end of little curiosities one could easily pick up. He was conscious of having a taste for fine things which his children, unfortunately, had not inherited. This indicated the limits of their acquaintance with him, — limits which, as Fleda was now sharply aware, could only leave him to wonder what the devil she was

there for. As she herself echoed this question to the letter, she was not in a position to clear up the mystery. She could n't have given a name to her errand in town or explained it save by saying that she had had to get away from Ricks. It was intensely provisional, but what was to come next? Nothing could come next but a deeper anxiety. She had neither a home nor an outlook, — nothing in all the wide world but a feeling of suspense.

Of course she had her duty, — her duty to Owen, — a definite undertaking, reaffirmed, after his visit to Ricks, under her hand and seal; but there was no sense of possession attached to that; there was only a horrible sense of privation. She had quite moved from under Mrs. Gereth's wide wing; and now that she was really among the pen-wipers and ash-trays, she was swept, at the thought of all the beauty she had forsworn, by short, wild gusts of despair. If her friend should really keep the spoils, she would never return to her. If that friend should, on the other hand, part with them, what on earth would there be to return to? The chill struck deep as Fleda thought of the mistress of Ricks reduced, in vulgar parlance, to what she had on her back: there was nothing to which she could compare such an image but her idea of Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie, or perhaps the vision of some tropical bird, the creature of hot, dense forests, dropped on a frozen moor to pick up a living. The mind's eye could see Mrs. Gereth, indeed, only in her thick, colored air; it took all the light of her treasures to make her concrete and distinct. She loomed for a moment, in any mere house, gaunt and unnatural; then she vanished as if she had suddenly sunk into a quicksand. Fleda lost herself in the rich fancy of how, if *she* were mistress of Poynton, a whole province should be assigned there, as a residence, to the splendid, august queen mother. She would have returned

from her campaign with her baggage-train and her loot, and the palace would unbar its shutters and the morning flash back from its halls. In the event of a surrender, the poor woman would never again be able to begin to collect: she was now too old and too moneyless, and times were altered and good things impossibly dear. A surrender, furthermore, to any daughter-in-law save an oddity like Mona need n't at all be an abdication in fact; any other fairly nice girl whom Owen should have taken into his head to marry would have been positively glad to have, for the museum, a custodian who was a walking catalogue, and who understood beyond any one in England the hygiene and temperament of unique pieces. A fairly nice girl would somehow be away a good deal, and would at such times count it a blessing to feel Mrs. Gereth at her post.

Fleda had fully recognized, the first days, that, quite apart from any question of letting Owen know where she was, it would be a charity to give him some sign; it would be weak, it would be ugly, to be diverted from that kindness by the fact that Mrs. Gereth had attached a tinkling bell to it. A frank relation with him was only superficially discredited; she ought for his own sake to send him a word of cheer. So she repeatedly reasoned, but she as repeatedly delayed performance: if her general plan had been to be as still as a mouse, an interview like the interview at Ricks would be an odd contribution to that ideal. Therefore, with a confused preference of practice to theory, she let the days go by; she felt that nothing was so imperative as the gain of precious time. She should n't be able to stay with her father forever, but she might now reap the benefit of having married her sister. Maggie's union had been built up round a small spare room. Concealed in this apartment she might try to paint again, and abetted by the grateful Maggie — for Maggie at least was

grateful — she might try to dispose of her work. She had not indeed struggled with a brush since her visit to Waterbath, where the sight of the family splotches had put her immensely on her guard. Poynton, moreover, had been an impossible place for producing; no art could flourish there but a Buddhist contemplation. It had stripped its mistress clean of all feeble accomplishments; her hands were imbrued neither with ink nor with water-color. Close to Fleda's present abode was the little shop of a man who mounted and framed pictures and desolately dealt in artists' materials. She sometimes paused before it to look at a couple of shy experiments for which its dull window constituted publicity, small studies placed there for sale, and full of warning to a young lady without fortune and without talent. Some such young lady had brought them forth in sorrow; some such young lady, to see if they had been snapped up, had passed and repassed as helplessly as she herself was doing. They never had been, they never would be, snapped up; yet they were quite above the actual attainment of some other young ladies. It was a matter of discipline with Fleda to take an occasional lesson from them; besides which, when she now quitted the house, she had to look for reasons after she was out. The only place to find them was in the shop windows. They made her feel like a servant girl taking her "afternoon," but that did n't signify; perhaps some day she would resemble such a person still more closely. This continued a fortnight, at the end of which the feeling was suddenly dissipated. She had stopped as usual in the presence of the little pictures; then, as she turned away, she had found herself face to face with Owen Gereth.

At the sight of him two emotions passed quickly across her heart, one at the heels of the other. The first was an instant perception that this encounter was not an accident; the second, a con-

sciousness as prompt that the best place for it was the street. She knew before he told her that he had been to see her, and the next thing she knew was that he had had information from his mother. Her mind grasped these things while he said, with a smile: "I saw only your back, but I was sure. I was over the way. I've been at your house."

"How came you to know my house?" Fleda asked.

"I like that!" he laughed. "How came you not to let me know that you were there?"

Fleda, at this, thought it best also to laugh. "Since I did n't let you know, why did you come?"

"Oh, I say!" cried Owen. "Don't add insult to injury. Why in the world did n't you let me know? I came because I want awfully to see you." He hesitated, then he added: "I got the tip from mother: she has written to me. — fancy!"

They still stood where they had met. Fleda's instinct was to keep him there; the more so that she could already see him take for granted that they would immediately proceed together to her door. He rose before her with a different air: he looked less ruffled and bruised than he had done at Ricks, he showed a recovered freshness. Perhaps, however, this was only because she had scarcely seen him at all, as yet, in London form, as he would have called it, — "turned out" as he was turned out in town. In the country, heated with the chase and splashed with the mire, he had always rather reminded her of a picturesque peasant in national costume. This costume, as Owen wore it, varied from day to day; it was as copious as the wardrobe of an actor; but it never failed of suggestions of the earth and the weather, the hedges and the ditches, the beasts and the birds. There had been days when it struck her as all nature in one pair of boots. It did n't make him now another person that he was delicately

dressed, shining and splendid, — that he had a higher hat, and light gloves with black seams, and a spearlike umbrella; but it made him, she soon decided, really handsomer, and that in turn gave him — for she never could think of him, or indeed of some other things, without the aid of his own vocabulary — a tremendous pull. Yes, this was, for the moment, as he looked at her, the great fact of their situation, — his pull was tremendous. She tried to keep the acknowledgment of it from trembling in her voice, as she said to him, with more surprise than she really felt, "You've then reopened relations with her?"

"It's she who has reopened them with me. I got her letter this morning. She told me you were here, and that she wished me to know it. She did n't say much; she just gave me your address. I wrote her back, 'Thanks no end. Shall go to-day.' So we *are* in correspondence again, are n't we? She means, of course, that you've something to tell me from her, eh? But if you have, why have n't you let a fellow know?" He waited for no answer to this, he had so much to say. "At your house, just now, they told me how long you've been here. Have n't you known all the while that I'm counting the hours? I left a word for you, — that I would be back at

six; but I'm awfully glad to have caught you so much sooner. You don't mean to say you're not going home!" he exclaimed in dismay. "The young woman there told me you went out early."

"I've been out a very short time," said Fleda, who had hung back with the general purpose of making things difficult for him. The street would make them difficult; she could trust the street. She reflected in time, however, that to betray to him she was afraid to admit him would give him more a feeling of facility than of anything else. She moved on with him after a moment, letting him direct their course to her door, which was only round a corner: she considered, as they went, that it might not prove such a stroke to have been in London so long, and yet not to have called him. She desired he should feel she was perfectly simple with him, and there was no simplicity in that. None the less, on the steps of the house, though she had a key, she rang the bell; and while they waited together and she averted her face, she looked straight into the depths of what Mrs. Gereth had meant by giving him the "tip." This had been perfidious, had been monstrous of Mrs. Gereth, and Fleda wondered if her letter had contained only what Owen had repeated.

*Henry James.*

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#### DEUS ABSCONDITUS.

MY God hid Himself from me  
Behind whatever else I see;  
Myself — the nearest mystery —  
As far beyond my grasp as He.

And yet, in darkest night, I know,  
While lives a doubt-discerning glow,  
That larger lights above it throw  
These shadows in the vale below.

*John B. Tabb.*



## THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS.

## XII.

EXCEPT for a few stray guests, islanders or from the inland country, to whom Mrs. Todd offered the hospitalities of a single meal, we were quite by ourselves all summer; and when there were signs of invasion, late in July, and a certain Mrs. Fosdick appeared like a strange sail on the far horizon, I suffered much from apprehension. I had been living in the quaint little house with as much comfort and unconsciousness as if it were a larger body, or a double shell, in whose simple convolutions Mrs. Todd and I had secreted ourselves, until some wandering hermit crab of a visitor marked the little spare room for her own. Perhaps now and then a castaway on a lonely desert island dreads the thought of being rescued. I heard of Mrs. Fosdick for the first time with a selfish sense of objection; but after all, I was still vacation-tenant of the schoolhouse, where I could always be alone, and it was impossible not to sympathize with Mrs. Todd, who, in spite of some preliminary grumbling, was really delighted with the prospect of entertaining an old friend.

For nearly a month we received occasional news of Mrs. Fosdick, who seemed to be making a royal progress from house to house in the inland neighborhood, after the fashion of Queen Elizabeth. One Sunday after another came and went, disappointing Mrs. Todd in the hope of seeing her guest at church and fixing the day for the great visit to begin; but Mrs. Fosdick was not ready to commit herself to a date. An assurance of "some time this week" was not sufficiently definite from a free-footed housekeeper's point of view, and Mrs. Todd put aside all herb-gathering plans, and went through the various stages of expectation, provocation, and despair. At

last she was ready to believe that Mrs. Fosdick must have forgotten her promise and returned to her home, which was vaguely said to be over Thomaston way. But one evening, just as the supper-table was cleared and "readied up," and Mrs. Todd had put her large apron over her head and stepped forth for an evening stroll in the garden, the unexpected happened. She heard the sound of wheels, and gave an excited cry to me, as I sat by the window, that Mrs. Fosdick was coming right up the street.

"She may not be considerate, but she's dreadful good company," said Mrs. Todd hastily, coming back a few steps from the neighborhood of the gate. "No, she ain't a mite considerate, but there's a small lobster left over from your tea; yes, it's a real mercy there's a lobster. Susan Fosdick might just as well have passed the compliment o' comin' an hour ago."

"Perhaps she has had her supper," I ventured to suggest, sharing the housekeeper's anxiety, and meekly conscious of an inconsiderate appetite for supper after a long expedition up the bay. There were so few emergencies of any sort at Dunnet Landing that this one appeared overwhelming.

"No, she's rode 'way over from Nahum Brayton's place. I expect they were busy on the farm, and could n't spare the horse in proper season. You just sly out an' set the teakettle on again, dear, an' drop in a good han'ful o' chips; the fire's all alive. I'll take her right up to lay off her things, an' she'll be occupied with explanations an' gettin' her bunnit off, so you'll have plenty o' time. She's one I should n't like to have find me unprepared."

Mrs. Fosdick was already at the gate, and Mrs. Todd now turned with an air of complete surprise and delight to welcome her.

"Why, Susan Fosdick," I heard her exclaim in a fine unhindered voice, as if she were calling across a field, "I come near giving of you up! I was afraid you'd gone an' 'portioned out my visit to somebody else. I s'pose you've been to supper?"

"Lor', no, I ain't, Almiry Todd," said Mrs. Fosdick cheerfully, as she turned, laden with bags and bundles, from making her adieux to the boy driver. "I ain't had a mite o' supper, dear. I've been lottin' all the way on a cup o' that best tea o' yourn, — some o' that Oolong you keep in the little chist. I don't want none o' your useful herbs."

"I keep that tea for ministers' folks," gayly responded Mrs. Todd. "Come right along in, Susan Fosdick. I declare if you ain't the same old sixpence!"

As they came up the walk together, laughing like girls, I fled, full of cares, to the kitchen, to brighten the fire and be sure that the lobster, sole dependence of a late supper, was well out of reach of the cat. There proved to be fine reserves of wild raspberries and bread and butter, so that I regained my composure, and waited impatiently for my own share of this illustrious visit to begin. There was an instant sense of high festivity in the evening air from the moment when our guest had so frankly demanded the Oolong tea.

The great moment arrived. I was formally presented at the stair-foot, and the two friends passed on to the kitchen, where I soon heard a hospitable clink of crockery and the brisk stirring of a tea-cup. I sat in my high-backed rocking-chair by the window in the front room with an unreasonable feeling of being left out, like the child who stood at the gate in Hans Andersen's story. Mrs. Fosdick did not look, at first sight, like a person of great social gifts. She was a serious-looking little bit of an old woman, with a birdlike nod of the head. I had often been told that she was the "best hand in the world to make a visit," — as if to

visit were the highest of vocations; that everybody wished for her, while few could get her; and I saw that Mrs. Todd felt a comfortable sense of distinction in being favored with the company of this eminent person who "knew just how." It was certainly true that Mrs. Fosdick gave both her hostess and me a warm feeling of enjoyment and expectation, as if she had the power of social suggestion to all neighboring minds.

The two friends did not reappear for at least an hour. I could hear their busy voices, loud and low by turns, as they ranged from public to confidential topics. At last Mrs. Todd kindly remembered me and returned, giving my door a ceremonious knock before she stepped in, with the small visitor in her wake. She reached behind her and took Mrs. Fosdick's hand as if she were young and bashful, and gave her a gentle pull forward.

"There, I don't know whether you're goin' to take to each other or not; no, nobody can't tell whether you'll suit each other, but I expect you'll get along some way, both having seen the world," said our affectionate hostess. "You can inform Mis' Fosdick how we found the folks out to Green Island the other day. She's always been well acquainted with mother. I'll slip out now an' put away the supper things an' set my bread to rise, if you'll both excuse me. You come out an' keep me company when you get ready, either or both." And Mrs. Todd, large and amiable, disappeared and left us.

Being furnished not only with a subject of conversation, but with a safe refuge in the kitchen in case of incompatibility, Mrs. Fosdick and I sat down, prepared to make the best of each other. I soon discovered that she, like many of the elder women of that coast, had spent a part of her life at sea, and was full of a good traveler's curiosity and enlightenment. By the time we thought it discreet to join our hostess we were already sincere friends.

You may speak of a visit's setting in as well as a tide's, and it was impossible, as Mrs. Todd whispered to me, not to be pleased at the way this visit was setting in; a new impulse and refreshing of the social currents and seldom visited bays of memory appeared to have begun. Mrs. Fosdick had been the mother of a large family of sons and daughters, — sailors and sailors' wives, — and most of them had died before her. I soon grew more or less acquainted with the histories of all their fortunes and misfortunes, and subjects of an intimate nature were no more withheld from my ears than if I had been a shell on the mantelpiece. Mrs. Fosdick was not without a touch of dignity and elegance; she was fashionable in her dress, but it was a curiously well-preserved provincial fashion of some years back. In a wider sphere one might have called her a woman of the world, with her unexpected bits of modern knowledge, but Mrs. Todd's wisdom was an intimation of truth itself. She might belong to any age, like an idyl of Theocritus; but while she always understood Mrs. Fosdick, that entertaining pilgrim could not always understand Mrs. Todd.

That very first evening my friends plunged into a borderless sea of reminiscences and personal news. Mrs. Fosdick had been staying with a family who owned the farm where she was born, and she had visited every sunny knoll and shady field corner; but when she said that it might be for the last time, I detected in her tone something expectant of the contradiction which Mrs. Todd promptly offered.

"Almiry," said Mrs. Fosdick, with sadness, "you may say what you like, but I am one of nine brothers and sisters brought up on the old place, and we're all dead but me."

"Your sister Dailey ain't gone, is she? Why, no, Louisa ain't gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd, with surprise. "Why, I never heard of that occurrence!"

"Yes 'm; she passed away last October, in Lynn. She had made her distant home in Vermont State, but she was making a visit to her youngest daughter. Louisa was the only one of my family whose funeral I was n't able to attend, but 't was a mere accident. All the rest of us were settled right about home. I thought it was very slack of 'em in Lynn not to fetch her to the old place; but when I came to hear about it, I learned that they'd recently put up a very elegant monument, with stone trimming round the lot, and my sister Dailey was always great for show. She'd just been out to see the monument the week before she was taken down, and admired it so much that they felt sure of her wishes."

"So she's really gone, and the funeral was up to Lynn!" repeated Mrs. Todd, as if to impress the sad fact upon her mind. "She was some years younger than we be, too. I recollect the first day she ever came to school; 't was that first year mother sent me inshore to stay with aunt Topham's folks and get my schooling. You fetched little Louisa to school one Monday mornin' in a pink dress an' her long curls, and she set between you an' me, and got cryin' after a while, so the teacher sent us home with her at recess."

"She was scared of seeing so many children about her; there was only her and me and brother John at home then; the older boys were to sea with father, an' the rest of us wa'n't born," explained Mrs. Fosdick.

"Little Louisa was a beautiful child; yes, I always thought Louisa was very pretty," Mrs. Todd said. "She was a dear little girl in those days. She favored your mother; the rest of you took after your father's folks."

"We did certain," agreed Mrs. Fosdick, rocking steadily. "There, it does seem so pleasant to talk with an old acquaintance that knows what you know. I see so many of these new folks nowadays, that seem to have neither past nor

future. Conversation's got to have some root in the past, or else you've got to explain every remark you make, an' it wears a person out."

Mrs. Todd gave a funny little laugh. "Yes'm, old friends is always best, 'less you can catch a new one that's fit to make an old one out of," she said, and we gave an affectionate glance at each other which Mrs. Fosdick could not have understood, being the latest comer to the house.

### XIII.

One evening my ears caught a mysterious allusion which Mrs. Todd made to Shell-heap Island. It was a chilly night of cold northeasterly rain, and I made a fire for the first time in the Franklin stove in my room, and begged my two housemates to come in and keep me company. The weather had convinced Mrs. Todd that it was time to make a supply of cough-drops, and she had been bringing forth herbs from dark and dry hiding-places, until now the pungent dust and odor of them had resolved themselves into one mighty flavor of spearmint that came from a simmering caldron of syrup in the kitchen. She called it done, and well done, and had ostentatiously left it to cool, and taken her knitting-work because Mrs. Fosdick was busy with hers. They sat in the two rocking-chairs, the small woman and the large one, but now and then I could see that Mrs. Todd's thoughts remained with the cough-drops. The time of gathering herbs was nearly over, but the time of syrups and cordials had begun.

The heat of the open fire made us a little drowsy, but something in the way Mrs. Todd spoke of Shell-heap Island waked my interest. I waited to see if she would say any more, and then took a roundabout way back to the subject by saying what was first in my mind: that I wished the Green Island family were there to spend the evening with us,

— Mrs. Todd's mother and her brother William.

Mrs. Todd smiled, and drummed on the arm of the rocking-chair. "Might scare William to death," she warned me; and Mrs. Fosdick mentioned her intention of going out to Green Island to stay two or three days, if this wind did n't make too much sea.

"Where is Shell-heap Island?" I ventured to ask, seizing the opportunity.

"Bears nor'east somewheres about three miles from Green Island; right off-shore, I should call it about eight miles out," said Mrs. Todd. "You never was there, dear; 't is off the thoroughfares, and a very bad place to land at best."

"I should think 't was," agreed Mrs. Fosdick, smoothing down her black silk apron. "'T is a place worth visitin' when you once get there. Some o' the old folks was kind o' fearful about it. 'T was 'counted a great place in old Indian times; you can pick up their stone tools 'most any time if you hunt about. There's a beautiful spring o' water, too. Yes, I remember when they used to tell queer stories about Shell-heap Island. Some said 't was a great bangeing-place for the Indians, and an old chief resided there once that ruled the winds; and others said they'd always heard that once the Indians come down from up country an' left a captive there without any bo't, an' 't was too far to swim across to Black Island, so called, an' he lived there till he perished."

"I've heard say he walked the island after that, and sharp-sighted folks could see him an' lose him like one o' them citizens Cap'n Littlepage was acquainted with up to the north pole," announced Mrs. Todd grimly. "Anyway, there was Indians,—you can see their shell-heap that named the island; and I've heard myself that 't was one o' their cannibal places, but I never could believe it. There never was no cannibals on the coast o' Maine. All the Indians o' these regions are tame-looking folks."

"Sakes alive, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Fosdick. "Ought to see them painted savages I've seen when I was young out in the South Sea Islands! That was the time for folks to travel, 'way back in the old whalin' days!"

"Whalin' must have been dull for a lady, hardly ever makin' a lively port, and not takin' in any mixed cargoes," said Mrs. Todd. "I never desired to go a whalin' v'y'ge myself."

"I used to return feelin' very slack an' behind the times, 't is true," explained Mrs. Fosdick, "but 't was excitin', an' we always done extra well, and felt rich when we did get ashore. I liked the variety. There, how times have changed; how few seafarin' families there are left! What a lot o' queer folks there used to be about here, anyway, when we was young, Almiry. Everybody's just like everybody else, now; nobody to laugh about, and nobody to cry about."

It seemed to me that there were peculiarities of character in the region of Dunnet Landing yet, but I did not like to interrupt.

"Yes," said Mrs. Todd after a moment of meditation, "there was certain a good many curiosities of human natur' in this neighborhood years ago. There was more energy then, and in some the energy took a singular turn. In these days the young folks is all copy-cats, 'fraid to death they won't be all just alike; as for the old folks, they pray for the advantage o' bein' a little different."

"I ain't heard of a copy-cat this great many years," said Mrs. Fosdick, laughing; "'t was a favorite term o' my grandmother's. No, I wa'n't thinking o' those things, but of them strange strayin' creatur's that used to rove the country. You don't see them now, or the ones that used to hive away in their own houses with some strange notion or other."

I thought again of Captain Littlepage, but my companions were not reminded

of his name; and there was brother William at Green Island, whom we all three knew.

"I was talking o' poor Joanna the other day. I had n't thought of her for a great while," said Mrs. Fosdick abruptly. "Mis' Brayton an' I recalled her as we sat together sewing. She was one o' your peculiar persons, wa'n't she? Speaking of such persons," she turned to explain to me, "there was a sort of a nun or hermit person lived out there for years all alone on Shell-heap Island. Miss Joanna Todd, her name was, — a cousin o' Almiry's late husband."

I expressed my interest, but as I glanced at Mrs. Todd I saw that she was confused by sudden affectionate feeling and unmistakable desire for reticence.

"I never want to hear Joanna laughed about," she said anxiously.

"Nor I," answered Mrs. Fosdick reassuringly. "She was crossed in love, — that was all the matter to begin with; but as I look back, I can see that Joanna was one doomed from the first to fall into a melancholy. She retired from the world for good an' all, though she was a well-off woman. All she wanted was to get away from folks; she thought she was n't fit to live with anybody, and wanted to be free. Shell-heap Island come to her from her father, and first thing folks knew she'd gone off out there to live, and left word she did n't want no company. 'T was a bad place to get to, unless the wind an' tide were just right; 't was hard work to make a landing."

"What time of year was this?" I asked.

"Very late in the summer," Mrs. Fosdick said. "No, I never could laugh at Joanna, as some did. She set everything by the young man, an' they were going to marry in about a month, when he got bewitched with a girl 'way up the bay, and married her, and went off to Massachusetts. He was n't well thought of, — there were those who thought Jo-

anna's money was what had tempted him; but she 'd given him her whole heart, an' she wa'n't so young as she had been. All her hopes were built on marryin', an' havin' a real home and somebody to look to; she acted just like a bird when its nest is spoilt. The day after she heard the news she was in dreadful woe, but the next she came to herself very quiet, and took the horse and wagon, and drove fourteen miles to the lawyer's, and signed a paper givin' her half of the farm to her brother. They never had got along very well together, but he did n't want to sign it, till she acted so distressed that he gave in. Edward Todd's wife was a good woman, who felt very bad indeed, and used every argument with Joanna; but Joanna took a poor old boat that had been her father's and lo'ded in a few things, and off she put all alone, with a good land breeze, right out to sea. Edward Todd ran down to the beach, an' stood there cryin' like a boy to see her go, but she was out o' hearin'. She never stepped foot on the mainland again long as she lived."

"How large an island is it? How did she manage in winter?" I asked.

"Perhaps thirty acres, rocks and all," answered Mrs. Todd, taking up the story gravely. "There can't be much of it that the salt spray don't fly over in storms. No, 't is a dreadful small place to make a world of; it has a different look from any of the other islands, but there's a sheltered cove on the south side, with mud-flats across one end of it at low water where there's excellent clams, and the big shell-heap keeps some o' the wind off a little house her father took the trouble to build when he was a young man. They said there was an old house built o' logs there before that, with a kind of natural cellar in the rock under it. He used to stay out there days to a time, and anchor a little sloop he had, and dig clams to fill it, and sail up to Portland. They said the dealers always gave him an extra price, the

clams were so noted. Joanna used to go out and stay with him. They were always great companions, so she knew just what 't was out there. There was a few sheep that belonged to her brother an' her, but she bargained for him to come and get them on the edge o' cold weather. Yes, she desired him to come for the sheep; an' his wife thought perhaps Joanna 'd return, but he said no, an' lo'ded the bo't with warm things an' what he thought she 'd need through the winter. He come home with the sheep an' left the other things by the house, but she never so much as looked out o' the window. She done it for a penance. She must have wanted to see Edward by that time."

Mrs. Fosdick was fidgeting with eagerness to speak.

"Some thought the first cold snap would set her ashore, but she always remained," concluded Mrs. Todd soberly.

"Talk about the men not having any curiosity!" exclaimed Mrs. Fosdick scornfully. "Why, the waters round Shell-heap Island were white with sails all that fall. 'T was never called no great of a fishin'-ground before. Many of 'em made excuse to go ashore to get water at the spring; but at last she spoke to a bo't-load, very dignified and calm, and said that she 'd like it better if they 'd make a practice of getting water to Black Island or somewheres else and leave her alone, except in case of accident or trouble. But there was one man who had always set everything by her from a boy. He 'd have married her if the other had n't come about an' spoilt his chance, and he used to get close to the island, before light, on his way out fishin', and throw a little bundle 'way up the green slope front o' the house. His sister told me she happened to see, the first time, what a pretty choice he made o' useful things that a woman would feel lost without. He stood off fishin', and could see them in the grass all day, though sometimes she 'd come out and



walk right by them. There was other bo'ts near, out after mackerel. But early next morning his present was gone. He did n't presume too much, but once he took her a nice firkin o' things he got up to Portland, and when spring come he landed her a hen and chickens in a nice little coop. There was a good many old friends had Joanna on their minds."

"Yes," said Mrs. Todd, losing her sad reserve in the growing sympathy of these reminiscences. "How everybody used to notice whether there was smoke out of the chimney! The Black Island folks could see her with their spy-glass, and if they'd ever missed getting some sign o' life they'd have sent notice to her folks. But after the first year or two Joanna was more and more forgotten as an every-day charge. Folks lived very simple in those days, you know," she continued, as Mrs. Fosdick's knitting was taking much thought at the moment. "I expect there was always plenty of driftwood thrown up, and a poor failin' patch of spruces covered all the north side of the island, so she always had something to burn. She was very fond of workin' in the garden ashore, and that first summer she began to till the little field out there, and raised a nice parcel o' potatoes. She could fish, o' course, and there was all her clams an' lobsters. You can always live well in any wild place by the sea when you'd starve to death up country, except 't was berry time. Joanna had berries out there, blackberries at least, and there was a few herbs in case she needed them. Mullein in great quantities and a plant o' wormwood I remember seeing once when I stayed there, long before she fled out to Shell-heap. Yes, I recall the wormwood, which is always a planted herb, so there must have been folks there before the Todds' day. A growin' bush makes the best gravestone; that wormwood always stood to me for somebody's solemn monument. Catnip, too, is a very enduring herb about an old place."

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"But what I want to know is what she did for other things," interrupted Mrs. Fosdick. "Almiry, what did she do for clothin' when she needed to replenish, or risin' for her bread, or the piece-bag that no woman can live long without?"

"Or company," suggested Mrs. Todd. "Joanna was one that loved her friends. There must have been a terrible sight o' long winter evenin's that first year."

"There was her hens," suggested Mrs. Fosdick, after reviewing the melancholy situation. "She never wanted the sheep after that first season. There wa'n't no proper pasture for sheep after the June grass was past, and she ascertained the fact and could n't bear to see them suffer; but the chickens done well. I remember sailin' by one spring afternoon, an' seein' the coops out front o' the house in the sun. How long was it before you went out with the minister? You were the first ones that ever really got ashore to see Joanna."

I had been reflecting upon a state of society which admitted such personal freedom and a voluntary hermitage. There was something mediæval in the behavior of poor Joanna Todd under a disappointment of the heart. The two women had drawn closer together, and were talking on, quite unconscious of a listener.

"Poor Joanna!" said Mrs. Todd again, and sadly shook her head as if there were things one could not speak about.

"I called her a great fool," declared Mrs. Fosdick, with spirit, "but I pitied her then, and I pity her far more now. Some other minister would have been a great help to her, — one that preached self-forgetfulness and doin' for others to cure our own ills; but Parson Dimmick was a vague person, well meanin', but very numb in his feelin's. I don't suppose at that troubled time Joanna could think of any way to mend her troubles except to run off and hide."

"Mother used to say she did n't see how Joanna lived without having nobody to do for, getting her own meals and tending her own poor self day in an' day out," said Mrs. Todd sorrowfully.

"There was the hens," repeated Mrs. Fosdick kindly. "I expect she soon came to makin' folks o' them. No, I never went to work to blame Joanna, as some did. She was full o' feeling, and her troubles hurt her more than she could bear. I see it all now as I could n't when I was young."

"I suppose in old times they had their shut-up convents for just such folks," said Mrs. Todd, as if she and her friend had disagreed about Joanna once, and were now in happy harmony. She seemed to speak with new openness and freedom. "Oh yes, I was only too pleased when the Reverend Mr. Dimmick invited me to go out with him. He had n't been very long in the place when she left home and friends. 'T was one day that next summer after she went, and I had been married early in the spring. He felt that he ought to go out and visit her. She was a member of the church, and might wish to have him consider her spiritual state. I wa'n't so sure o' that, but I always liked Joanna, and I'd come to be her cousin by marriage. Nathan an' I had conversed about goin' out to pay her a visit, but he got his chance to sail sooner 'n he expected. He always thought everything of her, and last time he come home, knowing nothing of her change, he brought her a beautiful coral pin from a port he'd touched at somewheres up the Mediterranean. So I wropped the little box in a nice piece of paper and put it in my pocket, and picked her a bunch of fresh lemon balm, and off we started."

Mrs. Fosdick laughed. "I remember hearin' about your trials on the v'y'ge," she said.

"Why, yes," continued Mrs. Todd in her company manner. "I picked her the balm, an' we started. Why, yes,

Susan, the minister liked to have cost me my life that day. He would fasten the sheet, though I advised against it. He said the rope was rough an' cut his hand. There was a fresh breeze, an' he went on talking rather high flown, an' I felt some interested. All of a sudden there come up a gust, and he give a screech and stood right up and called for help, 'way out there to sea. I knocked him right over into the bottom o' the bo't, getting by to catch hold of the sheet an' untie it. He was n't but a little man; I helped him right up after the squall passed, and made a handsome apology to him, but he did act kind o' offended."

"I do think they ought not to settle them landlocked folks in parishes where they're liable to be on the water," insisted Mrs. Fosdick. "Think of the families in our parish that was scattered all about the bay, and what a sight o' sails you used to see, in Mr. Dimmick's day, standing across to the mainland on a pleasant Sunday morning, filled with church-going folks, all sure to want him some time or other! You could n't find no doctor that would stand up in the boat and screech if a flaw struck her."

"Old Dr. Bennett had a beautiful sail-boat, did n't he?" responded Mrs. Todd. "And how well he used to brave the weather! Mother always said that in time o' trouble that tall white sail used to look like an angel's wing comin' over the sea to them that was in pain. Well, there's a difference in gifts. Mr. Dimmick was not without light."

"'T was light o' the moon, then," snapped Mrs. Fosdick; "he was pompous enough, but I never could remember a single word he said. There, go on, Mis' Todd; I forget a great deal about that day you went to see poor Joanna."

"I felt she saw us coming, and knew us a great way off: yes, I seemed to feel it within me," said our friend, laying down her knitting. "I kept my seat, and took the bo't inshore without say-

ing a word; there was a short channel that I was sure Mr. Dimmick was n't acquainted with, and the tide was very low. She never came out to warn us off nor anything, and I thought, as I hauled the bo't up on a wave and let the Reverend Mr. Dimmick step out, that it was somethin' gained to be safe ashore. There was a little smoke out o' the chimney o' Joanna's house, and it did look sort of homelike and pleasant with wild mornin'-glory vines trained up; an' there was a plot o' flowers under the front window, portulacas and things. I believe she'd made a garden once, when she was stopping there with her father, and some things must have seeded in. It looked as if she might have gone over the other side of the island. 'T was neat and pretty all about the house, and a lovely day in July. We walked up from the beach together very sedate, and I felt for poor Nathan's little pin to see if 't was safe in my dress pocket. All of a sudden Joanna come right to the fore door and stood there, not sayin' a word."

#### XIV.

My companions and I had been so intent upon the subject of the conversation that we had not heard any one open the gate, but at this moment, above the noise of the rain, we heard a loud knocking. We were all startled as we sat by the fire, and Mrs. Todd rose hastily and went to answer the call, leaving her rocking-chair in violent motion. Mrs. Fosdick and I heard an anxious voice at the door speaking of a sick child, and Mrs. Todd's kind, motherly voice inviting the messenger in: then we waited in silence. There was a sound of heavy dropping of rain from the eaves and the distant roar and undertone of the sea. My thoughts flew back to the lonely woman on her outer island; what separation from humankind she must have felt, what ter-

ror and sadness, even in a summer storm like this!

"You send right after the doctor if she ain't better in half an hour," said Mrs. Todd to her worried customer as they parted; and I felt a warm sense of comfort in the evident resources of even so small a neighborhood, but for the poor hermit Joanna there was no neighbor on a winter night.

"How did she look?" demanded Mrs. Fosdick, without preface, as our large hostess returned to the little room with a mist about her from standing long in the wet doorway, and the sudden draught of her coming beat out the smoke and flame from the Franklin stove. "How did poor Joanna look?"

"She was the same as ever, except I thought she looked smaller," answered Mrs. Todd after thinking a moment; perhaps it was only a last considering thought about her patient. "Yes, she was just the same, and looked very nice, Joanna did. I had been married since she left home, an' she treated me like her own folks. I expected she'd look strange, with her hair turned gray in a night or somethin', but she wore a pretty gingham dress I'd often seen her wear before she went away; she must have kept it nice for best in the afternoons. She always had beautiful, quiet manners. I remember she waited till we were close to her, and then kissed me real affectionate and inquired for Nathan before she shook hands with the minister, and then she invited us both in. 'T was the same little house her father had built him when he was a bachelor, with one livin'-room, and a little mite of a bedroom out of it where she slept, but 't was neat as a ship's cabin. There was some old chairs, an' a seat made of a long box that might have held boat tackle an' things to lock up in his fishin' days, and a good enough stove so anybody could cook and keep warm in cold weather. I went over once from home

and stayed 'most a week with Joanna when we was girls, and those young happy days rose up before me. Her father was busy all day fishin' or clammin'; he was one o' the pleasantest men in the world, but Joanna's mother had the grim streak, and never knew what 't was to be happy. The first minute my eyes fell upon Joanna's face that day I saw how she had grown to look like Mis' Todd. 'T was the mother right over again."

"Oh dear me!" said Mrs. Fosdick.

"Joanna had done one thing very pretty. There was a little piece o' swamp on the island where good rushes grew plenty, and she 'd gathered 'em, and braided some beautiful mats for the floor and a thick cushion for the long bunk. She 'd showed a good deal of invention; you see there was a nice chance to pick up pieces o' wood and boards that drove ashore, and she 'd made good use o' what she found. There was n't no clock, but she had a few dishes on a shelf, and flowers set about in shells fixed to the walls, so it did look sort of homelike, though so lonely and poor. I could n't keep the tears out o' my eyes, I felt so sad. I said to myself, I must get mother to come over an' see Joanna; the love in mother's heart would warm her, an' she might be able to advise."

"Oh no, Joanna was dreadful stern," said Mrs. Fosdick.

"We were all settin' down very proper, but Joanna would keep stealin' glances at me as if she was glad I come. She had but little to say; she was real polite an' gentle, and yet forbiddin'. The minister found it hard," confessed Mrs. Todd; "he got embarrassed, an' when he put on his authority and asked her if she felt to enjoy religion in her present situation, an' she replied that she must be excused from answerin', I thought I should fly. She might have made it easier for him; after all, he was the minister and had taken some trouble to come out, though 't was kind of cold an' unfeelin' the way he inquired. I

thought he might have seen the little old Bible a-layin' on the shelf close by him, an' I wished he knew enough to just lay his hand on it an' read some-thin' kind an' fatherly 'stead of accusin' her, an' then given poor Joanna his blessin' with the hope she might be led to comfort. He did offer prayer, but 't was all about hearin' the voice o' God out o' the whirlwind; and I thought while he was goin' on that anybody that had spent the long cold winter all alone out on Shell-heap Island knew a good deal more about those things than he did. I got so provoked I opened my eyes an' stared right at him.

"She did n't take no notice, she kep' a nice respectful manner towards him, and when there come a pause she asked if he had any interest about the old Indian remains, and took down some queer stone gouges and hammers off of one of her shelves and showed them to him same 's if he was a boy. He remarked that he 'd like to walk over an' see the shell-heap; so she went right to the door and pointed him the way. I see then that she 'd made her some kind o' sandal-shoes out o' the fine rushes to wear on her feet; she stepped light an' nice in 'em as shoes."

Mrs. Fosdick leaned back in her rocking-chair and gave a heavy sigh.

"I did n't move at first, but I 'd held out just as long as I could," said Mrs. Todd, whose voice trembled a little. "When Joanna returned from the door, an' I could see that man's stupid back departin' among the wild rose bushes, I just ran to her an' caught her in my arms. I was n't so big as I be now, and she was older than me, but I hugged her tight, just as if she was a child. 'Oh, Joanna dear,' I says, 'won't you come ashore an' live 'long o' me at the Landin', or go over to Green Island to mother's when winter comes? Nobody shall trouble you, an' mother finds it hard bein' alone. I can't bear to leave you here'—and I burst right out cry-

ing. I'd had my own trials, young as I was, an' she knew it. Oh, I did entreat her; yes, I entreated Joanna."

"What did she say then?" asked Mrs. Fosdick, much moved.

"She looked the same way, sad an' remote through it all," said Mrs. Todd mournfully. "She took hold of my hand, and we sat down close together; 't was as if she turned round an' made a child of me. 'I have n't got no right to live with folks no more,' she said. 'You must never ask me again, Almiry: I've done the only thing I could do, and I've made my choice. I feel a great comfort in your kindness, but I don't deserve it. I have committed the unpardonable sin; you don't understand,' says she humbly. 'I was in great wrath and trouble, and my thoughts was so wicked towards God that I can't expect ever to be forgiven. I have come to know what it is to have patience, but I have lost my hope. You must tell those that ask how 't is with me,' she said, 'an' tell them I want to be alone.' I could n't speak; no, there wa'n't anything I could say, she seemed so above everything common. I was a good deal younger then than I be now, and I got Nathan's little coral pin out o' my pocket and put it into her hand; and when she saw it and I told her where it come from, her face did really light up for a minute, sort of bright an' pleasant. 'Nathan an' I was always good friends; I'm glad he don't think hard of me,' says she. 'I want you to have it, Almiry, an' wear it for love o' both o' us,' and she handed it back to me. 'You give my love to Nathan, — he's a dear good man,' she said; 'an' tell your mother, if I should be sick she must n't wish I could get well, but I want her to be the one to come.' Then she seemed to have said all she wanted to, as if she was done with the world, and we sat there a few minutes longer together. It was real sweet an' quiet except for a good many birds and the sea rollin' up on the beach; but at last

she rose, an' I did too, and she kissed me and held my hand in hers a minute, as if to say good-by; then she turned and went right away out o' the door and disappeared.

"The minister come back pretty soon, and I told him I was all ready, and we started down to the bo't. He had picked up some round stones and things and was carrying them in his pocket-handkerchief; an' he sat down amidships without making any question, and let me take the rudder an' work the bo't, an' made no remarks for some time, until we sort of eased it off speaking of the weather, an' subjects that arose as we skirted Black Island, where two or three families lived belongin' to the parish. He preached next Sabbath as usual, somethin' high soundin' about the creation, and I could n't help thinkin' he might never get no further; he seemed to know no remedies, but he had a great use of words."

Mrs. Fosdick sighed again. "Hearin' you tell about Joanna brings the time right back as if 't was yesterday," she said. "Yes, she was one o' them poor things that talked about the great sin; we don't seem to hear nothing about the unpardonable sin now, but you may say 't was not uncommon then."

"I expect that if it had been in these days, such a person would be plagued to death with idle folks," continued Mrs. Todd after a long pause. "As it was, nobody trespassed on her; all the folks about the bay respected her an' her feelin's; but as time wore on, after you left here, one after another ventured to make occasion to put somethin' ashore for her if they went that way. I know mother used to go to see her sometimes, and send William over now and then with something fresh an' nice from the farm. There is a point on the sheltered side where you can lay a boat close to shore an' land anything safe on the turf out o' reach o' the water. There were one or two others, old folks, that she would

see, and now an' then she'd hail a passin' boat an' ask for somethin'; and mother got her to promise that she would make some sign to the Black Island folks if she wanted help. I never saw her myself to speak to after that day."

"I expect nowadays, if such a thing happened, she'd have gone out West to her uncle's folks or up to Massachusetts and had a change, an' come home good as new. The world's bigger an' freer than it used to be," urged Mrs. Fosdick.

"No," said her friend. "'T is like bad eyesight, the mind of such a person: if your eyes don't see right there may be a remedy, but there's no kind of glasses to remedy the mind. No, Joanna was Joanna, and there she lays on her island where she lived and did her poor penance. She told mother the day she was dyin' that she always used to want to be fetched inshore when it come to the last; but she'd thought it over, and desired to be laid on the island, if 't was thought right. So the funeral was out there, a Saturday afternoon in September. 'T was a pretty day, and there wa'n't hardly a bo't on the coast within twenty miles that did n't head for Shell-heap cram-full o' folks, an' all real respectful, same 's if she'd always stayed ashore and held her friends. Some went out o' mere curiosity, I don't doubt, — there's always such to every funeral; but most had real feelin', and went purpose to show it. She'd got most o' the wild sparrows as tame as could be, livin' out there so long among 'em, and one flew right in and lit on the coffin an' begun to sing while Mr. Dimmick was speakin'. He was put out by it, an' acted as if he did n't know whether to stop or go on. I may have been prejudiced, but I wa'n't the only one thought the poor little bird done the best of the two."

"What became o' the man that treated her so, did you ever hear?" asked Mrs. Fosdick. "I know he lived up to Massachusetts for a while. Somebody

who came from the same place told me that he was in trade there an' doin' very well, but that was years ago."

"I never heard anything more than that; he went to the war in one o' the early rigiments. No, I never heard any more of him," answered Mrs. Todd. "Joanna was another sort of person, and perhaps he showed good judgment in marryin' somebody else, if only he'd behaved straightforward and manly. He was a shifty-eyed, coixin' sort of man, that got what he wanted out o' folks, an' only gave when he wanted to buy, made friends easy and lost 'em without knowin' the difference. She'd had a piece o' work tryin' to make him walk accordin' to her right ideas, but she'd have had too much variety ever to fall into a melancholy. Some is meant to be the Joannas in this world, an' 't was her poor lot."

## XV.

Some time after Mrs. Fosdick's visit was over and we had returned to our former quietness, I was out sailing alone with Captain Bowden in his large boat. We were taking the crooked northeasterly channel seaward, and were well out from shore while it was still early in the afternoon. I found myself presently among some unfamiliar islands, and suddenly remembered the story of poor Joanna. There is something in the fact of a hermitage that cannot fail to touch the imagination; the recluses are a sad kindred, but they are never commonplace. Mrs. Todd had truly said that Joanna was like one of the saints in the desert; the loneliness of sorrow will forever keep alive their sad succession.

"Where is Shell-heap Island?" I asked eagerly.

"You see Shell-heap now, layin' 'way out beyond Black Island there," answered the captain, pointing with outstretched arm as he stood, and holding the rudder with his knee.



"I should like very much to go there," said I, and the captain, without comment, changed his course a little more to the eastward and let the reef out of his mainsail.

"I don't know 's we can make an easy landin' for ye," he remarked doubtfully. "May get your feet wet; bad place to land. Trouble is I ought to have brought a tag-boat; but they clutch on to the water so, an' I do love to sail free. This gre't boat gets easy bothered with anything trailin'. 'T ain't breakin' much on the meetin'-house ledges; guess I can fetch in to Shell-heap."

"How long is it since Miss Joanna Todd died?" I asked, partly by way of explanation.

"Twenty-two years come September," answered the captain, after reflection. "She died the same year my youngest boy was born, an' the town house was burnt over to the Port. I did n't know but you merely wanted to hunt for some o' them Indian relics. Long 's you want to see where Joanna lived — No, 't ain't breakin' over the ledges; we'll manage to fetch across the shoals somehow, 'tis such a distance to go 'way round, and tide's risin'," he ended hopefully, and we sailed steadily on, the captain speechless with intent watching of a difficult course, until the small island with its low whitish promontory lay in full view before us under the bright afternoon sun.

The month was August, and I had seen the color of the islands change from the fresh green of June to a sunburnt brown that made them look like stone, except where the dark green of the spruces and fir balsam kept the tint that even winter storms might deepen, but not fade. The few wind-bent trees on Shell-heap Island were mostly dead and gray, but there were some bayberry bushes, and a stripe of light green ran along just above the shore, which I knew to be wild morning-glories. As we came close I could see the high stone walls of

a small square field, though there were no sheep left to assail it; and below there was a little harbor-like cove where Captain Bowden was boldly running the great boat in to seek a landing-place. There was a crooked channel of deep water which led close up against the shore.

"There, you hold fast for'ard there, an' wait for her to lift on the wave. You'll make a good landin' if you're smart; right on the port-hand side!" the captain called excitedly; and I, standing ready with high ambition, seized my chance and leaped over to the grassy bank.

"I'm beat if I ain't aground after all!" mourned the captain despondently.

But I could reach the bowsprit, and he pushed with the boat-hook, while the wind veered round a little as if on purpose and helped with the sail; so presently the boat was free and began to drift out from shore.

"Used to call this p'int Joanna's wharf privilege, but 't has worn away in the weather since her time. I thought one or two bumps would n't hurt us none, — paint's got to be renewed, anyway, — but I never thought she'd tetch. I figured on shyin' by," the captain apologized. "She's too gre't a boat to handle well in here; but I used to sort of shy by in Joanna's day, an' east a little somethin' ashore — some apples or a couple o' pears if I had 'em — on the grass, where she'd be sure to see."

I stood watching while Captain Bowden cleverly found his way back to deeper water. "You need n't make no haste," he called to me; "I'll keep within call. Joanna lays right up there in the far corner o' the field. There used to be a path led to the place. I always knew her well. I was out here to the funeral."

I found the path; it was touching to discover that this lonely spot was not without its pilgrims. Later generations will know less and less of Joanna her-

self, but there are paths trodden to the shrines of solitude the world over, — the world cannot forget them, try as it may; the feet of the young find them out because of curiosity and dim foreboding, while the old bring hearts full of remembrance. This plain anchorite had been one of those whom sorrow made too lonely to brave the sight of men, too timid to front the simple world she knew, yet valiant enough to live alone with her poor insistent human nature and the calms and passions of the sea and sky.

The birds were flying all about the field; they fluttered up out of the grass at my feet as I walked along, so tame that I liked to think they kept some happy tradition from summer to summer of the safety of nests and good fellowship of mankind. Poor Joanna's house was gone except the stones of its foundations, and there was little trace of her flower garden except a single faded sprig of much-enduring French pinks, which a great bee and a yellow butterfly were befriending together. I drank at the spring, and thought that now and

then some one would follow me from the busy, hard-worked, and simple-thoughted countryside of the mainland, which lay dim and dreamlike in the August haze as Joanna must have watched it many a day. There was the world, and here was she with eternity well begun. In the life of each of us, I said to myself, there is a place remote and islanded, and given to endless regret or secret happiness; we are each the unaccompanied hermit and recluse of an hour or a day; we understand our fellows of the cell to whatever age of history they may belong.

But as I stood alone on the island, in the sea-breeze, suddenly there came a sound of distant voices; gay voices and laughter from a pleasure-boat that was going seaward full of boys and girls. I knew, as if she had told me, that poor Joanna must have heard the like on many and many a summer afternoon, and must have welcomed the good cheer in spite of hopelessness and winter weather, and all the sorrow and disappointment in the world.

*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

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#### THE SPECULATIONS OF A STORY-TELLER.

"THE essence," once said a rather unpolished Senator to a friend of mine who gets a living by fiction, "the essence, the vital spark, of every artist's art is something which he can teach no man, and no man can teach him."

"Because that," passively replied my friend, Smith of New Orleans, "is simply the artist himself."

"Whatever the artist can formulate," persisted the other, "is merely the art's science!" And my friend's smile seemed to imply that if such utterances could not stand unsupported, it was only because of their extreme old age.

To keep the talk going and still give

it a turn, I remarked how constantly, in every art, men lament that they do so much more poorly than they know.

"And yet," said Smith, "in the literary artist, the wonder is how often he practices a better art than he formulates."

Smith has talent, but, like most of our living American story-tellers, is without extensive book-learning even in his own line of work. In those days, he was, besides, only too willing to be unacademical. I think the true way not to be academical is to be extra-academical. But his mistake, if it was one, is especially easy for a story-teller to make. We,

the public, are all trained as private writers, and to train as public writers is only to carry the same thing further. As the geologist's great treasury of verities lies mainly in the rocks and clays everywhere underfoot, the story-teller's lies so largely in the common soil of the human heart that the power of his imagination, the range of his sympathies, and the stature and beauty of his spirit, far more than any store of knowledge or finish of training, will determine his art. His workshop has no door; and being himself its best window for looking out upon the world, he ought to be also the best window for the world to look in upon his work and its machinery. He is on safest ground when he lets his art be her own interpreter. If at times he finds himself tempted to try another way besides, I doubt, with Smith, if it be best to build at this late date any more pyramids of academical formulæ. I should like to acknowledge, as humbly as may be in good taste, that I have never pot-hunted in any domain of literary criticism. The ground in that direction has been traversed so often, and by men so opulently equipped with all the best guns, textbooks, field-glasses, herbariums, lines, rods, and flies for exhausting its opportunities, that one may easily fancy he sees on it some such de-risive signboard as we noticed, Smith and I, last summer, beside a tired rivulet in a secluded meadow among the Hampshire hills: "Fish here as much as you want."

However, I must not speak for others; but as for me, a story-teller, not a critic, whenever I am called before the curtain let me not mask as a critic; let me still wear the dress of my part. Probably no men in any profession more earnestly make it their duty to know the science—the systematically communicable portion—of their art than actors; yet you may have noticed what a distinguished Frenchman of the stage lately said concerning his final decision not to lecture

on the dramatic art while traveling in America: "I came to the conclusion that such a lecture from an actor would somehow seem to be explaining what his art had left uncomprehended." Was he not very nearly right? Art is her own interpreter, and she should make it plain.

Trouble is to get her to do it. In the very necessities of her nature she is as full of sweet concealments as a wise maiden. It is the artist, her lover, who, however he may forbear, from feelings of risk or awkwardness, formally to discourse upon her, still longs to have the world know her as he does, and will eagerly talk of her as long as he may keep up a brave pretense of choosing other themes, and of happening upon the thought of her quite through accident and only by pure analogy. Indeed, I will venture this as an axiom if I never venture a second: that the true story-teller is always a good lover.

Take him thus and you shall soon find him contriving every occasion to betray his heart. He is willing to be turned inside out, and rubbed and wrung, if so you may get any clearer view of his mistress's image woven in the fabric of his being since ever he was born. Do you like good wines, for a change from water,—wines that go not to the head, but to the heart? Try mine (he says), and I will be content. But if you must do more, if you must inquire into their bead and bouquet, ask me not for any lore of the vintners: come walk with me in the vineyard and talk of things at random; peradventure you shall find in its air and landscape cunninger secrets than those of the winepress or cellar, and enjoy the charm of their disclosure unsullied by any certainty of who gives and who receives. You may trust a lover's talk to hover round his mistress, mine around the Muse. To me she is everything's illustration, and in turn is illustrated by everything. Stories are the pictures in the world's huge volume

on Living, and whatever concerns man's living may help to explain the story-teller's art.

Yet three most common things may symbolize all. You remember how Carlyle says: "Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I reckon up to the extent of three: Cities, with their Cabinets and Arsenals; then tilled Fields, to either or to both of which divisions Roads with their Bridges may belong; and thirdly—Books. In which third truly, the last invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the two others." That is a majestically superfluous enlargement of what I would say. Give me for text—or pretext—but a house, a book, and a word, and I will tell all I know. I will not build arguments, but to your own constructive thought I will be a most conscientious hod-carrier; the greatest commandment of whose calling ever is *to make you feel to-day that you are entertained, and find to-morrow that you are profited.*

My present domicile, — ours, I should say, — the house we built only three years ago, seems to us, my spouse and me, the oldest we have ever had. By the time the interesting, smart smell of its raw materials had given place to the softer odor of habitancy and good house-keeping we found we had built so much of our very selves into it that it had put off its own hulking adolescence, and was beginning to share our antiquity, my consort's and mine; our middle ages, as it were. More than any earlier dwelling this last is our old house, because it fits us; because it is our adequate house, and so has that restful guise to the eye of our affections which a newly found truth has to a quick mind, an air of always having been with us.

I mention age, of course, only in esteem of it. When a hearty man tells his years, he is confessing, not their burden, but only their dignity. Strictly, his soul's experiences, not the years, are

his age; and as for the body, if we come to fine distinctions, we know well enough it is only somewhere between three and seven years old in the oldest of us. At fifty the soul has just moved into its eighth new body, which is its oldest nevertheless. Our very substitutes for flesh and blood share the soul's honors. We would never say, for example, that Rear-Admiral Tour-des-Indes is seventy-seven except his cork leg, which is scant thirty, and his wig, which is only nine. His body, both natural and artificial, is just the age of his stout old soul. Nor when he has dropped anchor at last in the haven we spell with two *e*'s shall we think of his body as being any older than on the day the soul vacated it.

So with a house. It stops amassing any goodness of age whenever its right occupant entertains the smallest notion of leaving it. Contrariwise, it borrows a certain age from futurity on the pledge that its inmates are in it to stay, — a kind of banking it could not do on any other form of securities.

Yes, a house well fitted to its family — we are eight in ours — is their larger body; bone of their bone, crustaceous shell of those who constitute its inner vitality. As St. Paul says, there is a natural body — and there is an architectural body. Often it seems to me quite as unfair to blab the nonage of a house as the age of a lady; and the confession that we built ours only three years ago we wish to have considered as in the strictest degree confidential. "A lady is as young as she looks, and a" — house is as old as it feels to us! So our house, being our architectural body, is "going on" fifty; that is, about half our combined years, my yokemate's and mine. A very decent age, I maintain, for an American house, even in Massachusetts, — even in Northampton, Massachusetts; although our friend Phebe's house, just over in Elm Street, is well along in its second century by the almanac, and has a history (not to be told here) with a famous

British general in it, — a most worthy old house, of genuine agedness. Sometimes as I go by it I ask my mind, What is this charm of age, that we prize it almost everywhere save in ourselves? and I think if I could know, I might tell why poetry and romance dwell so openly in the past, and only so deep hid in the present; why the very name of the "novel" is born of the first daring attempts to substitute new stories for old, the pure inventions of self-conscious literary art for the earlier, spontaneous outbursts of the mind still close to a state of nature. I might hazard the conjecture that age stands always — on first blush, at least — for survival. Survival, whether in fact or in memory, implies excellence, some wealth of quality, beautiful or terrible; it also implies vicissitudes, and therefore emotions, passions, fates; history, too, it implies, which is a recapitulation of the others, strained clear of the extraneous and the trivial. To reduce life to these strong, fair outlines is one of the daily longings of all that is best in us. In the present we daily fail. Time makes this good reduction for our past, and for the soul's easement we turn readily to the past and to the things which contain the most of the past concentrated and clarified within them. Or I might say — But I may as well confess I have no head for hard questions.

I have a notion that one reason why Tarryawhile, as we call our quiet domicile, seems old is that he who planned it for us made it new in fact and old in fashion with equal courage and sincerity; doing nothing to ageify it, but keeping its aspect of maturity well within all the probabilities of a casual observer's conjectures. At least we think so. We have a gambrel roof like Phebe's, and a reasonably fair right to it, I hope, for there is a smaller and much older house hid away inside the later structure. "Wicked John Clark's" house it was called when it stood a quarter of a mile

away in Elm Street, because its old-time builder and resident, a strong, true, thorough man, made abundant use of impious words, while a neighbor on the corner opposite him was distinguished as "Good John Clark" because he abstained therefrom. So much easier is it to brand a man — or a book — for hotly speaking wrong than for mildly leaving the right unspoken. Let us have strength; it is one of age's best meanings. For me, I'd rather, any day, a man's speech — or page — should have too much pepper than too little salt.

When we moved this earlier house to a ferny, bushy, hill-and-river outskirts of old Northampton, which still justifies the enthusiastic name given it fifty or more years ago, — when we moved the house, I say, to new foundations in "Paradise," unroofed it, ripped off its weather-boarding and sheathing and knocked out all its plastering, like robbers searching a soldier, and found in them no false pretense, in its nakedness no symptoms of decrepitude, and the spaces between the joists bricked up, so that its very skeleton was too puritanical to grin, I coveted these silent vindications of its early rough-tongued master, and invited his ghost to remain and make itself at home. And it did so; but it has lost its stanch old owner's grit and vim. I know both these facts absolutely; for sometimes, in my study, which is part of the older house, when I am alone and particularly vexed with my own unskillfulness of pen, I overhear Wicked John at his old sin pusillanimously reduced to its lowest terms: "Confound it!" "Doggon it!" "Drat the thing!"

Poor ghost! it has become, as we say, "weak rather than bad." Oh, loathsome fallacy! when all wickedness is weakness (of will or else of judgment), and as to the inner character, at least, to do a bad thing weakly is to do it worst. The cup I drink with hesitations and apologies will make me just as drunk as any other, — possibly more so.

Think what folly it would be to say of a house, It is weak rather than bad. But no more can it be true of a man, a woman, a child, or a book. Say he, she, or it is strong rather than bad, and there is a chance it may be true; but when any "weakness rather than badness" of man or book asks us for entertainment, or even for charity, whining that its middle name is still Goodness, say, "You lie; Righteousness has no poor relations," slam the door, and let the "wooden damn" take care of itself. Oh, I could preach —

Really, if I could just get a working majority of sweet women to adopt that rule, I could make — I don't want to seem immodest, as the ladies say, but — I could advance and improve the whole world, of houses, men, and books. The ladies retort in their modest-superior way that sweetness, too, is one part of goodness; but I recall Samson's riddle of the honey, and maintain that the true sweetness comes from nearest the lion's, from nearest the leonine heart. In life (or houses, or books, — they're all one; there is an architectural body and there is a bibliographical body) strength takes divers forms, and as across the strings of the violin, so everywhere, true sweetness is only one of the fairest phases, a perfect flower, of self-disciplined strength.

Another phase of it is courage. I once remarked to Smith, who has the story-teller's notion that morals are not yet an exact science, I remarked that, to my mind, courage, — not fearlessness, but the domination of fear by a will too strong for it, — courage, though not strictly one of the virtues, is the corner-stone of all.

"How, not a virtue?" he replied. "There are virtues of conduct and virtues of character; and courage, however you misuse it in conduct is still that virtue of character without which a man's whole moral structure rests on shifting sand. And yet — here's an odd thing — it is n't so with a woman. When we look into the face of a beautiful girl, courage is not what we most want to see."

"No," said I; "what we most want to see is truth."

"That's a misleading name for it," he objected thoughtfully. "It means too many different things. As to veracity, that's too often a virtue of bare conduct. Even in character it's a compound virtue, made of simpler ones, and people differ widely as to what it consists in."

For the moment I quite agreed with him. "So do religions," I said. "So do races. Latins and Anglo-Saxons despise each other's conceptions of it."

But he claimed still more. "It even varies with sex," he persisted. "The vivacity and delicacy of woman's fancy and feelings, and all the exigencies of her feminine situation, make her veracity as different from a man's as her courage has to be."

"One must allow," I admitted tardily, "that mere untruthfulness does n't imply in a woman that radical impotence of character which cowardice does in a man. Still, it's a mighty safeguard!"

"That's just what it is," said he. "T is n't a keel; it's a railing round the deck. In a petrified state it's the Puritan confessional." He lifted a finger, made sure there were no ladies present, and continued: —

"Once upon a time, very early in the history of sin, there lived a man whose guardian angel was beset by the devil to let him lead the man into all sorts of vice; offering that if within a certain period he could not draw him from mere vice into crime and keep him there, he would restore him to his angel to become a saint.

"The angel, who was cunning, — as indeed a guardian angel has to be, — at last consented, with this proviso: that one sin, which Satan considered the most inconsequential in the calendar as well as the most universal, the man should not be tempted to; he devil might lure him into every other vice, but the man must not lie.

"The devil spat on his tail for glee;



and went away singing to himself that never man was yet born whom he could not sink to perdition, let him but get nine broken commandments hanged about his neck. But before the allotted time had half expired he returned crestfallen, and begged the angel so to modify the terms that, if only now and then, in tight places and ever so slightly, the man might prevaricate. The angel said no, he would not run that hazard with any man; but, as it chanced, he was the guardian of twins; if the devil would exchange the man for the man's twin sister, he would risk it, if only to teach the tempter one more lesson. To this Satan agreed with new zest; but in less than half the first time he was once more back, to say, with lengthy elegance, that there were hidden stores of moral endurance in woman's delicate complexities which he had quite overlooked, and the angel might have both his charges back, return freight prepaid, if he would just keep the sister out of his (Satan's) way until such time as she might be willing to part with, not any mere rule or habit, but a certain *quality*, the cornerstone of her character.

"And is n't that veracity?" asked the angel.

"Oh, come!" giggled the black prince; and even the angel had to smile.

"I know what it is," he said: "it's the dominance of an affection stronger than self-love, and we call that dominance fidelity."

"Correct!" howled the devil, fell into a fit, and vanished, with a horror on his face as if he'd been offered ice-water.

"To put it all in two words," concluded Smith, "on fidelity *and* courage—the one as essential to our altruistic as the other to our egoistic integrity—reposes the whole arch of character. On these two commandments rest all true love and heroism."

"And all romance," I ventured.

"Which is to say," responded he, "all strong living."

"But not all strong story-telling," said I, and cited Lear, Othello, and such; but we soon agreed that tales of error and shame, while they may easily be as great as any, are at last, wherever faithfully handled, negative presentations of opposite virtues; an engraver's block set upside down, from which the right emotion is gently printed on our sympathies.

Herein, as Smith observed, lies one great value of stories of simple adventure and love,—of courage and constancy, that is, or their negatives: that, rightly told, they tune the heart to these virtues, and keep it keyed to them in the absence of actual experience and trial. "Spiritual skirmish drills and sham battles," he called them, "that help to gird the heart for the real fight which may come any day."

"But the great story-tellers," I began to suggest, "are not our drill-masters only. Have you not thought at times that as the great preachers (of all kinds) are our moral captains and colonels, the great story-tellers are our spiritual pickets and videttes, who?"—

"Sappers and miners, scouts, skirmishers, spies," broke in my friend,— "yes; always out on the farthest line of debated ground; some, now and again, venturing too far beyond the outposts and getting captured by the enemy; all of them doing gay, rough service, and hardly so much to be blamed as some other sorts of folk if they do not show up regularly at dress parade. They ought not to be scolded so often as they are for not keeping step with the rear-guard or the centre. That is n't their part in the world's march."

Thus we talked, much more than I need recount. Our minds were so at one that we could hardly keep up debate. While I was seeking a new trope for the story-tellers, he called them "an alert police in the disguise of cheerful out-of-work onlookers in society's great spiritual banking-house; detectives, for

all their happy-go-lucky, playful faces, ever scanning the most honored things with a fresh and wary judgment, and keeping our own moral inquiry and re-inquiry perpetually astir."

"No superfluous service," I rejoined, "when it makes us mindful that to every virtue of character there is some subtle counterfeit in conduct, some paper-money substitute, which constantly tends to drive the nobler coin out of circulation in commonplace life and the conventional mind. For modesty we have diffidence, for purity prudery, for courage hardihood, for constancy consistency, and so on through."

"Yes," he laughed, "the coin is so heavy and the paper money so convenient! I once said to my wife I wished I were a man of such strong living that my very sins might always be so big they would have to be left behind whenever I broke camp, and my warfare so active I should have to break camp every day; but she sighed something about 'doing more harm than good,' and I gave up the idea."

"You think our social pool," I asked, "is so full of carp that one can't be a trout and keep his reputation?"

"Yes," he said; "a single trout-leap of vigorous misconduct disgraces a whole virtue of character. Not only so, but, to come back to your first figure, our virtues themselves, to our own poor sight, sometimes look as counterfeit as the counterfeits look genuine. I once knew a man who so completely mistook his courage, or his constancy, — constancy often wears the mask of courage, — so mistook it, I say, for cowardice" — and from this Smith went on and on, as he is prone to do, until I had to ask him point-blank to let me finish what I was about to say of my house when he put me out, so to speak.

It was no more than this: that even a degenerate ghost in a house is far better than none. It helps to keep the house old. There is always more or less

danger of a house growing new. At times, coming upon my own house unaware, I catch it looking so, — smartly, pertly, startlingly new; its virtues of character and promises of conduct, even its paint, unproved; new, with the spanking, soul-sickening newness of an electric company's suburb; lots for sale on both sides of us, and our nearest neighbors a hundred yards off as the potato flies. Whereat my heart sinks, praying as it sinks that some great power the gift may give us to fill our house, and all its furniture, hangings, adornments, and denizens, quickly, oh quickly, with truth, — truth of every kind, of art, of science, of bodily shape, of sentiment, motive, affection, behavior; that so all such newness may be shamed off those walls and out those windows. For whatever Smith may say of corner-stones, truth is one of the capstones, and the true oldness of any person, thing, thought, song, or story is the solid content, not of fact, bah! but of eternal truth, in him or it.

Do I appear to give to oldness, to age, a fanciful meaning? What of it, if we understand? The quality I would imply is that which only the various kinds of truth hereinbefore inventoried can give to man's activities or products, and which, therefore, it generally takes age to give a house: a gainful loss of the inconsequential, the irrelevant, the false, the transient, leaving a purified richness of essentials which, after whatever preparatory discords, have subsided into harmony with the vibrations of the spiritual world. Thus age gives poetry to a house, charm to remembered vicissitudes, romance to an event or tale, — gives them, I mean, conditions pleasingly favorable to impassioned thought; conditions wherein the wicked and the weary are still living problems, yet, somehow, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Not that I would make newness its opposite. The man who cries for either

his heart or his house, "*Renew* a right spirit within me," is really asking the Ancient of Days to give him, or it, some share of that eternal trueness which is His only and awful age. "An old young man," says Franklin, "makes a young old man." Years are not the absolute essential. We find delight in the new nest, the new song, the new ship, the bride and groom, their new house, each new-blown rose, each recurring morn or May; yet what delights us in them is not all newness. Nay, verily, next May is already old, and when the word is fulfilled, "Behold, I make all things new," the *look* of newness shall have perished forever.

When this look on our house disturbs me, I go here and there, across and around about its grassy environment, and strive so to plan our homely lawn-gardening as to hasten the marriage of the house to surrounding nature. For a house well married to a good landscape gets at once some guise of matronly years, if only a sweet stepmotherly dignity and benevolence. One *must* picture to his mind a cottage of goodly age when he sings any such old Normande folk-song as one just now in my mind, that tells how

*"Par derrière chez ma tante"*

the nightingale sings in the laurel all the long day and all the night long.

Excepting the nightingale that is the case with our house. Before us, to north and east, the land is level and dotted with pretty homes; but from south to west, the woods, laurel bushes included, come up actually into our small back yard, and our scattered groups of half-wild shrubbery run in under the boughs of oak, chestnut, and pine like chicks under a hen every time a stranger walks or drives along our front. In that deep covert the timbered and thicketed ground breaks into ridges and ravines, and within the horizontal reach of scarce twice as many yards sinks tortuously some seventy feet to the shady margins of a small, boulder-strewn watercourse. Mill River the stream is slightly called, like

seven others in the State, but has historic right also to the name of Licking Water, said to commemorate the large rewards bestowed by Good John Clarks upon tender Benonis and Jabez for bathing in it, in the days when godliness came stingingly close to cleanliness.

It was these woods that brought us, house and all, to our present abiding-place. A furlong or so to our southeast, with only its lower windows hid by its pear and cherry trees, stands Red House, a sober, square brick cottage, which was our new house for seven years. We took comfort in lovely neighbors, and were on Paradise Hill, at the Paradise end of Paradise Road; and yet the house never mellowed. We had bought, not builded. The wood, Paradise itself, was still twenty rods away,—now it is distant but five of free earth and air,—and not only had some austere saint of earlier days fenced it in with barbed wire that left no inlet save a strait way of his own narrowing, but at times the sound of felling axe and falling tree came thence, besetting us with a helpless horror, as though it were a man beating his wife.

It was under these trees that Smith cited his illustration of courage mistaking itself for cowardice, which I would I might recount here, but I should have to leave out some of the things I said myself. Phebe was with us. "Is this actual fact?" said she, as he began.

"What matters that," he asked, "if you find it potentially true? Must not all your inferences be the same?"

"Ah," she replied, "if I know it's pure fact, I can make my inferences so much more confidently."

"Yes," he said, "but we can't await the arrival, or the conjunction, of the concrete facts. That would be the very rudest art of living. Why should our spiritual lives be no larger than the sum of all their material facts? There are countless questions of what is lovely and practicable, which it is quite practicable and lovely, and altogether best, for us to

settle in our minds and hearts before they spring up from ambush in our lives."

"We want our inferences first," I put in lightly.

"We certainly do," he insisted, "and there's a delightful cultivation for us, as well as keen pleasure, in drawing them from the supposable, which makes it quite fair for the story-teller to assume one common value for the supposable and the actual."

"And yet," I demurred, "there never was a story whose interest would not have been greater if, just as it was, it had been actual fact."

"But on the other hand," said Smith, "there never was a bunch of facts which would not have been more interesting if, just as they were, they could have possessed all, and only, the features and arrangement the story-teller would have liked them to have. His main purpose, however grave, however playful he may be, is to convey, not weighty information, but welcome emotions, thereby to establish, for the moment at least, and as much longer as he may, spiritual facts of life, in the sensibilities, sentiments, and affections of his readers. For him fact and fiction alike are but means to this end. He draws no distinctions between them. As long as facts serve him best he will use them, disguised as fiction. When fictions suit better he will use them, in the guise of facts. And when the improbable is his best instrument, as at times it may be, he does well to use it, if he can so wield it that in the end it is cheerfully forgiven by the head for the good it has brought to the heart."

My friend looked away from his three listeners, — did I not say there were three of us besides him? — and we were all silent, waiting, I thought, for the interrupted story. But presently said Phebe, "I wonder why we are so much more easily interested by fiction than by fact?"

"We are not," replied Smith. "Fiction that is only fiction has no pleasing

interest whatever. Nor is any such thing to be found in literature. It is the facts in the fiction, — not mixed with it, as some boor may mix sand with sugar, but the facts *in* the fiction, as our life is in our blood, — it is this that holds our interest. Every fact is interesting to every one interested in the group of facts to which it belongs, and every fact of the heart's experience is interesting to every true heart; so interesting that only by taking on the drapery of art can fiction compete with naked fact at all. Even in its most extravagant phases it is, after all, both spiritually and materially, mostly facts, — facts simply turned inside out and swapped about among their owners, as boys play at swapping caps and coats; or rather, made over into artistic form, — reshaped, that is, into clearer and more powerful relation than accident could ever work, to the whole mass of the world's facts, and especially to its great verities."

We were quiet again, and Smith, discerning our preference by our silence, in a kind of apologetic haste dropped his dogmatizing, and took up the waiting story, — a story-teller's old trick, always the one the best designed to win us to his preachment.

Nor have I found a good refutation of that preachment since. It *is* the living facts, material and spiritual, within this house, this architectural body, this Tarryawhile of fiction, that yields us all its deepest interest and sweetest and brightest pleasure; and the inditing of stories would be without excuse if actual happenings, or the books that tell of them, ever sustained that symmetrical concentration and foreshortening of incidents, that fullness of chord, that cadenced resolution from discord to harmony, from complexity to simplicity, which distinguishes all art from all mere nature, and by which fiction presents facts potently to our emotions and affections with a beautiful, supernatural economy of time, effort, and experience.

*G. W. Cable.*

## CONFESSIONS OF PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE writers of the professional autobiographies that follow were invited by *The Atlantic Monthly* frankly to relate their careers as teachers and superintendents of public schools, and to give the most important conclusions that their experience suggests. As the reader will discover, they are successful teachers whose work has been continuous for periods of from ten to thirty years; and their straightforward narratives reveal the forces that control the public school work in many sections of the country. These teachers were selected almost at random among the successful, and there is every reason to believe that their experience is typical. These confessions have their surprises, as all candid confessions have. For instance, now that the competitive system of appointment is applied to nearly all the minor officers of the national government, it is a surprise to learn to what extent the local politicians in many parts of the country keep their hold on the appointments of teachers. It will be a surprise, too, to many readers to observe the matter-of-fact way in which these teachers write about the influence of the publishers of textbooks in the selection and the retention of school officers. Surely, no other point of view gives so accurate a measure of the great social forces that act upon our school system as the point of view of teachers themselves. For obvious reasons names are withheld, but the writers of the following six "confessions," with one exception, live in the Western and the Southern States.

## I.

My early education was of the kind received by most professional men twenty years ago, including courses in a New

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England academy and a New England college; from the latter I was graduated at the age of twenty-one. I intended to study for a profession, but I began teaching to earn the necessary money. Teaching I did not consider a profession, nor did it occur to me that preliminary professional training was desirable or could be obtained; hence, whatever knowledge of educational principles I possess I have learned from experience and observation, and at the expense of the children. I shudder to think of the innocent victims who have been sacrificed to make me the very moderately successful pedagogue that I am. I have, however, always had an intense love for children, and this may have leavened some wretchedly bad teaching.

After a brief period as a teacher in a boarding-school, which I learned to abhor, I began work in the West as principal of a small high school, and for six years occupied similar positions in four different towns in two States; gradually becoming acquainted with the public schools and their needs, and being called from one place to another, each time at a higher salary.

I had one experience which really gave me my first insight into the semi-political character of our school system, and taught me that efficient work was not the only element of success. The city in which I was then living was subject to tidal waves of politics; the better element would occasionally succeed in electing a good school board, who would at once begin the work of reform, erecting new buildings, employing better teachers, and supplying a better equipment, — in short, doing that most reprehensible of all things, spending money for education. Then a popular wave of indignation would "turn the rascals out," and put in other and nobler citizens, who

spent less public money on education and more on themselves, and thus pleased the people. I was caught at the meeting of two of these waves and drowned. Four of the good citizens were still left on the board, and four "reformers" were elected. It may be interesting to note that one of the reformers was a young man of vaulting ambition who gave it out that he desired a position on the school board as a stepping-stone to higher things: he aspired to be a night policeman, and — a rare thing in this sad world — he accomplished both his purposes. The superintendent of schools announced that, since economy was in the air, he would show the board how to economize: he would himself fill two places, the superintendent's and the principal's. The four on one side said that if either were to fill two places it should be I; the four on the other side said it should be he: and thus did these hosts dash one upon the other, as the Dutch and the Yankees did in Irving's Knickerbocker New York, for more than four hundred ballots, until, despairing of ever seeing their homes again, they dropped us both and forthwith elected another man. This was my first experience with school politics.

In one of the States in which I taught, a system then prevailed almost universally, and is now very general, which is so bad that it is worthy of note. The superintendent of schools makes no pretension to be a schoolman; he is a politician, elected sometimes by the people, sometimes by the common council, with practically no educational duties. The salary is a few hundred dollars, enough to piece out the income of some decayed local politician. The one schoolman employed is the principal of the high school, in which institution an honorable pride is taken. The other schools are practically without supervision and without a high degree of merit.

After my six years' apprenticeship I was called to the city where I now re-

side, as principal of the high school, which position I held for six years. This period was altogether the most enjoyable of my educational career. With an efficient school superintendent to act as buffer, I was saved attacks from politicians, I received a good salary, and I had almost independent sway and good teachers. Under these circumstances there was no excuse for not building up a good high school. At the expiration of this happy time my evil genius seized me. A vacancy occurred in the office of superintendent, and I consented to take the place. Ah, woeful day that saw the beginning of my sorrows!

This city is one of many thriving Western cities, and it contains about 150,000 people. It has had its "boom" times and its times of depression, and public education has felt the influence of both. When I was first elected, the city was growing rapidly, extensive improvements were in progress in all directions, and money was made easily and spent without stint. The schools kept the pace set by the people. The growing population called for increased expenditures, and these were made. The erecting and the equipping of many buildings gave a great chance to those citizens who believe that "a public office is a private snap." The board was elected by precincts, a number of which were carried in the pockets of local politicians. Some districts always elected good men; some always elected bad men; some were doubtful. Buildings were erected wherever a real estate boom was started, and supplies were purchased for all present and future needs. It was a golden time; but, paradoxical as it may seem, it was a pretty good time for the schools. The corrupt members of the board, if there were any, were too busy "making improvements" to bother their heads about such minor matters as courses of study or the management of the schools, and these tasks were left to the superintendent, much to his satisfaction.



There were always a few good men on the board with whom I could work sympathetically, and to whom the others deferred in all matters relating to school management, so that as superintendent I was warmly supported and enabled to accomplish more than would seem possible, and I still have a sincere regard for many of that old board. They advanced the salary from \$3600, formerly paid the superintendent of schools, to \$4200, and evidently believed that the superintendent understood his business and the politician his, and that neither should interfere with the other. There were two things, however, that I could not directly control: one was the choice of textbooks, and the other was the discharge of inefficient teachers. The influence of certain publishing houses was always stronger than the recommendations of the superintendent in the matter of textbooks; but we had money enough, and I used to carry my point by the purchase of supplementary matter to be owned by the schools, so that both the publishers and the schools were happy.

I found many teachers who were totally unfit for their positions, some lacking in scholarship, some in teaching ability, and some in character. Some had held their places for many years through political influence, which was still strong enough to prevent their removal; but by examinations I succeeded in selecting new teachers who were better than the old ones. But a change was coming: financial depression was upon the country, the burden of taxation was heavy, and the people turned upon the school board, whose extravagance, they claimed, was the cause of much suffering. A bill was passed through the legislature abolishing the old board with all its powers, creating a new, small board, to be appointed by the mayor, and making it absolutely dependent upon the common council for money. The mayor made his first board an ideal one, appointing

to it men of the highest standing and attainments. The superintendent was delighted, and set to work with all speed to make hay while the sun shone. He revised the course of study, raised the standard of appointment, introduced manual training and kindergartens, and proceeded to free the schools from some of the worst of the teachers. Some of these had strong political "pulls" which had held them in their positions for years, and the tumult was great; but the board stood manfully by, and resisted not only the attacks of the politicians, but, what is harder, the insistence of those good, respectable citizens who always come to the rescue of the worst elements. School boards are not immortal, but hatred and revenge are. Members of this board tired of the stress; a new administration came in, and the new mayor wanted places on the school board for his friends. The new mayor, too, did not like the superintendent, who had voted against him. Soon the ideal board gave place to one containing some good men and some bad men, appointed for the expressly declared purpose of "downing" the superintendent, who had had the hardihood to close the public purse to undeserving pensioners of long standing. Again the attempt was made by the discharged teachers and their friends to use the new board for their purpose; but the superintendent had had the rules made rigid, so that it was difficult for the members of the board to force these unfit claimants in, and they did not do it. Then the opposition — for it had now become a decided opposition — organized attacks upon the superintendent's character, both private and official. These proved utterly futile, and the board that had been appointed to get rid of the superintendent reelected him by a large majority. The personal criticisms have since been renewed at intervals by the same persons, but with the effect each time of strengthening the superintendent with the community and with his board;

and he still holds on, relying upon the fairness of the school board, doing what he can, and commanding the support of all the better element of the people.

The school sentiment of this city is somewhat peculiar. People believe in the schools and are willing to sustain them, though in times of financial distress they are the first objects of attack. But the community is slow to appreciate improvements in the educational system, and in some instances it has met with rather violent opposition the best things that have been introduced. Objection was made to manual training, nature-study has been much ridiculed, and even the supplying of children with abundant reading matter has been opposed. Yet all these good things now receive popular support. Kindergartens have been in favor from the start, and although they were introduced very rapidly, there has been almost no objection to the necessary expense. I believe that I have done some good here, and that if I can stand the strain upon mind, body, and estate I shall be able to do still more.

I have emphasized the political conditions under which I have labored because they have been of so marked a character. During this time I have been a student of pedagogy, trying to master and to put into practice the newer educational thought. Much of my time at home is necessarily consumed in leading people to understand what the schools are doing, and why they are doing it. Notwithstanding the pressure of politics, the determination of the course of study and the appointment of teachers rest practically with me, so long as I have the courage to demand the best; and I believe that most superintendents would be able to say the same if they would venture to follow their convictions. But if I were to give advice, "how to be happy though a superintendent," I should say: "Do nothing, and look very wise; let things go as they will; take the credit for the good, blame the board or the

political system for the evil; and your name shall live long in the land, and your salary shall be raised every year."

## II.

Coming out of the war, in 1865, with no capital but a good college education, I took charge of the village school in the neighborhood where I had grown up. For three months this was free; for the rest of the school year — five months — tuition fees were charged. After paying my assistant, a lady whom I afterwards married, I was able to earn between \$300 and \$400 a year. Here I remained three or four years.

Then I accepted the more lucrative position of assistant in a new graded school at the county-seat. This was a town of about 4000 people. A liberal tax had been voted, a handsome building had been erected, and a board composed of the best citizens had been charged with the duty of organizing the school. I was rigidly examined in company with many other applicants, and I was chosen by the results of the examination. My salary was fixed at \$500 the first year, and raised each year, without solicitation, while I stayed. I received \$1000 the last year, and \$1200 was offered if I would withdraw my resignation and remain.

But I had already agreed to become the principal of a school in a bustling little city of about 30,000 inhabitants. I had seen an advertisement of the school board announcing an examination to fill vacancies. Five or six principals and forty or fifty teachers were wanted, at salaries ranging from \$400 to \$1400. I sent an application, which I followed in person. I was examined most thoroughly (I wrote answers to questions for five days, ten hours each day), and I was elected to the first position on the list.

An old army comrade of mine was

a member of the board. Seeing me among the applicants, he took me aside, on the first day, and tried to induce me to go home and save my board bill. He told me confidentially that the whole affair was a mere form, to satisfy three "reformers" who had lately come into the board; it was intended to demonstrate to these gentlemen that the teachers were well qualified for their posts. My friend and his party, the "hold-overs," were pledged, he assured me, to elect the old teachers; but they had promised the "reformers" to elect principals according to the record made in examination, and on this chance I remained. These wily "hold-overs" had not risked much in giving that promise, for they had obtained the questions from the examiners a week in advance, and had given them to the old principals. I owed my election to the fact that I made the best averages, notwithstanding the advantage that they had over me.

Ward politics governed school appropriations in this city. The next year every principal's salary was reduced \$100. The motion to reduce was championed by my army friend. He gave as his excuse, when I protested against it, that one of the principals had bought a baby buggy at another store after bargaining for one at his place; he was determined "to get even" with that man. After another year and another reduction, and after being assessed (I refused to pay the assessment) to help elect the old council, I applied for a position in a larger city. I was examined and passed to the eligible list. Two years later I secured the position that I now hold, the place of principal of a graded school in a city of more than 125,000 inhabitants.

My ups and downs in the little city had taught me that some sort of "pull" other than pedagogical qualifications was necessary to get a city position. I had joined the State Teachers' Association some years before, and had become ac-

quainted with the state superintendent and with some of the principals. I easily secured their aid, and the aid of a score or more of army comrades. These helps, more than my examination record, "pulled" me into a vacancy worth \$1650 per year. Once or twice it has yielded more, but oftener less. One year I was paid only \$1350. I have usually received \$1500, which is my salary this year.

This is the story, briefly told, of a little more than thirty years' service in the public schools. I am not a disappointed man. My vocation has given me a decent living, and support for my children as they have grown up; it has enabled me to lay by something for the rainy day that must come to every teacher; personally, I am content. But I do not think that I have done as much for my generation as I could have done had not adverse influences hindered me; and I believe this would be the testimony of every conscientious teacher with an experience parallel to mine. Very radical changes, therefore, are needed.

I have never worked in a community where the people were not willing to tax themselves, but I know of many localities where teachers are paid less than farm-hands. This should not be; the people should be educated to appreciate schools. Literature designed to instruct in the theory and the practice of education should be furnished to the masses. An educational campaign that will reach the people and inform them is one of the necessary steps for securing the ideal system.

School directors who sell positions or in any way use their trust for personal profit are a hindrance to progress. Their number is growing instead of diminishing. This I verily believe from personal association with them for thirty years. Now every appointment sold is bought by a teacher; every sale of a lot, every increase of business, every insurance policy placed, every contract awarded, as

coincident to appointing a teacher, is brought about by the teacher who is benefited. It is his "pull," in fact. If teachers were not equally corrupt, much of the corrupt dealing among directors would disappear.

But there is another influence, born within my time, and still growing, which is doing more than purchasable teachers to increase the proportion of venal directors. As now conducted, the school-book business is a portentous evil. Few people know of this or are willing to acknowledge it. There was a time when textbooks were selected upon merit. If one had confidential information upon this point to-day from superintendents throughout the country, I believe that it would be clear that merit is of secondary importance. Indeed, if one will but get an agent to tell him his experience for ten years, one will be convinced without other testimony. I could unfold a startling array of facts to sustain the assertion that a majority of superintendents of small cities and counties owe their positions to "pulls" organized by publishing houses to whose books they are friendly.

In answering the questions sent out by *The Atlantic Monthly* some time ago, I expressed the opinion that a general increase of salaries would not be advisable. I had the thought then that so many are unworthy of their office that to pay more without changing the principle of appointing them would soon raise the percentage of the unworthy. My association with teachers has convinced me that the true teacher concerns himself very little about what he is to get for his work. The way to reform is to change the nature of the examinations, and to have a different kind of examiners. In determining who shall teach, character should weigh as four fifths of the requirement, and literary qualification as one fifth; and examinations should be held by the patrons of the schools through a committee selected

by them. Such a system as this would be a revolution in itself, and in operation it would soon rid the schools of the horde now teaching as a business, and fill their places with persons who would choose it as a calling.

### III.

During my early years my family was in easy circumstances, and I was educated with no reference to bread-winning. But after three years of married life I was left a widow, with my father, then an old man, dependent upon me. Having had a fitful experience in private teaching, I made application for a vacancy in the public schools in a distant city, whither I went with a heavy heart, and without even telling my old friends good-by. In some miraculous way I succeeded in passing the examination, and received the appointment. I recall one question of the examination: "What was the cause of the civil war?" I answered, "States' rights." The examiner was an old man, and had been a Confederate colonel. He asked what part of the South I came from; and when I said that I came from New England, he remarked that I was one of the few "Northerners" who would answer that question correctly. Three years I worked in that school for a salary of \$65 a month. The cost of living was high, and there was little left after paying board for two. To add to my income, I taught history and sometimes grammar in a summer school three seasons.

I tried to idealize the school. A woman must make a home somewhere. I made mine there. At first it seemed like a vast machine. As much as I could I changed that. I at least oiled the wheels so that I could not hear the noise.

At the end of three years I became convinced that I was doing very little outside study, and losing rapidly the little cultivation that I began with. I was

not growing broader. I went to the superintendent and told him that I must have high school work; that, unconsciously, I had got into a rut. By good fortune the school board soon afterwards made me principal of the Taylor School, at a salary of \$140 a month. While this was not the work that I preferred, it gave me an opportunity to preserve my individuality that no other place could give.

For five years I have supervised the Taylor School, and taught grammar and history to the class preparing for the high school. To a certain extent the school is a machine; that is, we work by a programme and follow a course of study. But every assistant is urged to use the course as a suggestion, and to put all the beauty and wealth of her own individuality into it. She is free to teach a thing in her own way, if she has a way.

On taking the school, I resolved to grade it carefully, keep up each subject as evenly as possible, and try to work out some course in English composition from the lowest to the highest grade. There is not much that is original in the plan, but we have stuck to it for five years, and the children, on entering the high school, know well the mechanics of composition, and something of mythology and literature, nature and art; and this has been made possible only by introducing these subjects into the composition work.

While the board is very liberal in equipping schools with necessary appliances, at first we had no encyclopædia, no library, no pictures. To-day we have all these. Our library of three hundred volumes is not large, but good. So too with the collection of pictures. The pupils come from the homes of the well-to-do, the fathers of one fifth of them belonging to the learned professions. I think the school is very near to these patrons. I have never known a case where the parent did not coöperate with me. But as long as everything goes

well the patrons are generally inert. I am not prepared to say that this seeming indifference is a hindrance to progress; yet if they realized it, they might silently do a noble work by the occasional gift of a picture, or a piece of marble, or a vase, or a tree, or a fountain, or a flower, thus developing in many children a keen perception of the beautiful. One proof that the schools are very dear to the community is the fact that the board of education has been kept non-sectarian and non-partisan for twenty-one years, by the intelligent vote of the people in a city whose municipal government is not above reproach.

One lady has been a joy to the Taylor School. She is rich and is a leader in society, yet she finds time to bring brightness into the school. She has two children here; and an aquarium of goldfish, a bird-cage, choice plants, a beautiful clock, and several pictures tell her children that she has not forgotten them. In my eight years of labor here, she is the only patron who by her presence and gifts and encouragement has made herself known and loved throughout the school. Every year, as her children advance, the teacher who receives them is congratulated by all the others, and every room that is left behind bears the evidence of their sojourn there. While in my district the school receives the patrons' hearty support, yet not many feel called upon to assist to make it a house beautiful. None but Mrs. Grace has ever sent her Christmas pine and holly and mistletoe to decorate the schoolroom before she used it herself. When she entertains, the teachers receive an invitation.

The social side of the life of a teacher yields little joy. When I came here, I brought a letter from my minister. It was a personal letter from the man who had known all a family's sorrows and joys for many years to another minister to whom he committed the family, or what was left of it. One Sunday, after

service, I delivered it. The minister was standing just outside the chancel rail: he read it, threw it down on the front pew, and, with his eyes on his departing congregation, extended his hand, saying hurriedly, "Do I understand you are a school-teacher? Well, I'll call on you some time. Excuse me," and he rushed away, leaving me standing there. In our city we have several very energetic women's clubs. They certainly have not considered what they might give to the teacher, nor what the teacher could give to them, for they hold their meetings at an hour when teachers are at work.

In the West, women meet their dearest foes in the men of their own profession. The same pay for the same work the men hold to be just and right; but they contend that it is impossible for women to do the same work, and hence that they should not receive the same pay.

I have often felt that I needed a larger salary; \$160 a month for nine months is only \$1440 a year. To pay board for two, to keep up insurance, to dress suitably, to buy the necessary books, to have a little trip during the summer, and to save anything, are impossible. I say board for two, for there is scarcely a woman in any occupation, who has passed the thirtieth milestone and receives good pay, but has some one to take care of. She is always proud of this trust, and would have it so. It is her inspiration, her hostage to fortune. But it demands money. I have spoken of the little trip. Would it were not necessary to have it a "little" one! Change, new people, new beauty, are a necessity to the successful teacher. She must make herself worth more. But the trip takes money. The teacher ought to be paid better than the worker in any other profession.

During these years I have carefully observed my teachers. Half of them are graduates of colleges, and half of normal schools. No matter what the training, every teacher needs experience.

The best teacher I have is a high school graduate. She has been in the work nine years, and for six of those years she was not above the average. I had one normal graduate who was a failure in teaching and discipline. In my school this is true: if a teacher has had the advantage of training, normal or university, she requires fewer years to arrive at good work than if she came directly from a high school.

Promotion may come from one grade to another; but five, ten, or fifteen years of service may be required. The great majority of our teachers abandon hope after reaching a certain stage. It takes continued and strenuous exertions to get a promotion to the high school or to a principalship. Tired nature deserves a year's rest when once the battle for promotion has been fought and won.

With us crowded rooms are by no means rare. In my own school, for one year there was a room with ninety-one pupils. It was in charge of two teachers, one a good one and the other a poor one. I never took visitors in there. Sometimes I found them there, and then I invited them to see some beautiful exercise in another room. This year the board has relieved us by renting extra rooms near by. My most crowded rooms now are in the second and seventh grades, where there are sixty-one and fifty-five children respectively. I have no room with as few as forty pupils.

My building is modern, heated by steam, has large windows with shades, fine halls, good ventilation, basement playrooms, and city water in the basement. There is no retiring-room for teachers. — a room, for instance, where, during the noon hour, we might lunch, or rest, or in case of illness lie down. According to one's point of view, such a room is a luxury or a necessity. One year we beautified the grounds with trees and vines. Once we made a gorgeous flower bed, but for lack of fences the



cows and the small boys appropriated it. Once we bought and filled flower boxes for each window, a decoration I saw and admired in the Boston schools, but which our superintendent of buildings objected to as prejudicial to the permanence of the window copings. I always felt that the janitor, who had to water the flowers through the vacation, knew something about that objection.

#### IV.

At nineteen, my first essay at teaching was made in an Illinois community which contentedly put up with much poor instruction. The county superintendency had then just appeared as the regenerator of the country schools. My first license to teach was issued by one of the new officials. In spite of his quids of tobacco, he did the formalities of an examination and certified to my competency. The first school that fell to my lot was a large one, of pupils ranging from five to twenty-two years of age. They had been used to the loosest instruction, with an abundance of "ciphering." There had been about forty different recitations a day, which of course wasted much time. Three years' experience in schools of this kind convinced me that this grade of teaching was neither permanent nor remunerative. In that time wages had increased from \$25 to \$50 a month, but for this locality the last sum named was the upper limit.

I decided to take a course of study at a state normal school. Here I got my first view of politics in education. The majority of the board were working politicians. The trading spirit held sway. The president of the school was free from this taint, and the department of English was in the hands of an unusually efficient instructor; so too was the teaching of science; but the other teachers wasted our opportunities and destroyed our elasticity by too much method and over-

wrought logical subdivision. Their reduction of everything to set formulas and to so many Arabic and Roman sub-heads killed the spontaneity necessary to good teaching. My feeling now is that this time would have been better spent in college. The atmosphere of normal schools is not one of scholarship, but of the transitory fads and devices of teaching.

When I left the normal school, I became the superintendent of schools in an Illinois county town. Incompetent boards and "home talent" teachers had reduced the schools to worthlessness. But just then an awakening of public sentiment compelled the election of a new board and a general turning over of things. A clean sweep of the old teachers took place, and the board authorized a new course of study, new books, and better appliances. Friends of the old order sought to discredit the new order by attacks in the newspapers, but public sentiment was against them, and they soon gave it up. Except to correct misstatements of fact, no reply was made to these newspaper criticisms, — a policy that my experience shows to be wise.

My work has mainly been the supervision of schools in towns that have from 4000 to 10,000 population. My salary has ranged from \$810 to \$2100 a year. My longest service in one place has been eight years, and the shortest one year. Of the teachers under me, the average tenure of place has been between two and three years. Of course this period is too short for them even to become well acquainted with the community, to say nothing of gaining an easy mastery of their work. The average of salaries has steadily risen. In the first corps of teachers (1873-74) it was \$43 a month; in the last it is about \$53. But the qualifications of teachers have not become better. The first body of them under my charge used the birch more than the last body, — that is to say, were less kind to the children; but, on the

other hand, they were better taught persons than the later ones; they did not know so many subjects, but they had a firmer grasp on what they did know.

One of the most unpleasant things that superintendents of schools in towns and smaller cities have to meet is the meddlesomeness of wiseacres and reformers who feel themselves better qualified than trained men to make judgments on school subjects. In the board under which I first worked there was one of these directors of education who knew all about the teaching of English. He proved to be very embarrassing. Of course one ought to listen respectfully to all opinions that are offered, but the demand that the theories of amateurs shall be applied has to be politely evaded. Especially vexatious, too, is the constant pressure brought to bear on superintendents for the appointment of teachers. This is the destructive agency against which one must set one's face most firmly. A superintendent may yield in the matter of janitors, books, and appliances, but he is lost if he do not stand fast on the selection of teachers. I have never allowed any board to take this duty out of my hands, and I would promptly resign before it should do so.

One of the most difficult problems that I have encountered is the textbook problem. The adoption of books for a term of years has uniformly proved to be an evil. It opens a Pandora's box of ills, chief of which are the unbusiness-like methods of book houses and their agents. In my present position, the matter has been so managed that no adoptions for specified times have taken place. The book supply has been entirely entrusted to the superintendent. This plan rids us of the demoralizing importunities of agents, is economical and satisfactory, and seems to be a rational solution of the problem.

The greatest need in the schools under my charge has been the need of scholarly and mature teachers. Very

few of the women who have taught have had any real impulse toward scholarship. Generally they have been content with mechanical proficiency. Normal school graduates are especially defective in scholarship. In this respect they stand below the mere high school graduates.

My experience shows that, under existing conditions, the superintendent is compelled to be a politician. To what amount of hand-shaking and hobnobbing he shall submit depends on his tastes and his skill. The point is that a certain amount of it is necessary to keep his place and to secure an opportunity to work.

I have succeeded fairly well in keeping in touch with the ruling elements in the management of the schools, but there has never been a day when I would not gladly have been rid of work required to do this. Relief from such a necessity would have allowed more time for study, and made me a man of much greater professional value. Finally, my well-grounded conviction is that present education is broad at the expense of depth, and that the feverish hunger for ease and variety leads to many habits of mind and character that will seriously bar their possessors from success in the race of life.

## V.

During the period of my preliminary service as teacher in the public schools, my name was reported for a permanent place, and was "on the slate" when it left the teachers' committee. My father was at that time a voter with the party in power; but the teacher who was number five on the list had a kinsman on the board, who saw that unless she was appointed during his term she might never be. One of the trustees, therefore, brought in a charge of "cruelty to a boy" against me, and, without an investigation, my name was taken off, and number five was elected. To fail of

appointment when it was my right was astonishing; but to have any one believe that I pulled a boy's ears till he could not put his head on a pillow hurt me deeply. I began an investigation on my own account, and I discovered that number five's sister was the guilty teacher. The boy's father appeared before the board and explained. The teacher was not even censured; but I had lost the permanent position.

For a year I went from one school to another, teaching for six weeks in the high school. When not busy in a school-room, I was visiting, studying, or reading. I attended the teachers' meetings, and was surprised to find so many who had no opinion to express on important subjects. When the year had passed, I was put on the permanent list. I was assigned to a first-year school of fifty-four scholars. Most of them were beginners, and some "left-overs." I felt ready for my work. But my greatest trial was when Superintendent Goodenough selected my room as his place to doze, or really to sleep, while my little people were doing their work. He was never known to praise a teacher's work while she was in service. The only consolation was that he praised teachers who died, or regretted that it was always the "bright teachers who married." I might never marry, and therefore I could with confidence look forward to his praise only at my funeral.

A change in the political control of the city took place, and the party long in power was defeated. The other party decided to do without a supervisor for a year. Superintendent Goodenough, therefore, was dropped. It was a monotonous year. But I had now a chance to throw away the old and to use the new. I made all kinds of word and number games; I bought new readers for my supplementary work; I learned new songs, and I looked up kindergarten games.

The next August the board elected a

superintendent, and there was no politics in this election. But there was much anxiety as to what kind of man he would turn out to be. Superintendent Quincy, a live New Englander, came, and he brought a breeze. At first he said little. He asked me what I had read. The next time he brought Mr. Michael Brannigan, chairman of the teachers' committee. He said, "Miss Allison is doing the kind of work I want. Has she your permission to carry it on?" Mr. Michael Brannigan was kind enough to abstain from any action that affected me. Superintendent Quincy rid us of many harmful practices. He held grade meetings; he required the schoolrooms to be empty fifteen minutes after the close of school; and no corporal punishment could be inflicted and not reported.

My scholars liked to come to school, and now they numbered eighty-seven. They sat on the edge of the platform, and even on the floor against the wall. I suggested that some come in the morning, and the others in the afternoon. This was done, and one little girl said, "Miss Allison is the best teacher, for we have to go only a half day, and we learn as much as they learn all day at the other schools." I found the work easier, and just as many were promoted to the next class as before.

This year I obtained my state certificate, and I felt that I could now be called a teacher. But a great misfortune threatened me just as I began to feel secure. My father had left the "party without an issue," and had become a member of the "party with a principle." Election time came, and the "party without an issue" thought that they saw a chance to win. As our district was likely to have a close contest, it was suggested that my father be "whipped into line." The only lash that he could be made to feel, they thought, was a threat to remove me. They sent their candidate for school trustee to our home, and he knocked timidly at the back door and

made known his errand. In a very few minutes he walked rapidly away. His party was defeated,—luckily for me, no doubt, for a local politician was asked how a teacher whose work was good could be dismissed without “charges.” He replied, “We always have charges when we need them.” This is the only time that I ever heard of danger to a teacher in our city because of her father’s political faith. The rule has been, once a teacher, always a fixture, even when glaring deficiencies could not be hidden, and complaints were “too numerous to mention.”

But Superintendent Quincy was too progressive, and his church was on the wrong street. Perhaps he might have been kept if one of the teachers had not wanted the salary. This teacher always reminded us of the line of a hymn,

“I can tarry, I can tarry but a term.”

He never sat down; but he stood by the door with his coat and hat in his hands, as if something were urging him on.

About this time there was a vacancy in the grammar school, and the superintendent asked me if I would take the place. I liked my work, and declined the empty honor. It meant longer hours for no greater salary; for we are paid according to length of service, and there is no strife for promotion. Of course principals of the higher schools get more pay, but not principals of buildings, unless there are grammar schools in them.

In the middle of the year the superintendent left to study a profession, and a man who had “taught his way through” one of our best normal schools became his successor. At last this superintendent fell a victim to church influences, and he gave place to a young teacher whose church was right, but whose political party was wrong. “He had no principles to hinder,” as one of our legislators said, so he turned his back on the party which claimed his first vote, and the position was his. He was younger

than most of the teachers, but see how wise he was! He would come into the classroom and say, “Go to page 73 this month.” He delivered extempore speeches at the teachers’ meetings, and we wondered what it had all been about. In the three years that he was in service he never listened to one recitation in my room. He generally came to gather statistics or to dole out pages of textbooks. I did what I could to keep pace with the other schools, but I felt that there was nothing done thoroughly. At last came his turn to be decapitated, and his successor, who now holds the office, is the best of the long succession of superintendents. They say that he may not be here next year. It is time for a change.

For two years I have had a real grievance. Miss Wellpaid has a school of the same grade as mine, but mine requires more personal work. Yet Miss Wellpaid receives \$260 a year more than I am paid, and my salary is the same as that of her assistants, who have no responsibility. Every one admits the justice of my claim, and the board promises to equalize the salary. Children who, by school district lines, ought to attend Miss Wellpaid’s school ask six months ahead if I will save them seats if there be room for outsiders. I will not take one of these pupils, even when they bring a demand from two trustees. Once, however, I was obliged to take two of them. They had an order from the president of the board, and a doctor’s certificate which said, “It is bad for the health of these girls to attend Miss Wellpaid’s school.” I must be a “natural healer” of the woes of school life.

Is there nothing to make up that missing \$260? Yes, many things. The ambition of every child in the building is “to go to school to Miss Amelia Allison.” Ask a kindergarten child who will be his next teacher, and he will generally say, “Miss Allison.” One of the ways of inciting good behavior and per-

fect lessons is to promise a visit to my school. Then I have once more my little people grown tall, sitting in my classes, glad to anticipate my desires about their work and play. Half of my present school have been in my first-year grades. When they argue that it is not late enough in the week to be Friday, one girl says, "We have only two days in our room, and they are Monday and Friday; nothing between." I have also notes of appreciation from parents, and I think with Whittier:—

"And when the world shall link your names  
With gracious lives and manners fine,  
The teacher shall assert her claims,  
And proudly whisper, 'These were mine!'"

## VI.

In 1880, having just graduated from college, I abandoned my intention of reading law, and permitted myself to be elected to a chair in my *alma mater* at a salary of \$600 a year. I was assured that I was peculiarly fitted for the profession of teaching, and I thought that I might reap honors as great as in other professions, and might "grow up to" a position that would afford me something more than a competence. I kept this place for several years, until my salary was gradually increased to \$1000; only a part of which was ever paid, however, because of the financial embarrassment of the institution. The college was a "denominational" school, and after a time I became convinced that the prospect for further promotion was not promising.

My next experience was in a private training school, which I established and conducted for several years. The financial returns from this venture were more satisfactory, and one year I made \$2250. But a period of financial depression came, and I accepted the offer of the post of principal of the high school in a city at a salary of \$1500, which it was under-

stood was to be increased to \$1800 the next year. Instead of an increase, there was, during the second year, an effort to decrease the salaries of all the teachers. The necessities of my family forbade me to accept less than \$1500, and I abandoned the profession for more lucrative work. My successor now receives only \$1200 a year.

This public school work was a new experience to me, and I found myself hampered in some ways hitherto unknown. I had never before been expected to follow a course of study and use textbooks prescribed by a school board the members of which had but little practical knowledge of either. It seemed to me, too, fresh as I was from other kinds of schools, where more individuality was encouraged on the part of both teacher and pupil, that the public schools were excessively and injuriously mechanical; and I am of the same opinion still. My experience and observation have convinced me that this extremely systematic organization, of which many superintendents and school boards are so proud, tends to cramp and to dwarf the pupil, and to reduce the teacher to a mere automaton, beautifully regular in its action, but pitifully lacking in discrimination and in appreciation of the idiosyncrasies of the individual child, without a proper understanding of which no teacher can be really successful. The teacher becomes still more an automaton and his work still more mechanical by reason of the universal practice of placing under his charge twice as many pupils as any human being can thoroughly study and competently teach.

I never felt that, as a teacher, my efforts were not appreciated. I think that I was appreciated; but I believe that the public generally does not place a high enough estimate upon the value of a teacher's services. I "taught school" for eighteen consecutive years, and then left a salary of \$1500. I think that, without overestimating my own capability,

I may say that in almost any other profession for which I possessed reasonable aptitude an eighteen years' service of equal diligence would have made me worth to the public more than \$1500 per year. I loved the work of teaching; I love it still; and nothing but necessity could have induced me to abandon it. I may add that some of the environments which hamper many teachers I did not permit to hamper me. I fancy that I was more a man of affairs than most teachers feel that it is safe to be. I never surrendered my individuality. I have

known teachers to lose their positions by reason of their political opinions. I never suffered on this account, and yet my political sentiments were always understood, although of course I did not allow them to intrude upon my school-room duties.

Finally, I have no quarrel with teaching as a profession, save that public sentiment does not accord to it the compensation to which, in my opinion, the intelligence, the skill, and the energy necessary for its successful prosecution entitle it.

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#### TO THE HOUSATONIC AT STOCKBRIDGE.

CONTENTED river! in thy peaceful realm  
 Of cloudy willow and of plummy elm:  
 They call thee English, thinking thus to mate  
 Their musing streams that, oft with pause sedate,  
 Linger through misty meadows for a glance  
 At grisly tower or turret of romance.  
 Beware their praise who rashly would deny  
 To our New World its true tranquillity.  
 Our "New World"? Nay, say rather to our Old  
 (Let truth and freedom make us doubly bold);  
 Tell them: A thousand silent years before  
 Their beauteous sea-born isle — at every shore  
 Dripping like Aphrodite's tresses — rose,  
 Here, 'neath her purple veil, deep slept Repose,  
 To be awakened but by wail of war.  
 From yon soft heights thou com'st; thy heavenly lore,  
 Like our own childhood's, all the workday toil  
 Cannot efface, nor long its sweetness soil.  
 Thou hast grown human laboring with men  
 At wheel and spindle; sorrow thou dost ken;  
 Yet dost thou still the unshaken stars behold,  
 And, calm for calm, return'st them, as of old.  
 Thus, like a gentle nature that grows strong  
 In meditation for the strife with wrong,  
 Thou show'st the peace that only tumult can;  
 Than thee serener river never ran.

Thou beautiful! From every dreamy hill  
 What eye but wanders with thee at thy will,



Imagining thy silver course unseen  
Convoyed by two attendant streams of green  
In bending lines, — like half-expected swerves  
Of swaying music, or those perfect curves  
We call the robin; making harmony  
With many a new-found treasure of the eye:  
With meadows, marging softly rounded hills  
Where Nature teemingly the myth fulfills  
Of many-breasted Plenty; with the blue,  
That to the zenith fades through triple hue,  
Pledge of the constant day; with clouds of white,  
That haunt horizons with their blooms of light,  
And when the east with rosy eve is glowing  
Seem like full cheeks of zephyrs gently blowing.

Contented river! and yet over-shy  
To mask thy beauty from the eager eye:  
Hast thou a thought to hide from field and town?  
In some deep current of the sunlit brown  
Art thou disquieted, — still uncontent  
With praise of thy Homeric bard who lent  
The world the placidness thou gavest him?  
Thee Bryant loved when life was at its brim;  
And when the wine was falling, in thy wood  
Of sturdy willows like a Druid stood.  
Oh for his touch on this o'er-throbbing time,  
His hand upon the hectic brow of Rhyme,  
Cooling its fevered passion to a pace  
To lead, to stir, to reinspire the race!

Ah! there's a restive ripple, and the swift  
Red leaves — September's firstlings — faster drift;  
Betwixt twin aisles of prayer they seem to pass  
(One green, one greenly mirrored in thy glass).  
Wouldst thou away, dear stream? Come, whisper near!  
I also of much resting have a fear:  
Let me to-morrow thy companion be  
By fall and shallow to the adventurous sea!

*Robert Underwood Johnson.*

## YOUNG AMERICA IN FEATHERS.

"How like are birds and men!" said Emerson, and if he had known Nature's loveliest creatures as well as he did his own race, he might have affirmed it more emphatically; for to know birds well is to be astonished at the "human nature" they display.

In our latitude, July is distinctly the babies' month. When wild roses give place to sun-kissed meadow lilies, when daisies drop their petals and meadow-sweet whitens the pastures, when blueberries peep out from their glossy coverts and raspberries begin to redden on the hill, then from every side come the baby cries of younglings just out of the nest, and everywhere are anxious parents hurrying about, seeking food to stuff hungry little mouths, or trying to keep too venturesome young folk out of danger. For Young Americans in feathers are wonderfully like Young Americans in lawn in self-confidence and recklessness.

One evening in a certain July, up on the coast of Maine, I watched the frantic efforts of a pair of Maryland yellow-throats — tiny creatures in brown and gold — to coax their self-willed offspring to a more retired position than he chose to occupy. With genuine "Young America" spirit he scorned the conservatism of his elders. Though both parents hovered about him, coaxing, warning, perhaps threatening, not a feather stirred; stolid and wide-eyed he stood, while the father flitted about the bush in great excitement, jerking his body this way and that, flirting his wings, now perking his tail up like that of a wren, again opening and closing it like a fan in the hands of an embarrassed girl, and the mother added her entreaties to his, darting hither and thither, calling most anxiously, — both, in their distress, rashly exposing themselves to what might, for all they knew,

be one of the death-dealing machines we so often turn against them.

Nothing had the slightest effect upon the yellow-throated youngster until his own sensations interested him, and his parents suddenly acquired new importance in his horizon. When hunger assailed him, and, looking about for supplies, he spied his provider on the next bush with a beak full of tempting (and wriggling) dainties, and when he found his wily parent deaf to his cries, and understood that not until he flew behind the leafy screen could he receive the food he craved, then he yielded, and joined his relieved relatives out of my sight.

Many times after that morning did the vagaries of that young yellow-throat give me opportunity to study the ways of his family. Having newly escaped from the nursery, in a thorny bush behind thick-growing alders, his strongest desire apparently was to see the world, and those outlying dead twigs, convenient for the grasp of baby feet, were particularly attractive to him. Every day for nearly a week, as I passed into the quiet old pasture, I stopped to interview the youngster, and always found him inquisitive, and evidently, in his own estimation, far wiser than his elders, who were nearly wild over his conduct.

This pasture of about forty acres, lying behind my temporary home, was the joy of my heart, being delightfully neglected and fast relapsing into the enchanting wildness of nature. In a deep bed fringed with a charming confusion of trees and bushes ran a tiny stream, which in the spring justified its right to the title of river. Scattering clumps of alders and young trees of many kinds made it a birds' paradise, while wild cherries and berries of all sorts, with abundant insect life, offered a spread table the whole summer long.

Of flowers it was the chosen home. From the first anemone to the last golden-rod standing above the snow, there was a bewildering profusion: fragrant with roses in June, gorgeous with meadow lilies in July, and rank upon rank of budded goldenrod promising glory enough for August, with all the florid hosts that accompany them. Great patches of sweet bayberry, yielding perfume if only one's garments swept it, and rich "cushions of juniper" frosted over with new tips, were everywhere, and acres were carpeted with soft, gray-colored reindeer-moss, into which one's foot sank as into the richest product of the loom. Here and there was a close grove of young pines, whose cool, dim depths were most alluring on hot days; and indeed in every spot in Maine not fully occupied Nature is sure to set a pine-tree.

Every morning, on entering this garden of delights, I hastened across an open space by the gate, and plunged into a thicket of alders sprinkled with young trees, birch, elm, and wild cherry. Through this ran a path, and in a sheltered nook under a low pine I found a seat, where for many days I spent the forenoon, making acquaintance with the pretty little yellow-throats.

From the first the head of the family adopted me as his particular charge, and I am positive he never lost sight of me for one minute. His was a charming surveillance. He did not, like the robin on similar duty, stand on some conspicuous perch like a statue of horror or dismay, uttering his loudest "peep! peep!" in warning to the whole feathered world; nor did he, after the fashion of the song sparrow, fill the air with distressed "pips" that seemed to hint of mischief dire; neither did he, as does the red squirrel, resent an intrusion into preserves that he considered his own with a maddening series of choking cries, coughs, and "snickers," till one was almost ready to turn a gun upon him; still less did he, in veery style, utter wails so

despairing that one felt herself a monster for remaining. The yellow-throat's guardianship was a pleasure. He remained in sight, not fifteen feet away from me, and did not flinch from the terrible field-glass. Sometimes he stood quite still, uttering his soft and inoffensive "chie;" again he scrambled about in the bushes, collected a mouthful, and disappeared for a moment, — a constant baby call from the bushes reminding him of his duty as provider. Evidently he had succeeded in impressing upon that obstinate offspring of his that he must keep out of sight. I wonder what sort of a bugaboo he made me out to be?

Much of the time the tiny custodian passed away in calling and singing, throwing his head up or holding it still according as he sang loud or low. To all varieties of his pretty little melody he treated me. Never once did he utter the notes given in the books as the family song. From his beak I never heard either "wichita," "witches here," "o-wee-chee," or "I beseech you," all of which, excepting the last, I have heard at different times from other members of the family; which, by the way, confirms my oft-repeated assertion that no two birds of a species sing alike. His ordinary notes resembled "pe-o-we," delivered in lively manner, with strong accent on the first syllable. Sometimes he gave them the regulation three times; again, he added the fourth repetition, and changed this by ending on the first syllable of the fifth utterance. On one occasion he surprised and delighted me by turning from the third "pe-o-we" into a continuous little carol, varied and bewitching. Later in the season, after I had finished my studies in the alder bushes, I heard several times from a yellow-throat in the pasture a similar continuous song, usually delivered on the wing.

After some days my little watcher became so accustomed to my silent presence under the pine that he did not

mind me in the least, though he never forgot me, and if I stirred he was on the alert in an instant. So long as I was motionless he ignored me entirely, and conducted himself as if he were alone; often taking a sunning by crouching on the top twig of a bush, spreading wings and tail and fluffing out his plumage till he looked like a ragged bunch of feathers. It was very droll to see him, while in this attitude, suddenly pull himself together, stand upright, utter his song, and instantly relapse into the spread-eagle position to go on with his sun-bath. To my surprise, I found that this warbler, whose song and movements always seem to indicate a constant flitting and scrambling about in warbler fashion, is capable of repose. He frequently stood perfectly still, the black patch which covers his eyes like an old-fashioned face-mask turned towards me, singing his little aria with as much composure as ever thrush sang his.

My pleasing acquaintance with the yellow-throat ended as soon as the young became expert on the wing and could leave their native alder patch. After that the nook was deserted, and unless I heard the song I could not distinguish my little friend among the dozens of his species who lived in the neighborhood.

Toward the north end of my delectable hunting-ground was another favorite spot, especially attractive on warm, sunny mornings. When I turned my steps that way, I came first upon the feeding-ground of another party of Young Americans, — thrashers. They were a family group, a pair with their two full-grown but still babyish young. Approaching cautiously, I usually found the parents on the ground busily hunting insects, and the youngsters following closely, ready to receive every morsel discovered. They were, however, very well bred, with none of the vulgar manners of those who scream and shout and demand their rations. Later in the day I often found the thrasher singing, a little beyond the

alders, on the breezy heights of Raspberry Hill. His chosen place was an almost leafless birch-tree, a favorite perch with all the birds of the pasture, and there he sang for hours.

"T was a song that rippled and reveled and ran

Ever back to the note whence it began,  
Rising and falling, and never did stay,  
Like a fountain that feeds on itself all day.

Sometimes the singing was interrupted, for those canny Young Americans knew their father's song, and though he had doubtless stolen away and left them foraging on the grass by the path, they heard his voice and came after. While he was pouring out his soul in ecstasy, and I was listening with equal joy, those youngsters came by easy stages nearer and nearer, till one after the other alighted on the lower part of the birch, and, hopping upward from branch to branch, suddenly presented themselves before him, begging in pretty baby fashion for something to eat. The singer, embarrassed by their demands, would sometimes dive into the nearest bushes, followed instantly by the persistent beggars, and in a moment fly off, the infants still in his wake. But he always managed in some way to elude them. Perhaps he fed them or conducted them back to their mother, for in a few minutes he appeared again on the birch and resumed his music.

On one occasion I met one of these spruce young thrushes, evidently out on his travels alone for the first time. He was in a state of great excitement, — jerked himself about, "huffed" at me, then flew with some difficulty into a tree, where he stood and watched me in a charmingly naïf and childlike manner, utterly forgetting that part of his education which bade him beware of a human being.

After passing the home of the thrashers, on my usual morning walk toward the north, my next temptation to linger came from a fern-lined path to the spring,

abode of other Young Americans. The path itself was extremely seductive, narrow, zigzagging through a small forest of the greenest and freshest of ferns, so luxuriant that they were brushed aside in passing, and closed behind as if to conceal one's footsteps. Shrubs and trees met overhead; here and there a blooming dogbane or an elder, "foamed o'er with blossoms white as snow," and tall wild roses wherever they could find space to grow.

Nearly down to the spring, I seated myself under the bushes and waited. At first, until the bustle of my coming was hushed, all was silent; but soon bird notes began, — soft little "pips" and "chur-r-r's," and other sounds I could not trace to their authors, but plainly expressing disapproval of a spy among them. Catbirds complained with a soft liquid "chuck" or their more decided "mew;" kingbirds peeped out to see what was the excitement, and then settled in the bushes in plain sight, at leisure now since their decorous little folk were educated and taking care of themselves; and other birds came whispering about behind my back, while I dared not turn to see, lest I send everybody off in a panic. An oriole,

"Like an orange tulip flaked with black,"

dropped in as he passed, but left in haste, as if averse to company, with his customary shyness while training the young; for this brilliant bird, during nesting so fearless everywhere, manages to disappear completely after the young leave the nest. Now and then he may be seen going about near the ground, silent, and absorbed in his arduous task of teaching those clamorous urchins to get their own living; or in the early morning, engaged in picking open the hideous nests of the tent caterpillars and quietly taking his breakfast therefrom. Later, when bantlings are off his mind, he reappears in his favorite haunts, and sings a little before bidding us adieu for

the season; although occasionally this supplementary song is a dismal failure, and the oriole discovers, as have other singers before him, that one cannot neglect his music, even for the best of reasons, and take it up again where he left off.

As I passed under an apple-tree, one morning, on my way to the ferny path, I heard the domestic cry of the oriole, uttered, I think, only when rearing the young, a tender "yeap." I paused instantly, and soon heard a very low baby cry, a soft "chur-r-r" exactly like the first note of the young oriole when he comes up to the edge of the nest, only subdued almost to a whisper, showing that education had progressed, and this little one had learned to control his infantile eagerness. All at once there arose a great commotion over my head; an oriole fled precipitately to another tree and stood there watching me, scolding his harshest, flirting his wings and jerking his body in great excitement. In a moment his mate joined him, and both began to call, though she held a worm in her beak. This not seeming to effect their purpose, the singer suddenly uttered a loud, clear whistle of two notes, startlingly like a man's whistle to a dog, when instantly a young oriole flew out of the apple-tree and joined his parents. Then the low parental note began again, and the family departed.

The infant who receives such devoted care is a pretty little creature in dull yellow, and the most persistent cry-baby I know in the bird world, though several are not far behind him in this accomplishment. His plaint begins when he mounts the edge of the nest preparatory to his *début*, and ceases hardly a minute for days, a long-drawn shuddering wail, that suggests nothing less than great suffering, starvation, or some other affliction hard to be borne. What makes the case still worse, the nursery is high, and each nestling chooses for himself the direction in which he will depart. East

and west, north and south, they scatter ; and where one lands, there he will stay for hours, if not days, drawn down into a little heap, looking lonely and miserable, and apparently impressed with the sole idea that he must keep himself before the world by his voice, or he will be lost and forgotten. It is no wonder that, between the labor of collecting food and following up the family to administer it, the mother becomes faded and dragged, and the father abandons his music, and goes about near the ground, grubbing like any ditch-digger.

The young oriole, however, does not lack intelligence. A correspondent tells me of one who, starting out too ambitiously in his first flight, landed on the ground instead of on the tree he had selected, and, looking about for a place of safety, saw a single leaf growing a few feet up on the trunk of a tree. That so inexperienced an infant should notice it was surprising, but that he should at once start for it showed remarkable "mother wit." To reach this haven of refuge, he ascended the tree-trunk a few inches, half flying and half climbing, clinging with his claws to the bark to rest, then scrambling upward a few inches farther, and so on till he reached the leaf, when he perched on its tiny stem, and remained there as long as he was watched.

But to return to my place among the ferns. When I had been there some time, silent and motionless, a catbird at my back, too happy to be long still, would take courage and charm me with his wonderful whisper song, an ecstatic performance which should disarm the most prejudiced of his detractors. Occasionally, his mate, as I suppose, uttered warning cries, and in deference to her feelings, as it appeared, his notes dropped lower and lower, till I could scarcely hear them, though he was not ten feet away. The song of the catbird is rarely appreciated ; probably because he seldom gives a "stage performance," but sings as he goes about his work.

In any momentary pause a few liquid notes bubble out ; on his way for food, a convenient fence-post is a temptation to stop a moment and utter a snatch of song. His manner is of itself a charm, but there is really a wonderful variety in his strains. He has not perhaps so fine an organ as his more celebrated relative, the thrasher ; he cannot, or at least he does not, usually produce so clear and ringing a tone. Nor is his method the same ; he does not so often repeat himself, but varies as he sings, so that his aria is full of surprises and unexpected turns. Doubtless, persons expert at finding imitations of other birds' notes would discover some in his. But I am a little skeptical on the subject of conscious "mocking." When the catbird sings I hear only the catbird, and in the same way I take pleasure in the song of thrasher or mocking-bird, nor care whether any other may have hit upon his exact combinations.

After the catbird, silence, broken only by the soft, indescribable utterances that are at the same time the delight and the despair of the bird student. Some birds, upon entering this solitary retreat, announced themselves by a single note, or call, as effectually as if they had sent in a card, while others stole in, took quick and close observation, and departed as quietly as they had come, unseen and unheard by clumsy human senses. Often, indeed, have I wished for eyes to look behind me, where it sometimes seems that everything most interesting takes place.

This secluded corner of the pasture proved to be a very popular nursery with the feathered world. Catbirds came about bearing food, and all sorts of eat-bird talk went on within hearing : the soft liquid "chuck" and "mew" (so called, though it is more like "ma-a") in all tones and inflections, complaining, admonishing, warning, and caressing. There was evidently a whole family among the bushes. A vireo baby, plainly



just out of the cradle, stared at me, and addressed me with a sort of husky squawk, an indescribable sound, which, until I became familiar with it, brought me out in hot haste to see what terrible tragedy was going on. For it is really a distressful cry, although it often proclaims nothing more serious than that the young vireo wants his dinner; as some infants of the human family scream at the top of their voices under similar circumstances.

Beyond the close-growing bushes I heard the crow baby's quavering cry; and these seemed indeed anxious days in crowland. All the little folk were crying at once, in their loudest and most urgent tones, enough to distract the hard-working parents who hurried back and forth overhead, at their best speed, trying to stop the mouths of their ill-bred brood. On one occasion I saw an old crow flying over, calling in a decided, "stern parent" style, followed by a youngster not yet expert on the wing, who answered with his droll baby "ma-a-a" in a much higher key. She was conducting him over the pasture to the salt marsh, where much crow-baby food came from in those days, and he was doing his best to keep up with her stronger flight. Sometimes another sound from the nursery came to my ears,—the caw of an adult, drawn out into a long, earnest "aw-w-w," like admonishing or instructing the now silent olive branches. It was many times repeated, and occasionally interrupted by a baby voice, showing that the little ones were not asleep. I suspect, from what I have seen of crow ways, that the sable mamma is a strict disciplinarian who will tolerate no liberties and no delinquencies on the part of her dusky brood, and although this particular Young American may complain, he dare not rebel. Poor crowling! he needs perhaps a Spartan training to fit him for his hard life in the world. With every man's hand against him and danger lurking on all sides, he

must be wary and sharp and have all his wits about him to live.

When I could tear myself away from this domestic corner of the pasture, I passed on to the riverside nook I have mentioned. Here my seat was on the edge of the bank, high above the stream, shaded by a group of black and battered old spruces that looked as if they had faced the storms of a hundred stern Maine winters, as probably they had. Pine-trees at my back filled the air with odors; a thicket beloved of small birds stretched away at one side. Across the river spread a sunny knoll, on which stood a huge old apple-tree, contemporary perhaps with the spruces, having one attractive dead branch, and surrounded at a little distance with a semicircle of shrubs and low trees. It was a tempting theatre for bird dramas, which the solitary student, half hidden on the bank above, could overlook and bring to clear vision with a glass, while not herself conspicuous enough to startle the actors. In this lovely spot many mornings of that happy July passed delightfully away.

In the leafy background to the apple-tree dwelt the veery. From its apparently impenetrable depths came his warning calls, and on rare and blessed occasions his heavenly song; for it was July, and it is only in June that

"New England woods at close of day  
With that clear chant are ringing."

For, with all the rhapsody in his soul, this thrush is a devoted parent, and notwithstanding the fact that he is one of the kings of song, he comes down like the humblest sparrow of the fields to help feed and train his lovely tawny brood. Without exception that I know, he is the most utterly heartbroken of birds when the nest is discovered. So pathetic are the wails of both parents that I never could bear to study a nest, and I had to harden my heart against the bleating, despairing cries of the mother before I could secure even a look at a youngster just out of the nest. This scion of

the charming thrush family is a patient little soul, with all the dignity and reserve, as well as the gentleness, of his race; no human child could be more winning.

In this corner, one morning, I saw a catbird gathering blueberries for dinner. She came down on a fence-post as light as a feather, looked over to where I sat motionless under my tree, hesitated, flirted her tail expressively as who should say, "Can I trust her?" then glanced down to the berry-loaded bushes on the ground, and turned again her soft dark eyes on me. I hardly breathed, and she flew lightly to the first wire of the fence, paused, then to the second, still keeping an eye my way. At that point she bent an earnest gaze on the blueberry patch, turning this way and that, and I believe selecting the very berry she desired; for she suddenly dropped like a shot, seized the berry, and was back on the post, as if the ground were hot. There she rested long enough for me to see what she held in her beak, and then disappeared in the silent way she had come. In a moment she returned; for it was not for herself she was berrying, but for some speckled-breasted beauty shyly hiding in the alder thicket below.

As the babies' month drew near its close, and August stood threateningly on the threshold, sometimes I heard young folk at their lessons. Most charming was a scion of the chewink family learning to ring his silver bell. I could not see him,—he was hidden behind the leafy screen across the river; but happily sounds are not so easily concealed as sights, and the little performance explained itself as clearly as if I had had the added testimony of my eyes (though I longed to see it, too). The instructor was a superior singer, such as I have heard but few times, and the song at its best is one of our most choice, consisting of two short notes followed by a tremolo perhaps an octave higher, in a loud clear ring like a silver-toned bell.

"Was never voice of ours could say  
Our inmost in the sweetest way  
Like yonder voice aloft."

For several minutes this rich and inspiring song rang out from the bushes, to my great delight, when suddenly it ceased, and a weak voice piped up. It was neither so loud nor so clear; the introductory notes were given with uncertainty and hesitation, and the tremolo was a slow and very poor imitation. Still it was plain that the towhee baby was practicing for his entrance into the ranks of our most bewitching singers. The next day, a chewink, I think the same whose music and whose teaching I had admired, honored me with a song and a sight together. He was as spruce as if he had just donned a new suit, his black hood like velvet, his chestnut of the richest and his white of the whitest, and he sang from the top of a small pine-tree; sometimes, in the restless way of his family, scrambling over the branches, and again shifting his position to a small birch-tree.

Many other songs and singers I enjoyed in those pleasant mornings beside the river, till the hour for what Thoreau designates as "that whirlpool called a dinner" drew near, and then, unmindful of the philosopher's advice, I started slowly homeward, collecting as I went materials to fill the vases in my room.

The bird-baby world was not bounded by any pasture, however enchanting, and I have not told all the charms of this one. The house where I found bed and board, in the intervals of bird study,—once a farmhouse, now an "inn of rest" for a country-loving family,—was happily possessed of two attractions: the pasture toward which I turned with the morning sun, and a meadow which drew me when shadows grew long in the afternoon. This meadow began at the road passing in front of the house, and extended to the salt marsh which separated us from the sea. The marsh was always a beautiful picture,

"Stretching off in a pleasant plain  
To the terminal blue of the main."

It was never twice the same, for it changed with every passing cloud, with every phase of the weather, with every tide; one never tired of it. And it was full of winged life: not only the beautiful gulls,

"Whose twinkling wings half lost amid the blue,"

in a white cloud over the far-off beach, but small birds of several kinds, who never came near enough to dry land to be identified. Sharp-tailed sparrows appeared on the meadow after grass was cut, and their exquisite ringing trill could always be heard from the bank; crows fed upon it every day; blackbirds' wings were always over it; and above all, sandpipers were there,

"Calling clear and sweet from cove to cove."

At the edge of the meadow, where it sloped sharply down to the marsh, lived one whose days were full of trouble, which he took care to make known to the world, — a

"Fire-winged blackbird, wearing on his shoulders

Red, gold-edged epaulets."

His little family, not yet out of the nest, was settled safely enough behind a clump of bushes that fringed the marsh. But he, in his rôle of protector, had taken possession of two trees on the high land, where he could overlook the whole neighborhood, and see all the dangers, real and fancied, that might, could, would, or should threaten them, and "borrow trouble" to his heart's content. The trees, this bird's headquarters, were an aged and half-dead cherry and a scraggy and wind-battered elm, standing perhaps a hundred feet apart. On the top twig of one of these, or flying across between them, he was most of the time to be seen, and his various cries of distress, as well as his wild, woody song, came plainly up to me in my window.

The troubles of this Martha-like character began when mowers brought their clattering machine, and with rasping noise and confusion dire laid low the grass which had isolated him from the rest of the world, and that impertinent world poured in. First came crows, from their homes in the woods beyond the pasture, to feast on the numerous hoppers and crawlers left roofless by the mowers, and to procure food for their hungry young, and alighted in the stubble, two or three or half a dozen at a time. By this the soul of the redwing was fired, and with savage war-cries he descended upon them. His manner was to fly laboriously to a great height, and then swoop down at a crow as if to annihilate him. The bird on the ground turned from his insect hunt long enough to snap at his threatening enemy, and then returned to his serious business. So long as the crows stayed the redwing was frantic, his cries filled the air; and as they were almost constantly there, he was kept on the borders of frenzy most of the time.

After the crows came the bird students, with opera-glasses and spying ways. These also the irascible redwing decided to be foes, flying about their heads threateningly, and never ceasing his doleful cries so long as they were in sight. I hoped his brown-streaked mate down in the marsh knew what a fussy and suspicious personage she had married, and would not be made anxious by his extravagances; but she too distrusted the bird gazers, adding her protests to his, and such an outpouring of "chacks" and other blackbird maledictions one — happily — is not often called upon to encounter.

After the bird students the haymakers; and every time a man or a horse appeared in that field, the blackbird was thrown into utter despair, and the air rang with his lamentations.

He was evidently a character, a bird of individuality, and I was anxious to

know him better; so, although I hated to grieve him, I resolved to go somewhat nearer, hoping that he would appreciate my harmlessness and soon see that he had nothing to fear from me. Not he! Having taken it into his obstinate little head that all who approached the sacred spot he guarded were on mischief bent, he refused to discriminate. The moment I approached the gate, the whole width of the meadow from him, he greeted me with shouts and cries, and did not cease for an instant, though I stayed two hours or more. I always went as modestly and inoffensively as possible through the meadow, far from his two trees, seated myself on the edge of the slope at some distance from him, and remained quiet. But he was never reconciled. His first act, as I started down the field, was to fly out to meet me, as if to drive me away. When he reached me, he would hold himself ten or fifteen feet above my head, perfectly motionless excepting a slight movement of the wings, looking as if he meditated an attack; and indeed I did sometimes fear that he would treat me as he did the crows. As I came nearer, his mate flew up out of the bushes, and added her demonstrations to his. Their movements in the air were beautiful. One would beat himself up quite high, and then hover, or apparently rest at that altitude, as if too light to come down, at last floating earthward, pausing now and then, as if he absolutely could not return to our level.

Occasionally my presence caused a domestic scene not easy to interpret. Madam, no doubt fully aware of the prying ways of the human family, sometimes hesitated to return to her little ones in the bushes. She flew around uneasily, alighting here and there, anxious and worried, but plainly afraid of exposing her precious secret. Then her "lord and master" took her in hand, flying at her, and following wherever she fled before him, till he almost overtook her, when she dropped into the marsh, and

with a low, satisfied chuckle he took a wide circle around and returned to his tree. Scolding all the time, she remained some minutes in the deep grass, then flew up high, and floated down to the alder clump where the nest was placed. Upon this, her observant lord, whose sharp eyes nothing escaped, instantly flew down again, dashed impetuously through the alders, and without pausing returned to his post. Now how should one interpret that little family interlude?

Later, when the young were out of the nest and quite expert on wing, the redwing's relations with them puzzled me, also. I often saw the two who appeared to compose the family flying about with their mother, and I knew they were his because he frequently joined the party. But their conduct seemed unnatural, and a doubt stole over me whether this bird — this individual, I mean — could be a domestic tyrant. I knew from previous studies that the love-making manners of the redwing are a little on the "knock-down-and-drag-out" order of some savage tribes of our own species. To chase the beloved until she drops with fatigue seems to be the blackbird idea of a tender attention, and possibly the pursuit of his spouse already spoken of may have been of this sort, merely a lovely demonstration. But with the babies it was a different thing. Heretofore I had seen blackbird fathers devoted attendants on their young, working as hard as the mothers in seeking supplies, and following up the wandering brood to administer them. But this bird, I observed, was avoided by the little folk. When he showed inclination to join the family party on one of its excursions, they shied away from him, and if he came too near they uttered a sort of husky "huff," like the familiar protest of a cat. With the same sound they greeted him and moved away when he approached a bush where they sat. Perhaps this crustiness of de-

meanor was the natural result of his long weeks of anxiety and trouble as protector during their helpless infancy; perhaps he was tired out and exhausted, and it was not irritability, but nervous prostration that made him appear so unamiable. Indeed, I do not see how it could be otherwise, after his exciting life. And may that not explain the fact that when the young are grown, the singer shakes off all family ties and joins a flock of his comrades, while mother and young remain together? Since he insists on taking his family responsibilities so hard, he cannot be blamed for desiring a rest for part of the year.

Now that the nest was deserted and the young were always going about with their mother, I wondered that the head of the family did not relax his vigilance over the meadow and abandon his two watch-towers; but save that his enticing song came up to me oftener than his cries of distress, his habits were not materially altered. One day, when I thought his summer troubles ought surely to be over, a fresh anxiety came to him. Several women and girls, with a dog, appeared on the marsh, which at low tide was in some parts explorable. The human members of the party amused themselves with bathing and wading in the now shallow stream; but the dog acted like one gone mad, dashing about on those peaceful flats where so many birds were enjoying themselves quietly, rushing full gallop from one group to another, wading or swimming the winding stream every time he came to it, and barking at the top of his voice every instant. Birds rose before him in flocks, sandpipers took to their wings in panic, swallows swooped down over him in anxious clouds, sharp-tailed sparrows and all other winged creatures fled wildly before this "agitator" who seemed to have no aim except to disturb, and reminded me irresistibly of his human prototype. Somewhere in that "league upon league of marsh

grass," I suppose, were the blackbird's little folk; for the watcher on the bank was in deepest tribulation, and his outcries quickly brought me down to see what had happened.

The Young Americans of the redwing family are as vivacious and uneasy as might be expected of the scions of that house. No sooner do they get the use of their sturdy legs than they scramble out of the nest and start upon their bustling pilgrimage through life, first climbing over the bushes in their neighborhood, and as they learn the use of their wings becoming more venturesome, till at last, every time a hard-working mother brings a morsel of food, she has to hunt up her straggling offspring before she can dispose of it. Though eager for food as most youngsters, they are altogether too busy investigating this new and interesting world to stay two minutes in one place. So far from waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up, they proceed, the moment they can use their limbs, to attack the problem of delay for themselves; to wait is not a blackbird possibility. It is needless to say that such preternaturally sharp and wide-awake Young Americans very soon graduate from the nursery.

The last trial that came to the blackbird, and the one, perhaps, that induced him finally to abandon his watch-towers and join his friends on the bank farther down, was the appearance one day in the meadow of a new importation from the city, a boy marked out for notice by a striking yellow- and -black cap. The instant he entered the inclosure afar off the redwing uttered a shriek of hopeless despair, as who should say, "What horrible yellow-headed monster have we here?" and as long as he remained the bird cried and bewailed his fate and that of his family, as if murder and sudden death were the sure fate of them all. It was the last act in the blackbird drama on the meadow.

*Olive Thorne Miller.*

## RECENT HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY.

It is no insignificant mark of the subsidence of a too partisan view of American history that the biographer of Samuel Adams undertakes a narrative of the life of Adams's great political antagonist, Governor Hutchinson,<sup>1</sup> and performs his task neither as detractor nor as apologist, but with sincere intention of weighing fairly the evidence to be had regarding his subject. The result is a sympathetic biography in so far as the writer puts himself dramatically in the place of Hutchinson; it is also, though to less extent, a critical study of the character of the man; but it is above all a dispassionate though not cold-blooded analysis of the elements which were brewing before the final storm of the American Revolution burst. There is, moreover, what one is not sorry to see, a certain generous judgment of a man who was a fair representative of a class that has had scant justice done it by American historical writers. The inevitable doom of the Loyalists by contemporary patriots has been the traditional temper in which they have been regarded by the descendants of those patriots, and it is, we repeat, one indication of the rise of a less prejudiced historical spirit that so fair and reasonable a book as this *Life of Hutchinson* should appear. It is not needed that each new generation should revise the judgments in history of its predecessor, but it is not unlikely that we are entering upon a period when the historical questions of issue between the United States and Great Britain will be subjected to a fresh examination. In this revision we shall see not so much the correction of fact as the shifting of emphasis; and just as the patriots themselves rapidly changed the contention from a point of constitutional law to one

of natural rights, so we are likely to lay less stress upon a formula such as taxation without representation, and more upon those fundamental considerations of self-government and freedom of trade which were behind the growth of the colonies in consciousness of integrity.

Mr. Hosmer, for example, repeatedly calls attention, as other writers have done, to the existence not merely of an American party in Parliament, but of a cleavage in English political thought which was not geographical; and he recognizes the fact that as the contest between the English and the French which resulted in the overthrow of New France in America was a world-contest, and had its theatre in both Europe and America, even in Asia also, so the struggle in Boston was not a mere colonial conflict, but a readjustment of constitutional limits on both sides of the water. He points out in a most interesting way how closely Hutchinson's theoretical solution of the problem he encountered tallies with the actual adjustment of relations now existing between England and her colonies in Canada, Australia, and elsewhere, though we doubt if the supremacy of Parliament is quite as inviolable as Mr. Hosmer assumes. It may be, as he says, that let "a crisis arise involving the interests of the whole, none of the colonial members would to-day question the right and duty of the English Parliament to step into the leadership, with authority, if need were, to dictate east and west, as far as the drum-beat extends, what measures should be taken and what sums should be contributed to maintain the general welfare;" but such a crisis is far more easily met than one which involves a contention between the policy of an imperial Parliament and the inter-

JAMES K. HOSMER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Thomas Hutchinson, Royal Governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.* By



est of some remote colony, as Australia, and signs are not wanting that the colony would in that event insist upon its own prerogative.

The figure of Hutchinson himself, as drawn by Mr. Hosmer, is one to be respected, and for whose sorry end a compassion may be felt; but though his ability is conceded, and his integrity and high character are built up in the reader's mind by many generous touches, there remains a slight impatience at the dryly legal bent of his mind. It would certainly seem as though some of the tact which the governor evidently perceived would reduce the strain between Parliament and the colony might well have been used by himself. The rupture, however, was no doubt inevitable; it is easy to see this when we read in the light of the event, and it is one of the dramatic incidents of our history that the man who stood in Boston as the representative of the British government was a New Englander of New Englanders, and the man who, by his statesman-like handling of the finances of the province, had made possible the success of the patriots in overthrowing the order for which he stood. Hutchinson's whole temper was aristocratic, and the contest in which he became involved, and as outlined in this fruitful biography, is full of suggestion for the student of current problems in government. Mr. Hosmer has executed his task with fidelity and skill, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing his book one of the most satisfactory as it is one of the most interesting contributions ever made to American historical biography.

In two volumes of 800 pages<sup>1</sup> Miss Boudinot has reared a monument befitting the memory of her granduncle, the devoted patriot and excellent man, Elias Boudinot, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey. The outbreak of the war of independence

found him, entering middle life, busily practicing law. As a member of county committee and of the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, organized in 1774 and 1775 to promote the common purpose of the colonies, Boudinot was of the foremost in labors for the American cause; but he was also moderate, checking the zeal of Witherspoon in his eagerness for independence, for which, however, Boudinot was equally ready when the time was ripe.

Washington, during the campaign of 1776-77 in the Jerseys, formed a high opinion of the character and influence of Boudinot, and in April, 1777, offered and urged upon him the office of commissary-general of prisoners in the army of America. His services in this capacity for more than a year were valuable to the patriot cause, and the details which the editor furnishes from the letters and notebooks of Boudinot are of fresh interest, and add something to our knowledge of the treatment and exchange of prisoners during the Revolution.

Boudinot resigned this office in 1778, to serve a year in the Continental Congress. He was again elected by the legislature of New Jersey a delegate to Congress in 1781, and reelected in 1782. By the system of rotation then in vogue, the presidency of Congress fell to New Jersey, and Boudinot was chosen to that office in the latter year. It became his lot, therefore, to perform special duties on the occasions which marked the close of the war; on behalf of Congress to sign the Articles of Peace, to thank Washington for his conduct of the war, to receive the minister from the Netherlands. All these, and the ordinary duties of the presiding officer of Congress, Boudinot discharged with grace and dignity. At this time, too, after Livingston's resignation, he had charge of the affairs of the foreign office.

<sup>1</sup> *The Life, Public Services, Addresses, and Letters of Elias Boudinot, LL. D., President of the Continental Congress.* Edited by J. J.

BOUDINOT, Member of the New Jersey Historical Society. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

To the first Congress under the Constitution Boudinot was sent as one of the Federalist members from New Jersey. He served three terms, from 1789 to 1795, and during these years he acted on several of the most important committees. From the *Annals of Congress* Miss Boudinot reprints his speeches, many of which discuss the graver questions of that formative time: notably, the first revenue act, the establishment of the executive departments, the national bank, the power of removal from office, the slave trade, the pay of the late army, the vindication of Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, and the regulations of commerce with Great Britain. In these efforts Boudinot is at his best. The republication of these speeches is timely at this hour. For training the citizen or the public man of to-day in the temper and spirit proper to discuss questions of current interest, many of which are not unlike those of Boudinot's time, no better means are at hand than those offered in his speeches.

At the close of Boudinot's career in Congress, in 1795, Washington appointed him director of the mint. Boudinot modestly accepted the office, and filled it for ten years, when he resigned, and retired, after a public service of nearly a generation, to private life. He died in 1821, aged nearly eighty-two.

Boudinot's chief characteristics were his piety, — the expression of which, especially in his earlier years, seems to us of to-day somewhat excessive, — his sincere and self-sacrificing patriotism, a strong and abiding love for his family, his sense of what is fair and just in all questions under discussion, and his wisdom in counsel. In short, in these volumes, in which his own acts and words portray his life, we find the prototype of the American gentleman, kindly, well trained, and useful. Here was indeed one of the "Fathers," whose existence as models of wisdom and propriety we are at times tempted to doubt, when the

passions and partisanship of that day are revealed to us. In this entire record Boudinot utters not one bitter word.

His relations with Washington and Hamilton were most happy. During the war he sometimes sent news to Washington and offered him advice, but in a most docile temper accepted the better information and actions of Washington which proved to be contrary to his suggestions. Hamilton, as a lad, attended school at Elizabethtown, and was often welcomed within the circle of Boudinot's family. Boudinot, in 1793, calmly, clearly, and dispassionately vindicates Hamilton from the charges of official misconduct.

The pictures which the letters selected by Miss Boudinot give of the best family life of New Jersey a hundred years ago are delightful. Charming is the insight we get into the character of William Bradford, who was the son-in-law of Boudinot, and whom Washington made Attorney-General in his cabinet. Americans must lament anew the early death of Bradford.

In the main Miss Boudinot's work has been well done. For the busy man the reprints may appear too long, but he can skip the purely formal and official parts; and some of the trivial family incidents might have been omitted without loss. Nor does the editor, in her purpose to let letters and records tell the whole story, take the pains always to supply connecting links; thus from the average reader too much effort is required to avoid confusion. Rarely, the editor is not careful of her English. The spirit of the antiquarian sometimes prevails over the historic sense, and therefore there is lacking a discrimination as to the relative value of facts; and again, as in the story of Arnold's treason, Boudinot's *Reminiscences* are backed up by the editor by authority which is not latest nor best. Neither John Marshall nor Washington Irving was first of all a historian. Similar criticism would apply to the account of De Grasse's share in the siege of Yorktown.

Still, Miss Boudinot deserves warm thanks from the student of American history, from the lover of his country and of mankind, for the results of labors prompted by real patriotism and a proper family pride.

A faithful and detailed account of any prominent American family in the Eastern States, whose records go back to the time when the first English settlers were engaged in cutting down the primeval forests for the purpose of obtaining sites for homes, will always throw an interesting light on the influences which have given shape to the communities on the Atlantic coast as we know them to-day. Such an account, extending from the early colonial age to the present, will reflect in many of its most important aspects the general course of our national growth. This is notably true of the histories of those families of Virginia which are identified in a conspicuous way with the principal events in the annals of that Commonwealth.

The successive periods in the development of the social and economic system of Virginia, periods which made a deep impression upon the fortunes of its families, have been singularly unlike in their character. First we observe the conditions prevailing in the age of the earliest pioneers alone, when the axe played an equal part with the rifle in enlarging the boundaries of civilization. Then followed the age when the planters, loyal to the king and true to the traditions of their race, erected everywhere in the older parts of the colony a society marked by all of the characteristics belonging to ancient communities. This in turn was succeeded by the interval leading up to the Revolution, an interval full of those memorable agitations foreshadowing the approaching storm. Then came the war of independence, the successful issue of which tore asunder the ties of association binding the families of Virginia to the

mother country. In the long period extending from the surrender of Cornwallis to the passage of the ordinance of secession, there existed a social life — conservative, peaceful, and uneventful — which rested upon the institution of slavery and the pursuit of agriculture, taking its character partly from the one and partly from the other. The late war broke upon this state of society, upheaving the whole fabric of it as in the throes of an earthquake; and when the tumult had passed away that fabric lay in ruin. A new order has arisen, one differing as much from that prevailing before the civil war as it does from that prevailing before the Revolution.

It can perhaps be said that no other people of the same race have in so short a time, comparatively considered, gone through a greater number and variety of vicissitudes, — vicissitudes which have struck, each in its turn, a telling blow at existing conditions, and in one instance, the late war, have practically revolutionized the whole state of society.

It is impossible to read Mr. Alexander Brown's latest work, *The Cabells and their Kin*,<sup>1</sup> without being very much impressed by the shadow which these successive periods in the story of Virginia — each so distinctly marked in its character, several so full of heroic tumult — have thrown upon his pages, as he relates the history of the different generations of the Cabell family. The background to the lives of its members consists of this changing drama, which controlled the fortunes of the community at large. From this point of view the work has great historical interest and value. This is more especially true of the parts treating, on the one hand of the Cabells who lived before and during the Revolutionary contest, and on the other of the Cabells who lived before and during the late war: the former contending for the overthrow of the supremacy of nature

<sup>1</sup> *The Cabells and their Kin*. A Memorial Volume of History, Biography, and Genealogy.

By ALEXANDER BROWN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

in a wide circuit of primeval forest, laying the foundation of new communities, building up large private fortunes, and taking an active part in the storm of the Revolution; the latter participating in those civic struggles which slavery brought about, and finally in that terrible war which these struggles precipitated.

Although the first of the American Cabells did not arrive in Virginia until 1724, more than one hundred years after the settlement of Jamestown Island, nevertheless the earliest annals of that family are associated with the rude conditions of life on the frontier. We discover in these annals evidence of every step in the resolute struggle to establish new homes in the ancient forests, and of the successful effort to erect a system of local government by the introduction of courts and vestries, at the very time that the Indians had not yet permanently retired beyond the mountains, and when strange and savage beasts still roamed the woods. Dr. William Cabell, the founder of the American branch of the family, was the first Englishman to obtain a patent to lands in the valley of the James River, lying near the foothills of the Blue Ridge. He stated, in a petition offered in court many years afterwards, that he had carried the settlements fifty miles further westward than they had been planted before. In doing so, while making his survey, he had been seized by the Indians, who resented his intrusion into their favorite hunting-grounds. From the mouth of the modern Rivanna — the stream upon which Monticello, the home of Jefferson, is situated — to the mountains there stretched a vast wilderness, which had been explored only by intrepid hunters and traders. When Dr. Cabell died, in 1774, this region, once the home of savages and wild beasts alone, had come into the possession of a large white population. Residences had been erected on the different estates, plantation edifices, stores, warehouses, churches, and court-houses built, and roads opened.

The great body of the inhabitants were of the purest English blood. A large number of the planters resembled Dr. Cabell in being men of ancient descent. Dr. Cabell himself was sprung from a stock which had been established in England since the Norman Conquest, had owned valuable landed estates, had occupied noble family seats and possessed wide influence. They had endowed churches and founded chapels, on the windows of which were emblazoned their coats-of-arms. The father of Dr. Cabell was the owner not only of a large personal estate, but also of extensive property in land in the vicinity of Frome, and all of his connections were firm and loyal supporters of church and state. The son, like so many others in the same period who sought new homes in the west, abandoned all of these substantial advantages of fortune, leaving behind his native community with its firmly established society, its peaceful and orderly pursuits, to become a pioneer on the frontiers of a far distant colony, where dangers hitherto unknown confronted him, and where the first seed of civilization had to be planted. The reward for this self-denial, energy, and enterprise, however, was great; for, dying, he devised to each of his children plantations many thousand acres in area, with a full equipment of buildings, servants, slaves, and livestock.

The second era in the history of the American Cabells — of even greater interest than the first — was that in which the storm of the Revolution arose, and finally expended its force in the triumph at Yorktown. The records of the family throw important light on the sentiments of the people of Virginia throughout this memorable period. Colonel William Cabell, the son of the founder, was a member of the General Assembly as early as 1757. He was present in the House when Patrick Henry offered his famous resolutions, May 29, 1765, and we find him in 1766 declining the office of deputy escheator because it was neces-

sary that it should be filled by a friend of the crown. From this time until the adjournment of the convention of 1788 he kept a diary, in which he noted, amid a great variety of details relating to other subjects, the course of the political events which were then stirring the minds of men. Mr. Brown has given copious extracts from this diary, which are of marked historical interest. We find that Colonel Cabell, like all of his associates, was firmly opposed to the oppressive measures of Great Britain, but nevertheless entertained the hope, until the passage of the Boston Port Bill, that the differences between the mother country and the colonies would be settled without bloodshed. "No one can deny," he is reported as then exclaiming, "that the people of Virginia have been loyal subjects. They have borne their grievances with patience, and have petitioned respectfully for their removal. All their remonstrances and memorials have been treated with neglect and contempt, and now we are to be gagged. We must fight, and, for one, I care not how soon." From this time he became an unwavering supporter of the various measures adopted for the safety of the colony. We find him from 1774 to 1776 chairman of his county committee. He was a member of the convention of 1775, and assisted in bringing in an ordinance for raising a large body of troops for immediate service. In the same year he was appointed a member of the committee of safety for Virginia at large, which called him away from home for long periods. This committee having the selection of all military officers, its members were debarred from holding any military position. He was a member of the convention of 1776, and was one of the committee to prepare a declaration of rights and to draw up a form of government. He was also elected the first senator from the Amherst district under the new Constitution.

The spirit of the people in the stress

of these trying times was reflected in the action of the county committees. These appear, without exception, to have shared the boldness and resoluteness of the committee of Cumberland, which in 1775 instructed the representatives of that county in the Assembly "to declare for an independency, and to abjure any allegiance to his Britannick Majesty and bid him a good-night forever;" and when war had broken out, they made every sacrifice to insure the successful consummation of the cause of the Revolution. The people bore a heavy burden of taxation without a murmur. The public charge imposed upon land and the great bulk of the personal property was already very onerous. In addition, taxes were laid on brandy, whiskey, tobacco, plate, specie, paper money, carriage-wheels, glass windows, billiard-tables, marriage and tavern licenses. There were poll and specific taxes. Nor were they levied once in the course of twelve months; there were taxes payable in each month of the year.

Incidental to the account of the political life at this time, Mr. Brown's work gives much information as to prices, which were now greatly inflated. Thus in 1780 twenty head of bullocks and barren cows were valued at over seven thousand pounds sterling in Virginia currency. A pound of bacon sold for eight dollars. For attendance upon one session of the Assembly Colonel Cabell was paid ten hundred and seventy-eight pounds sterling. The expense of boarding in Staunton, where the Assembly met in 1781, amounted to fifteen hundred dollars for the interval between June 12 and June 23, a period of ten days.

The expedients adopted in local manufacture are of interest. We find Colonel Cabell, in 1776, planting the seeds of cotton, flax, and hemp with a view to obtaining the material for his own weaving; and for the same reason he gave much attention to sheep husbandry. He also set up iron-works on one of his es-

tates in order to promote the manufacture of iron. On several occasions, he distilled in one year as much as one hundred and fifty gallons of brandy. During the progress of the war he erected the dwelling-house known as "Union Hill," which has been so intimately associated with the Cabell family. The timber of which it was constructed was cut, sawed, and placed in position by his own servants and slaves; the bricks were made in his own kilns; while the greater number of the nails were manufactured by hand in his own blacksmiths' shops. Like all the mansions of the planters of Virginia at that day, this residence had many outbuildings, such as the picking, spinning, weaving, and dyeing houses; the sewing-rooms and laundry; the dairy, the storeroom, the smoke-house, the kitchen, the poultry-houses, the coach-house, the ice-house, the cow-houses, the stable occupied by the horses in use by the family, and the houses for the servants and slaves attached to the residence. In addition to these structures — some built of wood, some of brick or stone — in the immediate vicinity, there were, on another part of the estate, near the manager's home, the farm stables; the barns, corn and tobacco houses, shops for shoemakers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, coopers, masons, and other artisans; the tannery, distillery, and grist-mill. At this time, the only means of transporting the tobacco to market consisted of the bateaux which were used in the navigation of the Upper James River. The hogsheads were placed on board, and thus conveyed to Richmond; the stream being in many places obstructed by falls, making the passage a dangerous one to boatman and cargo.

In the long interval between the close of the Revolution and the breaking out of the civil war the Cabell family expanded greatly in number, and in its dif-

ferent branches obtained marked distinction in all the departments of life. There was hardly a year in the whole course of that long period when a Cabell did not represent his division of the State in the House of Delegates, the state Senate, or the national House of Representatives. The family gave to the Commonwealth a governor and also a president of the Court of Appeals. In the persons of members of the family bearing a different name, they gave to the national government a Vice-President, and several occupants of the highest diplomatic positions abroad, while in the field of literature several of the Cabell kin have won celebrity. Spreading out as each generation came into active life, the family established itself in all that part of Virginia where it had its first seat. Offshoots bearing the same name, or sharing its blood only, passed at an early date across the barrier of mountains, and made a permanent settlement in the most beautiful regions of Kentucky, and from thence emigrated as far as Texas, and even to the country lying beyond the Rockies. That migratory instinct, coupled with the desire to improve one's fortunes which has had so powerful an influence in bringing about the occupation of the West, is nowhere more fully recorded than in this volume by Mr. Brown; this gives the work an additional value from the light which it throws upon the movement of population from the East to the western and southwestern wilderness.

Few episodes in American history approach in picturesqueness the part borne by Lafayette in our struggle for national existence as described in the elaborate volumes of Mr. Tower.<sup>1</sup> At an age that many now pass in college, and even while yet so young as to be jeeringly alluded to by Cornwallis as "that boy," he made himself so important a factor in the Revolution as truly to savor of romance

<sup>1</sup> *The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution. With Some Account of the Attitude of France towards the War of Independ-*

*dence.* By CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, JR., LL. D. In two volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1895.



rather than fact. Indeed, were the incidents of his career told as fiction, their improbability would go far to mar the artistic effect. It is true that much of this air of romance is due to the French view of the contest; for whatever the Revolution was to our ancestors, to the French, and particularly to Lafayette, it was never a quarrel over so many pence duty on tea, nor even over the broader right of self-taxation. To them it was the outburst of a people against enslavement; an object-lesson of the theories — then very much in vogue — taught by Montesquieu and the Encyclopædists, rendered in this case doubly interesting because directed against an hereditary and triumphant enemy. All France, but especially the nobility, the army, and (of course) the ladies, went wild with an enthusiasm at once the embarrassment and the delight of the French government; which, hoping to use the opportunity to injure Great Britain, chose not to dampen the popular sentiment, yet found great difficulty in preventing the outburst from compromising France in her relations with that country. Indeed, the acts of Louis's cabinet strongly suggest the tight-rope performer in the skill with which the balance between open war and secret encouragement was maintained for so many months.

Under the impulse of this enthusiasm many foreigners desired to serve in the American army. The commissioners at Paris, the Congress, and Washington were besieged by "thousand of officers" of France with offers and demands. Even such veterans as Prince Ferdinand, Marshal Broglie, and the Duke de Lauzun were among those who caught the fever, and would gladly have accepted American commissions had sufficient rank been granted them. In this public excitement, it is not strange that Lafayette, of both the nobility and the army, should be infected with the prevailing ferment. He had distinctly the qualities that made the contest appeal to him strongly. But

twenty-two years of age, with a temperament that he candidly spoke of as "my own warmth," his foible, according to his admiring friend Jefferson, was "a canine appetite for popularity and fame." That such a man sought service in America when so many in France wished to do so is not strange, but that he should have succeeded so far beyond his own expectations, and so greatly beyond any other of his countrymen, is truly marvelous.

The path to success was not a smooth one. However eagerly fostered by our diplomats and statesmen, the French alliance and the French nation were objects of suspicion in the colonies; for Americans had been too long imbued with hatred of that people easily to regard them as friends. When the probability of French aid was argued in connection with the Declaration of Independence, it was seriously urged in Congress that the people would never consent to the landing of French troops in the colonies. When Lafayette first arrived, one of his party wrote that "the populace of Charleston, as well as that of all this part of the continent, detest the French;" adding, "This is not the case in good society." This state of mind was typical of the whole country, and the French alliance was the act of the intellectual classes of America, long regarded with suspicion by the common people. How ingrained this feeling was is shown by the outburst against the French on the failure of the attack on Newport, when Lafayette himself records that "the people turned mad at their [the French] departure, and, wishing them all the evils in the world, did treat them as a generous one would be ashamed to treat the most inveterate enemies." The condition, indeed, became so critical to the alliance that the French minister considered it necessary to hire the popular but mercenary pen of Thomas Paine "in inspiring the people with sentiments favorable to France and the alliance." In 1779, when

American affairs seemed most desperate, even Lafayette was doubtful as to what kind of a reception a French force would meet with in America.

Such was the public mood when Lafayette offered his sword to the American cause, and his success, as compared with that of his fellow French, can be easily understood when his attitude, compared with theirs, is considered. He begged, never demanded, a commission; he did not haggle for rank or money, but fought as a volunteer, without command and without pay, wherever there was fighting to be done. While the Continental army was the laughter of the foreign officers, he said, "I am here to learn, not to teach." When Steuben criticised the want of discipline, Lafayette claimed that "bravery took the place with them of science." While others were abusing America, its people, its officials, and its army, Lafayette records only love and praise, and his letters to his wife are full of admiration for all he saw. He himself indicated the cause for the unpopularity of the foreign officers, and of the opposite in his own case, in his plan for a detachment of French troops, in which he warned Vergennes not to send colonels used to the luxuries of Paris, for "we shall need officers who know how to submit to annoyances, to live frugally, to avoid all airs, particularly a sharp and peremptory manner."

Such conduct could not but win him his way. A few weeks after his arrival he was the close friend of Washington, who yielded his friendship so slowly; and the commander-in-chief, who had seen only embarrassment in Lafayette's advent, soon wrote to Congress, "It appears to me, from a consideration of his illustrious and important connections, the attachment he has manifested for our cause, and the consequences which his return in disgust might produce, that it will be advisable to gratify him in his wish for a brigade." Nor was it only here that he won trust. He was quickly

on the best terms with all of the officers, and the rank and file soon styled him familiarly and endearingly "the Marquis." As time went on his influence on all sides waxed, till Chastellux declared that "private letters from him have frequently produced more effect upon some of the States than the strongest exhortations of the Congress;" and Marbois wrote to Vergennes: "It is difficult to imagine, monseigneur, to what extent the prudence of M. le Marquis de Lafayette, joined to firm and decided conduct, has won the affections of the inhabitants. His presence attracts both men and supplies. No man, say the delegates [of Congress] from Virginia and Maryland, except Washington, would have obtained such universal popularity; having shown in his first campaign bravery even to rashness, he now shows consummate prudence. On his arrival in Virginia the people were aghast at his youth, but now they would regret exceedingly to see the command pass into other hands." Even Lafayette marveled at his own success, and confessed, "I am forced myself to smile sometimes, . . . even in this country where people do not smile as readily as we do at home."

Of this brilliant and generous story Mr. Tower has written a most admirable account. Although, we believe, the author's first work in American history, there is no trace of the tyro, and the book is at once scholarly and interesting. The wealth of original material included cannot fail to make it the standard authority on Lafayette's service in America, and scarcely less so on the whole history of the French alliance. Mr. Tower is a skilled linguist, and his translations from Doniol, from the Stevens Facsimiles, and from other sources are a distinct boon, the more that most of the papers which he includes are printed in their entirety. In every respect the book shows a balance of view and an accuracy of treatment that deserve the highest recognition and praise.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

NATURE AND TRAVEL.

By Oak and Thorn, a Record of English Days, by Alice Brown. (Houghton.) Several of the graceful sketches of travel contained in this book are known to readers of *The Atlantic*, but they are of such a nature as tempt to a second reading; for, barring an occasional forced note, Miss Brown's manner has a charm not indeed independent of her matter, but felicitously making it as good as new a second time. The element of delight in the hunting of small deer is present in the sketches, and Miss Brown shows herself a true lover of the chase, if it be for nothing more substantial than the actual Cranford or Falstaff's cup.—*Spring Notes from Tennessee*, by Bradford Torrey. (Houghton.) In changing his base of operations from New England to the South, Mr. Torrey has not permitted his friends the enemy to escape. In other words, in visiting Florida and Tennessee, he has chosen in each case the time when the New England birds are passing through on their way north. A pilgrimage to the old battlefields about Chattanooga gave the opportunity for these latest observations; but when to the older acquaintances a number of native Tennessee birds are added, the reader will not wonder that the author's attention is not entirely occupied by the historical associations of the place. Mr. Torrey's studies in human nature are always sweet and refreshing, and if at times the humor seems a bit strained, or the incident perhaps trivial, we are little inclined to quarrel with so good an observer. Indeed, in combining accuracy of observation with happiness of description and charm of style Mr. Torrey is unexcelled among American writers of outdoor papers. For the benefit of ornithologists an annotated list of ninety-three birds is given.—*Journal of a Few Months' Residence in Portugal*, by Dora Wordsworth [Mrs. Quillinan]. Edited by Edmund Lee. (Longmans.) The name of Dora Wordsworth is so intimately associated with her father's life and poetry that many of those who love the poet will ask for no other introduction to this volume; yet the charm of the book is not borrowed

solely from the name of Wordsworth. The simplicity of a poet's "beloved child" runs through its pages, written with the old-fashioned refinement of a lady's memoirs of half a century ago. The *Journal* is a narrative of a year's sojourn in a country still little visited by the tourist throng, with few incidents of note, but enlivened by much vivacious and intelligent description. It is interesting to see her father's deep and comprehensive love of nature spring up in Dora Wordsworth's mind as each new landscape appears. Hers is a delight as genuine as his, although to her the highest form of utterance was denied. Throughout the *Journal* there is no lack of the "sportive wit" which her father wrote of, but could never feel, yet the humor is pleasant rather than amusing. Could we ask more of a Wordsworth?—*Venezuela, a Land where it's always Summer*, by William Eleroy Curtis. With a Map. (Harpers.) The book is not profound, but it is chatty and entertaining, and gives us an interesting picture of scenery, history, and life. The author's point of view seems to be that of an untraveled American. He describes what he found in a short journey into the disputed Guiana territory, but does not discuss the merits of the case, though an appendix contains the official correspondence between the United States and Great Britain. The story of the life of Guzman Blanco, self-styled "the Illustrious American," is well worth reading for the glimpse it gives into the ways of South American politicians as well as for its portrayal of a unique personality.—*Little Idyls of the Big World: being a few World-Problems stated, but not solved; some Human Documents unrolled; and some Sights that suggest*, by W. D. McCrackan. (Knight.) Twenty sketchy impressions of travel make up the book thus magniloquently heralded; but the magniloquence is in the title; the sketches themselves show a good observer and thoughtful student.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Brother and Sister, a Memoir and the Letters of Ernest and Henriette Renan, translated by Lady Mary Loyd. (Macmillan.)

We have noted the appearance of an excellent translation, by Miss Alger, of *Ma Sœur Henriette*. Another English version of that memoir is given in this volume, together with the later published letters that illustrate and supplement it, as they do also those chapters in the *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* which describe with such extraordinary minuteness and impressiveness the struggles of a young and devout soul with insistent questionings and ever growing doubts. The sister, to whom it may almost be said that Renan owed everything, was too sacred a memory to be introduced to the public in that work, and it is only since the brother's death that his readers have had the assurance given them, if any needed it, that the few earnest words in the *Souvenirs* were not a mourner's tribute to a sister transfigured by death, but only a simple verity. The letters selected by Madame Renan extend from March, 1842, to December, 1845, the first years of Henriette's life as a governess in Poland; and though her material care for her family is constantly manifest, the main subject of the correspondence is the spiritual unrest of the young seminarian, which his sister meets, and even divines, at every stage, with her exquisite sympathy. It is the record not only of a tender and passionate devotion, but of a rare soul communion. "So perfect," says the brother, "was the union of our minds that we scarcely needed to communicate our thoughts. . . . With her a part of my actual being passed away." Lady Mary Loyd again proves herself an exceedingly good translator, the book is handsomely printed, and the illustrations of the original are reproduced. — *A Few Memories*, by Mary Anderson [Mrs. de Navarro]. (Harpers.) Miss Anderson's career, when we consider her absolute want of any artistic training, either by association or by education, not to mention the more serious lack of a genuine artistic temperament, was almost as marvelous as those of certain aspirants of fiction, who, with the least possible preparation, at once become stars of the first magnitude. "The life of youth and beauty is too short for the bringing of an actress to her perfection," wrote a critic whose dictum in this matter no one would be likely to gainsay; yet to this untaught and ignorantly, if magnificently, audacious girl, for her earliest and crudest efforts came popular favor and

its rewards such as the great artists whom she emulated knew only after years of wearisome, not to say painful apprenticeship. So we fear that her object in writing her memoirs — to show stage-struck young girls the difficulties and hardships of the life they long for — will defeat itself, for the volume will be an incentive rather than a warning. Mrs. de Navarro modestly disclaims the possession of literary skill, nor are her comments on things dramatic of special value; but she has written an exceedingly agreeable and readable book, excellent in arrangement, admirably simple and straightforward in style, refreshingly free from self-consciousness or vanity. From first to last we are in contact with a frank, ingenuous, cheerfully self-reliant, and thoroughly healthy nature. The English reminiscences, recording the pleasantest social experiences, beside notable theatrical successes, form the most interesting as they are the best written part of the work. Half a dozen charming portraits are given, — one from a photograph taken within a year being perhaps the most attractive of all; but we wish a seventh could have been added, recalling as far as might be the beauty and impressiveness of the central figure in the statue scene of *The Winter's Tale*. — *History of Prussia under Frederic the Great, 1736-1757*, by Herbert Tuttle. (Houghton.) This volume, continuing Mr. Tuttle's important historical series, was ready for the printer at the author's death, and is complete for the period treated, a period of great dramatic interest. The subject is handled dramatically, also; that is, the telling points are brought out clearly from a mass of detail. Controverted points are dealt with thoroughly enough to show the writer's opinion and the reasons for it, but not pedantically nor in a way to confuse the reader. The excessively tangled diplomacy of the time is made as clear, probably, as it can be made. The account of the very famous battles which occurred in these sixteen months is managed very cleverly, so as to give a good idea of the movements of the troops without resort to technicalities. The style is simple and direct, yet not dull. Professor Herbert B. Adams furnishes a good biographical sketch of the unusual scholar lost to America by death, and a portrait is prefixed. — *Charles XII. and the Collapse of the Swedish Empire, 1682-1719*, by R. Nisbet Bain. *Heroes of the Nations Series*.

(Putnams.) Mr. Bain has that easy mastery of his subject which enables him to treat a large and complex theme lucidly and not ineffectively within the strait limits set by the series to which his monograph belongs, while its popular character in no wise unfavorably affects its scholarly accuracy and breadth of view. Especially noteworthy is the vivid and carefully considered presentment of Charles XI., a more attractive and also a truer portrait than the unlovely one which Voltaire has made familiar to generations of readers, and the father's character serves as an aid towards the clearer understanding of certain qualities in the son. Viewing the latter as a ruler, we can hardly fail to regard him as the Madman as well as the Lion of the North, but he was one of the greatest and most heroic of soldiers, a man literally in love with war from his youth up, incapable of fear, absolutely undaunted by or indifferent to difficulties, hardships, and pain, having in a supreme degree many of the traits that go to the making of a national hero. But if at times he seemed filled with the Berserker rage of his pagan ancestors, he was a man of kindly nature, of strong domestic affections, a warm friend, and withal as devout as one of Cromwell's Ironsides, and austere almost to asceticism in his life; in short, a perplexing mixture of viking, paladin, and puritan. This book should help correct various errors, the chief responsibility for which rests upon Voltaire's history, a work that Mr. Bain in his haste is inclined to call a romance, but which belongs to the domain of great literature, and is possessed of perennial life and influence. — *The United States of America, 1765-1865*, by Edward Channing. (Macmillan.) This volume in the Cambridge Historical Series shows an excellent sense of proportion. Possibly the fact that it was written for an English series by an American scholar had some influence on its form, for it is admirably adapted to meet in a dignified way the foolish strictures of a recent writer in Blackwood. A comprehensive knowledge of modern, especially English history is apparent as the measuring-rod, so that the book, though strictly occupied with the history of the United States, is not written as if there were no other history. The discussion of special topics, as for example the New England town meeting, shows the training and the thoroughness of the writer.

POETRY.

*The Marriage of Guenevere, a Tragedy*, by Richard Hovey. (Stone & Kimball.) It is matter for congratulation that a few, at least, of our younger verse-writers are beginning to abandon the tiny lyric forms which have so long eked out an apologetic existence in friendly nooks and crevices of the monthly magazines, and are nerving themselves for efforts of more scope and moment. Mr. Hovey has gone at his task valiantly, and has marked out his work on commendably large and vigorous lines. Unfortunately, the dramatic machine proves, in places, too pretentious; for Mr. Hovey's gift is by no means a distinctively dramatic one, and the dialogue, as well as the characterization, lacks the thrust, incisiveness, and body necessary to an adequate carrying out of the scenic idea. Accordingly, the later scenes, where the dramatic situation grows more complex and the author cannot rely on the liquid flow of his blank verse, are disappointing. To a mind unenlightened concerning the symbolist cult and the immunities granted its votaries, it is a trifle discomposing to find Dagonet, the court fool, furnished forth with a full wallet of Elizabethan quips and similes, and to witness Guenevere engaged in masquerading pranks which remind us of Watteau and the Petit Trianon. — *The Road to Castaly*, by Alice Brown. (Copeland & Day.) There runs through this little collection a buoyant, healthy, out-of-door strain that is hardly suggested by the conventional title. In such poems as *Wood-Longing* and *Pan* we catch the real rapture of communion with the green world, so fatally easy to simulate, so winning and persuasive when genuinely uttered. *A West-Country Lover* and *On the Field* have a robust martial ring that is rare enough to be worth recognition, and in such little bits as *Fore-Warned* there is evidence that the author has not studied in vain the delightful song-writers of the Jacobean and Carolian periods. — *In Unknown Seas*, by George Horton. (University Press.) Two characteristics of a good poet Mr. Horton possesses in generous measure, the gift of melody and the gift of sense-perception. The little lyrics, written for the most part in a six-line stanza with alternating masculine and feminine rhymes, drift along in rich, lulling cadences, form-

ing, dissolving, and re-forming in pictures vivid and delicate as the sunset clouds of the "unknown seas" through which he sails. It is perhaps pardonable skepticism which refuses to grant the force of the epithet in the title which Mr. Horton has chosen, since the subjects which he handles so satisfactorily come dangerously near being hackneyed, but it would be ungrateful not to dwell with emphasis upon the sensuous charm and sincere poetic impulse of the little volume. — *Dumb in June*, by Richard Burton; *Undertones*, by Madison Cawein. (Copeland & Day.) The first two volumes of the *Oaten Stop Series* are bound in attractive Quakerish covers, and are of a size and shape which fit them for pocket companionship. Fortunately, their contents bear out the invitation to summer strolls and hedge-side lingerings with the Muse. Mr. Cawein's work especially is marked at times by exquisite delicacy of nature-impression, and by a minute but never fussy realism in the treatment of country sights and sounds. Many of his phrases ring clear and sound from a new mint. He has in no small degree the instinct for the "unexpected and inevitable word." Mr. Burton's volume is more reflective and remote, but shows an equal sincerity, and at times a more spontaneous lyrical impulse. — *In the Young World*, by Edith Thomas. (Houghton.) Miss Thomas's audience is well assured, and this collection of prettily fanciful verse, dealing with the imaginative world of childhood, will not disappoint the readers of her previous books. — *Hills of Song*, by Clinton Scollard. (Copeland & Day.) Though there is some undeniably good verse scattered through Mr. Scollard's pages, there is little which engages us by any distinctive charm, which makes us see an old thing with a new and startled recognition. The hills have been traversed by many bards and bardlets, and somehow the paths seem somewhat worn and unvisited by compensatory violets. — *The Pilgrim, and Other Poems*, by Sophie Jewett [Ellen Burroughs]. (Macmillan.) Well-tuned, lucid verse, with a note of strenuous thought that sometimes lifts the lines above the level of quiet agreeableness.

#### LITERATURE.

Two Unpublished Essays, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, with an Introduction by E. E. Hale. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.) As a boy

of seventeen, at Harvard College, Emerson wrote a dissertation upon *The Character of Socrates*, in competition for the Bowdoin Prize. With a similar object he wrote in the following year (1821) another essay, upon *The Present State of Ethical Philosophy*. Could two titles show more clearly that the child is father of the man? Young Emerson was nothing if not theoretic. Throughout the two essays there is a most philosophical disregard of facts. Wrapped up in the impractical world of eighteenth-century thinkers, — the world of Stewart and Paley, — he loves to speculate and to draw broad conclusions. Even at this time Emerson had read extensively, and what is more, he had learned to appreciate many widely varying schools of thought. Despite its precocity, his mind was still essentially immature. His style is formal and dry, with an amusing touch of the pedantry of a past age; his thought is vigorous, but not concise. It is interesting to note that the committee of award, among whom sat President Kirkland, Dr. William Ellery Channing, and William Prescott, decided in each case that as none of the competitors appeared worthy of the first prize, the second should be adjudged to Ralph Waldo Emerson. — *Sunrise Stories, a Glance at the Literature of Japan*, by Roger Riordan and Tozo Takayanagi. (Scribners.) To meet the modern demand for all that is Japanese, this volume gives in popular form a survey of the literature of Japan from early times, and of the myths and folk-stories with which it is interwoven. The stories are told with the simplicity their subjects demand, and that they lack any peculiar charm is owing, perhaps, to their necessary condensation. The translations of Japanese verse with which the book is sprinkled are somewhat disappointing if the reader look for vigorous thought foreign to our own. The book contains, however, much that is curious and suggestive. It will surprise readers of English literature to note the prominence of women at an early stage in the literary history of Japan. — *Romeo and Juliet and Titus Andronicus* have been added to the Temple Shakespeare. (Macmillan.) The latter has, facing the etched frontispiece of London Bridge, Aldrich's lines, "The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day." — Shakespeare and his Predecessors, by Frederick S. Boas, M. A.



(Scribners.) A study of all the works of Shakespeare, in their approximate chronological order, preceded by a judicious attempt to gather together the results of recent investigation concerning Shakespeare's organic relation to the dramatic movement in Elizabethan England. — The Gospel of Buddha, according to the Old Records, told by Paul Carus. (Open Court Publishing Co.) A free popular working over of the content of the sacred books of Buddhism, partly by way of translation, partly by way of original elucidation of Buddhist doctrine.

#### EDUCATION AND TEXTBOOKS.

An Introduction to the Study of American Literature, by Brander Matthews. (American Book Co.) Mr. Matthews wisely follows the course of brief studies of individual writers, for it is difficult to make much of a scientific study of environment and all the other philosophical conditions which teachers of literature dearly love. The sketches are brief, good natured, lively, not too profound, but really calculated to interest young students. A fairly good apparatus of bibliographical notes accompanies each sketch. — The Voice and Spiritual Education, by Hiram Corson. (Macmillan.) Readers of The Atlantic will scarcely have forgotten the suggestive paper by Dr. Corson printed in the number for June, 1895. The small volume now published is upon the same general line, though wider in its reach. Indeed, by an easy road Dr. Corson strays off into the field of coeducation, but his most effective work is his criticism of public readers.

#### FICTION.

The two latest novels of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, The Sowers (Harpers) and The Grey Lady (Macmillan), show the same qualities that speedily won recognition for his earlier tales, — a clever manipulation of telling incidents, and a bright and occasionally epigrammatic style. Indeed, we think The Sowers may be considered its author's best book, despite the fact that some of the characters are familiar acquaintances, especially the cool, self-possessed, all-knowing, and benevolent man of the world, who is the Anglo-Russian hero's friend and factotum; the heroine, half lady and half adventuress, with dangerous secrets in her past; and the unscrupulous French diplomat; while the rather cheap cynicism

with which Mr. Merriman's society sketches are flavored will certainly not commend itself to the judicious. But the story is told with sustained spirit and force, and will pretty surely hold the reader till the end. The Grey Lady, in every way a lesser book, is burdened with such improbabilities of plot, and the characters, though not without a measure of vitality, so plainly exist for the sake of the story, that it is no small credit to the author's skill as a *raconteur* that the narrative, for the moment, almost produces the effect of sober realism. — Mr. W. Pett Ridge, who has of late printed a good many lively and readable short stories and sketches in various London papers, has now brought out two novels, A Clever Wife and The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst. (Harpers.) Both relate to the world of second-rate but rising journalists, *littérateurs*, artists, and actors, and in a certain tone and temper, particularly in matters of sentiment, the influence of Dickens is plainly, and in a few instances drolly perceptible. Mr. Ridge's humor is generally of an agreeable, if too often of a commonplace quality, and there are some happy strokes in his character-drawing. The heroine of A Clever Wife, however, — a young novelist who marries, but from principle endeavors to live a quite independent life, and is of course finally brought to a properly penitent and domestic frame of mind, — never succeeds in being quite alive. Mr. Staplehurst is a popular writer, who, in the calm happiness of his prosperous middle age, thinks longingly of his vanished youth, and for a few weeks is granted the boon of being twenty-two once more, turning the same to exceedingly ill account. It is a little hard for the writer that comparisons will be pretty sure to be made between this fantasy and Mr. Anstey's Vice Versa. — The Apotheosis of Mr. Tyrawley, by E. Livingston Prescott. (Harpers.) This tale, which is well written and far from dull, can be safely commended to youthful or unsophisticated readers. Its hero, a young man with the beauty of Apollo, the strength of an athlete (though both his heart and lungs are weak), and the manners and sensibilities of a gentleman, is, owing to an unfortunate training, a card-sharper, and in other ways one who lives by his wits. His regeneration begins when he saves the beautiful daughter of an affluent family

from drowning, and forthwith falls in love. He tries various honest callings, pursued always by his evil repute, and is finally driven to become a virtuous and hard-working coster; but the dear lost uncle turns up millionaire, and the history ends with a wedding. The story is a curious mixture of realism and romantic melodrama. — *Nobody's Fault*, by Netta Syrett. The Keynotes Series. (Lane, London; Roberts, Boston.) The clever girl educated above her station, who is wretched in the world of her parents and their friends, is not unknown in fiction, particularly in these latter days; but her trials are recounted here with a good deal of freshness and force. Indeed, the story of Bridget Ruan's young life is very well told, and it is only when the heroine is re-introduced to us as the wife of a rich, heartless husband that we become assured that we have one of the usual forms of the up-to-date novel, with its inevitable *finale*, — a struggle between love and duty, or, as some of the strugglers would say, between love and conventionality. In this case it is a woman who does not; a certain feeling for her mother restrains her. — Another addition to the Keynotes Series is *Platonic Affections*, by John Smith; and the wonder is how it should have got there. For the tales of this series, if often of the Yellow Book order, generally have not been dull, so far as we have examined them. But this very amateurish production is tiresome and unnatural, and its absurdity fails to amuse. — *Galloping Dick*, being Chapters from the Life and Fortunes of Richard Ryder, otherwise *Galloping Dick*, Sometime Gentleman of the Road, by H. B. Marriott Watson. (Stone & Kimball.) A fine air of swash-buckler bravado, of wigs and swords, of lonely roads and theatrical inn parlors, together with a really delightful instinct on the part of the writer for what is at once picturesque and humorous in the gesticulating human scene, makes the half dozen stories of this volume capital reading. The diction is a sufficiently good imitation of late seventeenth-century English to satisfy any one not irritably disposed, and the characterization, though avowedly external, is vivid and amusing. — *The Comedy of Cecilia*, by Caroline Fothergill. (Black, London; Macmillan, New York.) This brief tale is clever and crude, and, despite the latter quality, is also entertaining in its way.

Even though Cecilia laughs from the first page to the last, the title of her history is a bit of sarcasm; that is, if we are able to take her story at all seriously. But aspiring young ladies at our century's end are hardly kept in a *Clarissa Harlowe* state of bondage, and if they were they would beat against the bars with a vigor that would generally prove effectual. Cecilia's declaration of independence after her enforced marriage is good as a climax and a stroke of poetic justice, but we doubt her living up to it. — *Where Highways Cross*, by J. S. Fletcher. Iris Series. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) A little idyl telling of the love of a well-to-do and upright farmer of forty for a young woman who, in her despair and desolation, comes to his house as a sort of upper servant. Readers of the slightest experience at once are aware that the heroine's husband, who was convicted for a crime which he did not commit and who died in attempting to escape, is neither dead nor innocent, and that he will duly appear and bring unhappiness to the farmer, who will behave with great generosity and self-abnegation. An agreeable simplicity of style and an occasional felicitous touch in the narrative cannot conceal its essential weakness and commonplaceness. — *Effie Hetherington*, by Robert Buchanan. (Roberts.) It is unfortunate that we must preface any remarks concerning a novel of such undeniable dramatic power by classing it among those volumes which, with small compliment to man, are called men's books. The more's the pity, since the fabric of the story is built upon a really noble type of self-devotion. The unreasoning Scotch hero, Richard Douglas, loves with unreasoning adoration a worse than shallow girl. The other characters stand within the shadow of the background, and the interest centres on the contrast of the capricious worthlessness of Effie Hetherington with the savage heroism of her lover. Apart from singular originality of plot, the great merit of the story lies in the underlying nobility of Richard Douglas, which, at first hidden beneath his coarse exterior and brutal manners, leaves behind it a clear and fine impression. — *Earth's Enigmas*, a volume of stories by Charles G. D. Roberts. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.) None of these stories are more effective than those which describe the eternal warfare of wild beasts in obedience to a

law of nature more cruel than they. Mr. Roberts knows the depths of the forest, and the senses of his readers are alive to its smells, its colors, and its sounds. Most of these tales illustrate the life of a logging camp: some are dramatic, others highly imaginative, and one — *The Romance of an Ox-Team* — is idyllic. Throughout the book the author has shaped his language with the nicety of an accomplished workman, though, unlike the very best, he has not learned to hide all traces of his art. — *Your Money or Your Life*, by Edith Carpenter (Scribners), as we are told in a prefatory note, "obtained the prize of \$1000 in the story competition instituted by the New York Herald in 1895." It is interesting to learn what kind of a story competent judges have thought most acceptable to the masses of the novel-reading public. The book is eminently "smart." As might be guessed, ardent love-making of a popular but unimaginative type is coupled with wild adventure that grows wilder as the plot unfolds. This is, however, the weaker side of the story. The young civilization in the Far West is described with vivacity and wit. — *Amos Judd*, by J. A. Mitchell. (Scribners.) A boy rajah, cursed with the spirit of prophecy, taken from his native India under circumstances never fully disclosed, and deposited in the bosom of an honest Connecticut household, is hardly a figure calculated to limit the range of romance. Yet in this novel the author wisely restricts the field of his hero's adventures. *Amos Judd*, brought up as a gentleman farmer, pays his court to an unextraordinary girl in scarcely so poetic a manner as one might hope for from a rajah endowed with the beauty and riches of the fabled princes on the banks of the Ganges. The interest, in which the story is by no means lacking, centres in the hero's gift of prophecy, which lends itself well to the purpose in view, and which the author emphatically and certainly very sanely divorces from all suggestion of hypnotic influence. — An ingenious idea is happily treated in the tale of *The Captured Cunarder*, by William H. Rideing, now published in book form by Copeland & Day. The assault, capture, and subsequent depredations on the high seas of the good ship *Grampania*, under the guiding spirit of Captain O'Grady, patriot, Fenian, and pirate, are told with a comic seriousness that might

well repay the reader for double the hour he spends in the perusal. — *Out of Town*, with Illustrations by Rosina Emmet Sherwood. (Harpers.) If the test of a story be in the reading, no accusation against a volume intended solely to amuse can be more fatal than the charge of dullness. There may be worse faults; that is the unpardonable sin. The offense of *Out of Town* is aggravated. A series of the faintest of faint character sketches is strung upon an attenuated thread of romance. These sketches, illustrating the life of suburban New Yorkers, are intended to recall to the mind those very scenes and characters from which the reader hopes at least to find a secure refuge in books. True to life *Out of Town* undoubtedly is, but here truth has long ceased to be a virtue. — *The Bicyclers*, and *Three Other Farces*, by John Kendrick Bangs. (Harpers.) It is a peculiarity, and an excellent one, of this volume that in each farce the curtain rises on the same group of actors, although in every case the plot thickens along very different lines. Thus, while the reader has the pleasure of continually recognizing former acquaintances among the *dramatis personæ*, he is never wearied by protracted harping on a single note. Nothing truer can be said of a farce than that it has a distinct time limit. No broad and unadulterated humor is quite so funny after half a hundred pages have flown. This Mr. Bangs recognizes, and his device accomplishes its end. — *Tommy Toddles*, by Albert Lee. With Illustrations by Peter S. Newell. (Harpers.) Tommy Toddles's adventures in the world of dreams are one more attempt to imitate the inimitable. No other child can ever hope to walk in Alice's Wonderland. Mr. Lee's book, though not prosaic and occasionally funny, is totally without the irresponsible imagination which makes Lewis Carroll's a classic. Spontaneity of invention is the best gift of a children's author. Mr. Lee's dreams are not dreamed, but manufactured. The really comic element of the book lies in Mr. Newell's pictures, which give Tommy Toddles and his friends more character than they deserve. — *A House of Cards*, by Alice S. Wolf. The Peacock Library. (Stone & Kimball.) A pallid and amateurish work, the characters of which persist in appearing of the same unsubstantial material as the house which they inhabit. —

A Master Spirit, by Harriet Prescott Spoford. Ivory Series. (Scribners.) This little volume is interesting to the student of the art of fiction by reason of its peculiar technique. The narrative, which is a common enough one in motive, proceeds with a peculiar airy swing and disregard for the matter-of-fact sequence of details, which makes it almost lyrical in effect. As a study in narrative, it is well worth attention. — Anthony Graeme, by Edith Gray Wheelwright. (Bentley.) An abstract and coldly intellectual nature, gradually warmed and humanized by the influence of love to which, for purely selfish reasons, it has exposed it-

self, — this is not an altogether novel theme, but Miss Wheelwright has grasped it with a good deal of earnestness and imaginative force. The mild English air of the novel, its reliance on familiar types of character and of ethical sentiment, and its occasional lack of the realism that goes with worldliness will not prejudice it too much in discerning minds. — *Unc' Edinburg*, a Plantation Echo, by Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst. (Scribners.) This well illustrated and handsomely printed and bound little volume is the fourth of Mr. Page's tales to be reissued in this attractive style.

#### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

*A City by Starlight.* How subtly interwoven, yet how contradictory, are expectations and realizations! The Algiers of my "inward eye" was one of those fantastic places possible only in the mind of a child, with airy domes of Kibla Khan and blazing with the jewels of the Arabian Nights. A little girl, I watched a beautiful bride draw a quaint cloak over her shining hair, explaining, "It is a burnous; it came from Algiers;" and the child, hungry for beauty, silently resolved (as children are always resolving), When I am a woman, I will go to Algiers, I will have a burnous, I will be lovely as she is.

I am a woman, I have been to Algiers, but — need I say? — the burnous of beauty is still as elusive as the flying garment of Daphne to the eager fingers of Apollo.

All through the seasickness and weariness of the long voyage my childish purpose was a staying staff. Even the lovely Azores, stately Gibraltar, and the blue Kabyl mountains were only a prelude for my eager mind. The ship reached Algiers after the night had fallen, and as we steamed across the dark, smooth waves, a broad belt of flashing, sea-reflected lights was the bright sign of a city of magic mystery. Down below the steamer twinkled the lanterns of scores of little, shifting, rocking rowboats, plied by dark Charons who vociferated in a strange tongue and contended for their prey, bumping their crafts into one another, well-

nigh swamping the miniature fleet of swinging light and swarthy boatmen.

Venturing into the realm of the unknown, I crept down the ladder-like descent of the ship's side and sank into a fluctuating barge which was rowed away by two demons of Dore's Inferno; and as we floated off, leaving the high white ship, a towering friendly refuge of safety and civilization, we seemed to be floating down to obscure and perilous adventure, for our sombre rowers, when addressed in the tongues of Europe, muttered, "Turco, Turco," and swore and cursed in a rapidly strange speech as we bowed our heads to pass under the cordage of other ships in the shadow, and jarred roughly into a great lonely buoy bobbing up and down on the black sheen of the waves. But at last, after strange curves, we touched the pier, and stepped uncertainly ashore to pay our fare to a burly Turkish receiver, who, with the most innocent air, nimbly exchanged my twenty-franc gold piece for a ten-franc one, and then as nimbly forgot the English and French he had been glibly speaking before, to present a stolid Eastern front of dumb incomprehension.

Then came a swift drive up a long curving road to the city set upon a hill, and a chill of disappointment fell upon me at sight of the tall arcades, the cheap cafés, the flaring gas of an ordinary French or Italian town. Where was my visionary city? But at that moment we dashed past a gleaming

white mosque with a great group of gigantic feathery palms, and Bedouins in loose white garments glided noiselessly by, felt-shod like Silence in Ariosto's fabled Cavern of Sleep. Other shades flitted past in dark vestments wound about their persons in the fashion of the old family-Bible folk. As we climbed the narrow streets there were glimpses into dark interiors, places of Turkish coffee, of bread-making and sweetmeats; disclosing groups of Arabs, dark browed, impassible, contemptuous of childish Western curiosity. In the archway of a lovely Moorish building stood a stately Arab in soft white woolen robes, who led us into a marble gallery crusted with iridescent tiles and glistening mosaics and mystical Arabic inscriptions, where other figures in their all-enveloping garments reclined on the pavement, resting after the bath, never even raising the head to note the idle intruders. Two bazaars, goaded to activity by news of the foreign ship in port, were thrown open to reveal recesses rich as the cave of Aladdin.

I was told that in the darkness on the heights was the old Moorish quarter, with dim, crooked ways, and that in the shadows away to the east of the city were hanging gardens, fanned by palm and tamarisk, luxuriant with orange and fig and pomegranate. I might not see them, but as we rowed back through the night the perfume of the words fell upon my fancy, and wrought a sensuous loveliness rarer than any sung by Persian poet; for the suggestions of closed gates, of unsung songs, of veiled beauty, have a charmed potency beyond that vouchsafed to any actual experience. As we floated away from this city seen only by starlight, memory and imagination worked together and blended what I had dreamed with what I had seen, into a beautiful whole.

— Was it mere coincidence ?

Who was the  
Imitator, —  
Dickens or  
Thackeray ?

Was it the result of unconscious  
imitation ? Was it the influence  
of what the Germans call the

*Zeitgeist* ?

Was it intentional on the part  
of one or the other ? These questions are  
suggested by two books which first appeared  
as serials, starting at about the same time,  
and but for the illness of one author would  
have been concluded at about the same date.  
The authors are William Makepeace Thackeray  
and Charles Dickens. The books are  
Pendennis and David Copperfield.

Of course the first step in the inquiry is to point out the similarity. These books are the histories of two young men of the upper middle class. They start from childhood, and go on to manhood. Copperfield is told autobiographically, Pendennis in the third person; but this is a very slight difference, since Arthur's moods and fancies are depicted with as great freedom as the confidences of David are given. In fact, with a very little change of phrasing either serial might have been written in the manner of the other, at least so far as their two heroes are concerned. Both begin life in a country home, both find their career in London life. Both are half-orphans, and their fathers play little or no part in the management of the children. Pendennis is influenced largely by his uncle, Copperfield by his aunt. Both have their early love-affairs, but each finds the true partaker of his heart at the close of the story. While Pendennis has his passion for the Fotheringay, and then for Blanche Amory, but finally discovers that Laura Bell is really dear to him, David marries Dora only to find her unfitted for any real companionship, and turns to Agnes at the last. Laura and Agnes are both interested in the heroes, but guard the secret of their preference. Each receives the confidences of the man she is in love with, — confidences poured out in all the unconsciousness of masculine selfishness and preoccupation.

If the novels are alike in their love-story, they are alike also in their presentment of friendship. Each hero derived two friends from school or college days, — the elder a mentor, the younger a foil. Steerforth and Traddles are to Copperfield what Warrington and Harry Foker are to Pendennis. The characters are as diverse as can be well imagined, but their relative distance, attitude, and grouping are much the same.

The comic element in both stories is founded on the same type of impecunious conviviality. Costigan is the fellow of Micawber, — an Irish Micawber as Micawber is an English Costigan. The villainous element is represented in both by two valets, Mr. James Morgan and Littimer the imperturbable; also by Amory in the one, and Uriah Heep in the other.

Both Arthur and David make their way by literary success, after a nominal apprenticeship to the law.

But one of the most striking features, and that which first arrested my attention, is the similarity in the two episodes of Steerforth and little Emily, and Pendennis and Fanny Bolton. Each is the case of a young man in a gentleman's rank in life attracted by the beauty of a girl of a lower order. The one yields to the temptation and ruins his victim; the other resists, and while he is temporarily weak is not wicked. As I reread the two situations side by side, it seemed impossible not to feel that the treatment of the one was advisedly based on the treatment of the other, and that here was the keynote of the likeness of the novels. In both stories these portions are episodic; that is, they could be cut out without impairing the continuity of the fiction, though they are most skillfully interwoven into the fabric. Each has its implied moral. Steerforth should have kept away from the girl who attracted him, or else have married her. He is dramatically drowned in retributive justice, and melodramatically Ham Peggotty sacrifices his own life to save him. Arthur, on the other hand, after he has quite conquered his passion for Fanny, is deeply stirred by a strong impulse of generous remorse for having touched Fanny's heart, and angry at what he feels to be the gross injustice of his mother and Laura. He is on the point of rushing back to London and marrying her instantly, when he is restrained by Warrington's story of his own unfortunate marriage. Dickens looks at the matter from the popular and democratic side, Thackeray from the aristocratic and society point of view; he feels that by the canon of *noblesse oblige* the prince of Fair-oaks should respect the innocence of the porter's daughter, yet if it compelled him to make her his partner for life, it would condemn him to misery should she persist in misplacing her aspirates and eating peas with her knife. Thackeray understood, probably far better than Dickens ever did, that these vulgarisms in the British woman, albeit slight in themselves, are the signs and concomitants of a coarseness of fibre and an incapacity of culture. Whatever may be the case now, when Thackeray wrote, the distinctions between class and class in British society were almost as marked as the stratifications of geology, and would suffer no mixing.

There is a fact which bears upon this.

The incident of Fanny Bolton and all that part of the story which turns upon it belong to the portion of Pendennis which appeared after the illness which Thackeray underwent while writing it. There is hardly a doubt, from various allusions, that it was written after convalescence. By that time Dickens had put forth his chapters in which the story of little Emily is told, and in all probability Thackeray had read them. My theory is that Thackeray seized the idea of recasting the whole situation on what he considered a truer and fairer model. Whether the entire novel was intended as a rival to that of Dickens, worked out with a difference, yet on the same ground plan, — even as two architects might each design a cathedral, eager to emulate, but careful not to copy, — it is impossible now to say.

Another explanation has been already suggested, namely, that of the *Zeitgeist*, — that the impulse dominating these two stories was in the air, so to speak, of the times. There is no question but that there was borne into the English mind at that period a strong tidal movement toward better views of life. The accession of Victoria, a maiden queen, her happy marriage, the purity of her court, the religious awakening of the Oxford Revival, the political emancipation following on the Reform Bill, — all combined to lift the tone of English social life for a season. The reprobates who figure in Thackeray's pages are the men of a by-gone age, the Steynes and Colchiums of the regency and reign of George IV.

Dickens, while always perfectly clean, did not rise to the full conception of the new order. His is purely an outside view of the course of Steerforth, modeled on the stage tradition of the dissolute patrician and the wronged plebeian maiden. On the other hand, the portrait of Pendennis in this affair, his vanity and his principle contending, is a work of far higher art; but it is higher art because built upon a foundation of deeper insight into social problems, of juster judgment and a manlier ethical standard. Therefore, my view is that, so far as one story is a following of the other, in no sense can it be called an imitation.

Another kind of evidence is to be found in the fact that the variations and contrasts strike one as express rather than incidental. They are such as would suggest themselves to writers aware that they were treading in



the same path, and therefore sedulous not to step in the footprints of each other. The illustration of this is found in the two very marked pairs of Helen Pendennis and Laura Bell in the one story, and Mrs. Steerforth and Rosa Dartle in the other. There are the same relations toward an only and petted son, the same situation of mistress and companion, the same feeling on the part of the dependant as to the son's conduct toward his mother. But while the two run almost absolutely parallel, the one is in the light and the other in the shade; or rather, one may say that the two studies of the same subject are made with the manifest intent to offer opposed conceptions. Take two historical portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, of Oliver Cromwell, or of the first Napoleon, such as one may easily find, and the differences will hardly be greater. One cannot help feeling that the purpose of the one writer was to reverse the judgment of the other. Especially does this seem true of Rosa Dartle and Laura Bell, both in the same state of dependence, both clear-sighted and watchful observers of the bearing of mother and son; and yet one the most vicious and odious of vixens, and the other the truly lovely girl whom Arthur feels himself hardly worthy to mate with. The contrast is one obtained in either case by artistic power; but as Rosa is wholly unnecessary to the unfolding of the story, and Mrs. Steerforth hardly less so, the thought will occur, Why are they brought in at all, unless for a special purpose?

The question then arises, Who was the follower and who the followed? I think that without question the follower was Thackeray. Dickens made his reputation early, before any sense of rivalry could have arisen,—that feeling which makes a man say, in looking at another's work, "I could do that better than he." Thackeray was a skillful imitator. Passages in his *Esmond* and *Virginians* are masterly in their reproduction of old styles. No one else has so succeeded in presenting a Frenchman's English, its Gallic idioms literally rendered in English words. He did not hesitate at following Disraeli in introducing the Marquis of Hertford, Theodore Hook, and Croker, and his portraits are felt to be equally good likenesses. Dickens, on the other hand, drew from what he saw from street to street and shop to shop, from his own home circle, and

ever with the strong instinct of caricature, so that he felt unwilling to risk his reputation as a painter of portraits, but sought to be a composer of scenes so ideally amusing as to make one overlook the exaggeration of the art. Dickens never distrusted himself, Thackeray often did.

If then there was a designed attempt at comparison, it was on the part of Thackeray, the one whom I consider far the greater artist, and personally the more admirable man. There was no plagiarism, no attempt to win credit by adopting another's ideas. It was simply the conceded right of rowing over the same course, of sailing in the same regatta, of playing at the same chessboard. Perhaps this last metaphor may express what was the real effort. Each man has his own pieces and moves them in his own way, but of necessity the white and the red have the same aspect and semblance; their power depends upon the way in which they are handled. A pawn has a pawn's capacity, but it may become a queen. Let the chess-playing reader work out this illustration to suit himself.

The Area of Patriotism. — Of the two most universal and most vital among all human associations, the family and the state, the family has remained essentially the same in every truly civilized race since the days of Socrates; though his is, perhaps, hardly the ideal type of happy family life. But patriotism, the love of the state, has become for many modern men a singularly complex motive. Does an ardent "annexationist" in Brooklyn, New York, to-day owe his allegiance directly to his own city of a million souls; or to an ideal metropolis of Manhattan; or to the State of New York, which, through its legislature, is strong enough to efface the one and to create the other; or, lastly, to that wide union of States for which, it may be, he has already risked his life on the tented field? To all four, in varying degree, he might reply.

Yet even the smallest of these concentric units is vastly beyond the wildest dreams of the Hellenic statesman or sage. The broadest of Greek philosophers declared a state of a hundred thousand citizens to be inconceivable, because the leaders could not know personally all their supporters. Nay, Aristotle ridiculed the unwieldiness of a state containing five thousand voters.

The passionate devotion of an ancient

hero, or even of a mediæval patriot, attached him chiefly, if not solely, to a single city, endeared by lifelong association, sacred as the home of his living kindred and the burial-place of his dead. Usually it was a walled town inhabited by a few thousand citizens, all known to one another by face and name. When the millions of Persian invaders poured into Greece, the probable destruction of Hellenic liberty could draw together for mutual defense but a petty minority of the race from a mere handful of cities. Even among these, the fiercest jealousy and bitterness broke out the very night before Salamis. It was in truth the Athenians rather than the Greeks who on that great day fought for and won their liberty.

Such political conditions have passed away forever. A single city is no longer even the heart and centre of a state. All roads will never again lead to Rome; still less will Nürnberg's hand go through every land; it is doubtful, even, if a Parisian populace could to-day overturn the government of France. Yet allegiance to a small state, though merged in a greater political unit, dies slowly. Not many years ago the question was often addressed to a casual acquaintance in Munich or Dresden, "Are you a lover of the Fatherland or a 'Prussian'?" To this day, for many a brave German, Würtemberg or Brunswick (perhaps even Bremen or Lübeck) is "Fatherland;" the ethnic union cemented by Sadowa and Sedan is still a hateful foreign yoke.

We have no quarrel with those wider and still widening ideals of patriotism that everywhere seem gaining ground. Germany is a far mightier name than Würtemberg, Italy than Tuscany. Through Panslavism, Panteutonism, Panangelicism, may yet arrive the day, foreseen by the most loyal and conservative poet of our age, when

"The war-drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags are furled

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

What we are attempting, however, especially to point out is that modern life has largely divorced, often cleft into many parts, two impulses which in the best days of ancient civilization were almost inseparable, or even fused into a single passion,—the love of country and the love of home. Patriotism in the larger or national sense is doubtless sufficiently strong to-day, though

by no means always a pure or generous passion. Men are quite ready enough to fight and to die for the supposed honor of their countries.

But the development of adequate local and civic pride as a motive for wise and generous devotion of wealth and genius, time and toil, to the highest public interests, seems, on the other hand, the most crying need of our American civilization; and we have something to learn from older and smaller states. In equipping a trireme for war, or a chorus for the contest of dramatists in time of peace, wealthy Athenian citizens vied with each other in profuseness and splendor. True, less noble motives were skillfully and wisely enlisted in the service of patriotism; for the dramatic poet who wrote text and music of an Agamemnon or an Antigone, trained the actors, drilled the chorus, and often played his own part in the theatre, had a very humble place in the deep-graven inscription cut to commemorate the victory of the rich Athenian who paid the expenses of the day. Time, however, usually rights these things. The path to political ambition as well as to more lasting fame was perhaps oftenest opened by lavish expenditure for the public. It was largely through her children's gifts, too, that Athens herself became a great museum of art. Her streets, the open squares, each temple close, above all the Acropolis, were crowded with statues, pillars, porticos, and yet loftier edifices, erected in large part by grateful victors, and dedicated to the people's gods. This was indeed the only creditable use to which a trophy could be put. But we need not look across twenty-four centuries for an Athenian example which should bring the blood to our cheek. The antiquity of a few Attic monuments (including the stadion, which was recently renewed by a generous Hellenic patriot for the revived Olympic games) should not conceal the truth that the present city of Athens is a creation of the last half century. It is, in fact, younger than Brooklyn or Chicago, and has probably not a tithe of either's wealth. Yet this capital of a race scanty in numbers and by no means opulent is already richly adorned with museums, hospitals, schools, libraries, and memorials of every sort, the free gifts of loyal and generous private citizens. The new Greek man is like the old in this, at least: he is passion-

ately ambitious; he is eager that his own name shall be known and held in honor in his beloved city.

*Cuculus Par-* — If I were an ornithologist, *lorensis*. my first effort would be to study and describe the cuckoo of the cuckoo-clock. Yet I should have to depart from the custom of my fellow students of birds, who invariably begin whatever they write about cuckoos with a quotation from Wordsworth; for, with my eye on the object, I could not ask with any conscience,

"O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice?"

Nor could I with any fairness lay at his door — how happy, by the way, is our figurative speech! — the charge of making too free with other birds' nests. Neither with voice nor with eggs have I known my *Cuculus parlorensis* to wander from the carved Swiss clock which has been his home these many years.

As an unprofessed bird lover, however, I may surely tell what I have observed of his habits. Prevented by obvious disabilities from laying in alien nests, this bird, in a kindred instinct, is closely allied with the cuckoo of the outer air. Indeed, he surpasses this wanderer in unconventionalism, and even chooses a mate from a family not his own. The little brown whippoorwill who sings the quarter-hours by his side is manifestly "the lady of the house." Her quiet plumage, her less florid song, and, be it said, her strict attention to business mark her as the intended mother of the family, should a true springtime — "the only pretty ring time" — ever come to the childless pair.

That other seasons, common to all birds, come in their turn to the singers of the clock, the male bird, the cuckoo himself, clearly shows. There are periods when unfailing signs tell us that he is moulting. I have not actually gathered feathers from the floor beneath him, but his drooping manner, the spasmodic utterance of his song, and, I have sometimes fancied, his haste to snap back into retirement when he has not been at his best in looks or voice, — all these things have seemed to show that he was changing the outworn garment of one year for a newer coat.

As to his migrations there cannot be a possibility of doubt. There have been years when they were enforced, when the closing of the house in which the clock has hung,

and the envelopment of the clock in blankets to shield it from the winter chill, have removed the cuckoo and his mate from sight and hearing. Yet voluntary acts on the part of the bird himself have not been lacking to show his migratory habit. Indeed, at this very writing he is not with us. Unable to flock with other birds of his kind before his departure, he announced his restlessness by several unwonted bursts of song. Striking thirteen one midnight, and almost bringing me out of a warm bed to see if burglars were making way with him, was one of his first manifestations of the uneasy spirit. Soon afterwards the dinner-table was cheered by the striking of thirty-five instead of seven. The real migration, however, did not occur until one evening when, to the amazement of all hearers, sixty-two "cuckoos" rang forth, the weight sinking note by note until it met the base resistance of the floor. But for this uncompromising arrest the bird might have been singing still. Yet when the full stop came, I was convinced that the migration was an accomplished fact. And so it was. Not a note has been heard from the cuckoo since. If I could not begin with Wordsworth, I can at least end with him, and say in sober sadness,

"Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing."

The Real Paul — The Paul et Virginie of Ber- and Virginia. nardin de Saint-Pierre at once became a classic, and so is likely to be read forever. Its readers will always wonder how far the touching story is true and how real its personages were. The author wrote without winking that it was "over-true." He gave a precise confirmation of its genuineness, with date and names. One day, he says, while walking in the king's garden at Paris, a lady, accompanied by her husband, approached him. Having assured herself that she was addressing the author of Paul et Virginie, she spoke these words: "The person whose unhappy end you have so truthfully described in the shipwreck of the Saint-Géran was my relative. I am a creole of the island of Bourbon" (Réunion).

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre added: "I afterwards learned that the lady was the wife of M. de Bonneuil, first *valet de chambre* of Monsieur [the future Louis XVIII.]. This lady has since permitted me to publish her testimony to the truth of the disaster, and has related to me circumstances well calcu-

lated to add to the interest of the deaths of this sublime victim of virginal modesty and her unfortunate lover."

This statement would have entered into authentic literary history if an inconveniently curious Academician had not looked through the documents in the case some fifty years later. The shipwreck of the Saint-Géran was due to its running aground off the Ile de France (now Mauritius). The French were then masters of the island, and, following their constant administrative traditions, they made copious *procès-verbaux* of the event. The ship was wrecked on the 17th of August, 1744, but it was only in 1821 that these records came to light in the archives of the Court of Appeals of the island of Bourbon. Whatever details of the shipwreck were in the possession of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre must have been gathered by him from hearsay in 1760, the year of his visit to the Isle of France. Making all allowance for the growth of a legend during the sixteen years after the shipwreck, we have still to conclude with M. Lemontey that Paul et Virginie and the story of its confirmation as well are pure creations of genius. The few possible hints which the imaginative writer may have received from the accounts of the real shipwreck are scarcely more than the two unconnected newspaper items to which Robert Louis Stevenson ascribed the genesis of his Pavilion on the Links.

First of all, there was a Mademoiselle Caillon, who was on the forecastle as the vessel was going down. A second lieutenant of the ship itself, M. Longchamps de Montendre, was climbing along the side in order to jump off, when he spied the woman, and went back to try to persuade her to follow his example. That was all of the real idyl.

Second, and quite apart from the former fact, Edme Carret, who was in charge of the life-boat, testified that he called out to the captain, Delamare, just as the ship was beginning to sink, "Monsieur, leave off your jacket and breeches, and you will save yourself more easily." The captain answered, "It is not decent for one in my office to get to land naked, and I have papers in my pockets which I must not leave." And this was all of the heroic modesty, which is none the less worthy of esteem because it was mixed up with the fidelity of a brave mariner to his charge.

The other idyllic scene, in which Paul and Virginia find a common shelter from the rain under her upturned *jupon*, is an idealized reminiscence of what the author acknowledged he had once seen in his youth in the Faubourg Saint-Marceau of old Paris. The scene in which Virginia goes to the planter of the Black River to beg his pardon for a runaway slave was inspired by the similar intercession made in Poland in favor of a fugitive serf by the Princess Marie Miesnik. The romance of "bleeding Poland" was a part of the sentiment of court circles in France before the Revolution. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, like a true literary workman (whose heart is put into his work), took the name of his heroine—Virginie de La Tour—from two love-affairs of his own. At one time of his wandering early life he was to have been married in Berlin to Virginia Taubenheim. In his youth his family intended to marry him to Mademoiselle de La Tour, a niece of General Bosquet. Paul was the religious name of a friar to whom he was much attached. It was the age of Rousseau,—a *fin de siècle* of what Schiller rightly named (and perhaps not wrongly praised) *Sentimentalität*.

